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ODD FELLOWS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.





THE SCOTTISH SONGS OF THE 18TH CENTURY



OLD FELLOWS' OFFERING
1849.



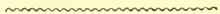
EDWARD WALKER, 114 N. 7TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA.



THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,
FOR
1849.

EMBELLISHED WITH TWELVE ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

EDITED BY
PASCHAL DONALDSON.



New York:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD WALKER,
114 FULTON-STREET.
—
M DCCC XLIX.

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STEREOTYPED BY
RICHARD C VALENTINE
New York

B. R. BARLOW, PRINTER,
44 Chatham-street

PREFACE.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING for 1849, greatly improved, both in its literary and mechanical departments, greets the Brotherhood with the compliments of the season. It comes, as in former years, the guest of the fireside and the social circle; and is, we humbly trust, a welcome visitor. Faithfully, we hope, will it perform its office, and impart to its numerous friends instruction and entertainment, by its exhibition of kindly works and good deeds accomplished in the cause of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

It is now, dear reader, SEVEN YEARS since the Odd-Fellows' Annual was first presented to the public. During that time it has undergone several changes, which, we think, have been for the better. It has at least been the effort of those concerned in its editorship and publication to make the Book worthy of the steady and healthful increase of the Institution whose objects and principles it has attempted to defend and illustrate. When, last year, it came into the hands of its present publisher, arrangements had already been made, by its previous proprietors, for the drawings and engravings, which, it is but fair to say, Brother WALKER took as he found them. It is not our intention, by this statement, to disparage the embellishments of the last year's Offering: we mean merely to call attention to the beautiful vignette style adopted for those of the present volume, and to the skill evinced by our brethren, the artists who executed the work. Let us here also say, that the superior materials of which the Book is composed, both as regards paper and binding, and the really creditable manner in which it is presented, must at once convince Odd-Fellows that our good brother the publisher is determined to spare neither pains nor expense in producing a souvenir worthy of our excel-

lent Order. This liberality on his part will be gratifying to a generous Brotherhood, who now regard this as a STANDARD GIFT BOOK, which not only they themselves look for annually, but which our mothers, sisters, and wives also expect to receive as an ornament for the boudoir or centre-table.

In reference to the literary contents of this Offering, we would say, as we did of the last year's, that they "will bespeak for themselves a proper commendation." It will not be expected that we praise either our contributors or their productions: while we tender sincere thanks to the friends who have gratuitously responded to an invitation to furnish matter for our pages, we must leave their labors, as well as those of others who have written for our Book, to the appreciation of its numerous readers. Yet we would remind the peruser of this volume that its articles show the object of their writers to have been a commendable one; that of the elevation of pure and holy principles, such as it is the business of Odd-Fellowship to promulgate among men. Their sentiments are those of Friendship, Love, and Truth; their teachings those of Benevolence and Charity; their evident intent the dissemination of intelligence as to the best means to make men wiser and better—more fitted to enjoy life themselves, and to make others happy around them. Our FAIR FRIENDS, also, are ably represented in these pages. Their "Influence" has been the subject of the artists' pencil, and their "Perceptions" the theme of a story from the pen of one of our most talented authors.

Permit us, then, brethren and friends, in view of all the excellences which we may consistently claim for this "Offering," to hope that it will prove acceptable and useful to all, and that both you and its liberal and kind-hearted publisher may be amply rewarded;—you in the perusal of our annual, and he for the time, pains, and expense he has cheerfully bestowed in furnishing a volume so richly deserving the encouragement and support of Odd-Fellows.

P. D.

NEW YORK, July, 1848.

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

THE WIFE'S PERCEPTIONS.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE perceptions of a woman's mind are, in most cases, as correct as the conclusions of a man's reason. The two faculties of will and understanding belong, alike, to the woman and the man; but, in the former, the will, or affection, predominates, and in the latter the understanding. This is the reason why, in a true marriage union, the husband and wife become one. The difference between them, is that which unites. What makes them one is a union of minds, so as out of two things, slightly dissimilar, to make one more perfect than either.

Men of strong rational minds are prone to think lightly of woman's intellect, because she does not reason, laboriously, as they do, but arrives at her conclusions by a sort of intuition. While they are going on, step by step, in the search after truth, she has an answer to the problem to be solved, and she is satisfied that it is right. It is with her a perception, with them a result.

And it is hardly to be wondered that reason should lightly esteem perception, and put but little confidence in its achievements; for reason finds its conclusions only after a certain process, more or less intense in its nature, according to the subject under consideration, and cannot conceive of any other way to attain the same end. Nor, is there any other way for the mind of a man to go. He may have perceptions, but they never come to him until after he has rationally concluded a question, and then they confirm that conclusion. Something, in a measure opposite to this, takes place in a woman's mind. Her intuition of things is usually first, and reason afterwards corroborates them if they are true; as perception corroborates a man's rational deductions if they also be true.

Here, then, lies the radical difference between the sexes; and it is in consequence of this difference, as we have before said, that they can become one. This truth, known and acknowledged by few, is a most important one. It lies at the very foundation of social well-being.

Woman's influence, great as it is, cannot attain its true power, until man places a higher estimate upon her judgment than he now does. He must learn to take her as she is, and to put more faith in her perceptions. He must not demand of her, as he now does, her reasons for every thing, but be willing to believe it possible for her to be right, notwithstanding she be not able to satisfy him with arguments in support of her positions.

Marriage brings man and woman into a true relationship. They were made for each other, and only in union can their lives be a just order. They blend into one thought the harmonizing of what is different. Unity is born of contrariety.

It is in the marriage relation, then, that we must, naturally, look for minds most truly balanced, orderly, and effective in their operations. And, as a general thing, our observations will confirm this conclusion. Still, even married men and women commit mistakes through errors of judgment; though it will usually be found that these mistakes are individual matters, and do not often lie against actions that have flowed from a mutual determination. Where a man, from a proper respect for his wife's judgment, consults her before taking any important step, and gives due weight to her views, even though they are not supported by a long train of arguments, he is in but little danger of going wrong; and, on the other hand, where, in the pride of his own superior reason, he not only thinks lightly of, but treats lightly his wife's judgment, the chances against him are largely multiplied. Error and mistake will come as an almost invariable result. But, our design is to illustrate the position here assumed, by a sketch from real life.

Herman Alberger was a man of strong intellect. He had received, in youth, a liberal education, and with this as his only fortune had started in the world. In a few years he won for himself a name, and secured the means whereby to live in comfort—even elegance.

While struggling to attain a reputation, and a place in the world, Alberger married a pure-minded girl, to whom he was deeply attached. She was one of those gentle creatures that a man takes to his bosom more as a thing to love and protect, than to lean upon or find sustaining companionship in life's severer trials. And yet she had the mind of a true woman, clear in its perceptions, and earnest in its desire for the well-being of the object of its love. The overshadowing power of her husband's intellect caused Mrs. Alberger, for the first year or two of her married life, to live in a kind of passive state in regard to all leading matters of interest appertaining to both. She was treated as a child that was tenderly loved ; and regarded—she felt that more and more every day—as the weaker vessel. The decision of her husband was the law that governed in almost every thing.

Proud as Mrs. Alberger was of her husband's intellect, and the reputation it gave him, she could not hide from herself the fact that he sometimes, in her judgment, committed mistakes, and often acted very differently from what she would have advised. At length she ventured to suggest an idea different from what he entertained, in a certain matter involving immediate action. He seemed surprised at this, and promptly said—

“ Very well, Alice ; give me a good reason for your view, and I am ready to adopt it.”

Mrs. Alberger gave a reason ; but it was demolished in an instant by the reasoning faculty of her husband.

He swept it away, as he would have swept a gossamer with his hand.

The wife was silenced, but not convinced.

"You ought to know best," was her simple, unimpassioned reply.

Alberger acted in the proposed matter according to his own view, and the result showed that he acted wrong. He remembered his wife's opposition, and saw that she had been right. But he could not understand it. He had clearly shown her that her objection was not well-founded; yet the result proved her not to have been in error. Had she merely guessed at the matter? or did she possess a clearness of judgment for which he had never given her credit?

After that, Alberger, by way of experiment, occasionally submitted matters for his wife's decision, that had cost him a good deal of hard thinking in order to arrive at a rational conclusion. In doing so, he would state, briefly, the whole subject, with the arguments that had influenced his mind. She would listen attentively, and appear to comprehend clearly all he said. Usually, her judgment went clearly with his; but it sometimes happened that she did not see things in the light that he saw them, and then she was silent, or only expressed herself unable to come to a like conclusion with her husband. Almost invariably it occurred that the perceptions of her mind, when they corroborated the determinations of his reason, were right; and right, also, when they differed. This fact set Alberger to thinking: but he could not understand

why this was so. He had loved his wife tenderly ; but he had not looked upon her as a woman of strong intellect. In matters where deep thought was concerned, he had felt that he stood on a plane above her. How was it then, that, in differing with her on certain points that he had reasoned out laboriously, she had been right, and he wrong ? The thing puzzled him sorely ; but it added respect for her judgment to the tender regard with which he loved her.

They had been married about six years, when an old school-companion, named Melville, arrived in the place where Alberger was living, and accidentally met him. Former friendship was renewed, and Alberger invited him to make his house his home while he remained in the city. The invitation was cheerfully accepted.

In a little while Melville gave his old friend a sketch of his career in life since he left college. He had taken bold steps towards fortune, and, for one so young, had been signally successful. But he was a young man of great shrewdness, sagacity, and untiring energy. He never dreamed, as he said, over any project he had in hand ; he never suffered an iron to burn, no matter how many he had in the fire.

Successful as he had been, Alberger felt that his friend had been more successful. Energetic as had been his course in life, his friend had displayed greater energy. This conviction dissatisfied him, in a measure, with himself, destroyed, to some extent, his confidence in his own superior abilities, and gave an

undue importance, in his eyes, to the talents and energy of Melville.

At length the young man became still more communicative in regard to his views and purposes.

"There is a matter," said he, as he sat alone with Alberger, one day, "that I have not before breathed to any one ; and I would not mention it to you, now, were it not that I feel a natural desire that you should have some participation in the beneficial result, if you feel at all inclined to join with me in what I am going to do."

Alberger listened eagerly, but in silence. Melville drew from his pocket a small package, and untying it, showed two lumps of metal, one of lead, and one of silver.

"A year ago," said he, "I bought a piece of land in New York, which cost me three thousand dollars. It was in market, and I purchased it on the recommendation of an old man in the neighborhood, who affirmed it as his full belief that it contained a valuable silver deposite. There was an Indian tradition, he said, to this effect, known in his family for half a century. Lead he knew was to be found ; and he took me to a spot where it lay only a few feet below the surface. It immediately occurred to me that the silver must be in association with the lead ; and putting faith in the tradition, strengthened by this conclusion, I bought the land—a barren and unpromising tract for agricultural purposes—and was thought a fool for so wasting my money. Immediately afterwards I sunk a shaft at

the place where lead had been found, and had not gone very many feet below the surface, when I struck a number of rich veins of silver. Here is some of it. It is very pure, and can be obtained from the lead by smelting, in a proportion almost unheard-of in the history of silver mining. Worked with a proper force, I am confident that the net sum of from ten to twenty thousand dollars may be annually realized."

"Is it possible!" said Alberger, surprised at this statement.

"I am certain of it. I saw enough to satisfy me of this. More might doubtless be done; but I never let my faith in an enterprise run away with me. I am careful in all my estimates, and make them upon the most reliable data. So far in life, I have not made a single mistake."

Then followed a long dissertation on silver mines, accompanied by minute accounts of mining processes and the productiveness of the most celebrated mines in the world. Melville's mine, from all these statements, clearly showed itself to possess a remarkable advantage, and to be rich beyond comparison. Alberger had many pertinent questions to ask, but they were all fully and pertinently answered. The whole subject was at Melville's finger ends, and he had evidently gleaned, with great care, every fact in the least bearing on the question.

"What will it cost to sink a shaft of sufficient depth, and put in operation all the machinery required to work the mine properly?" asked Alberger.



Engraved by John M. Smith

Wm. W. Walker

Wm. W. Walker (14th at 21st St.)

"Twenty thousand dollars, at least."

"So much?"

"Yes. But that is a meager outlay, in comparison with the profits to be derived. The money will come back in the shape of proceeds in one or two years. Now, if you are prepared to join me in the matter, you can invest any sum you please, and make a pro rata draft on the profits. If you invest five thousand dollars, you will have a fourth interest; if ten thousand dollars, a half interest."

"Why do you not retain the whole advantage yourself?" asked Alberger.

"It was fully my intention to do so, until I met you; but ever since I have been in your house, I have felt a strong desire to see you a participant in the benefits to be derived from the operation. Besides, in order to advance twenty thousand dollars myself, I must sell property that is paying a handsome interest, and which I feel reluctant to throw into market."

These, with other reasons for an offer of a share in the silver mine, were given. For days the matter was talked over. The more information Alberger obtained, and the more carefully he weighed the subject, the more inclined was he to accept the offered advantage. In Melville he had the fullest confidence, and he was, besides, touched with the generous conduct of his old friend, in thus admitting him to a share in an enterprise that promised so large a return. His final resolve was to mortgage all the real property he owned, and by that means raise the ten thousand dollars that

were required to give him a half interest in the silver mine.

For two weeks Melville had been domiciled in the house of Alberger. When the young man was first introduced to Mrs. Alberger, she received him, notwithstanding he was announced as an old and highly-esteemed friend, with a degree of reserve, and a want of cordiality, that slightly annoyed her husband. And during the whole time he remained in the house, her manner, though polite, was reserved. When her husband spoke warmly of Melville, she was usually silent, though she manifested no dislike nor opposition. This circumstance did not escape the observation of Alberger.

After an investment in the silver mine was determined upon, Alberger ascertained from whom he could get the required amount of money, and then, being in the legal profession, commenced drawing up a mortgage, as well as a form of contract between himself and Melville. While occupied with these papers one day, his wife happened to come into the room where he sat writing. He paused in what he was doing, when a few words of pleasant conversation ensued. From some cause, the subject turned upon Melville, when, for the first time, the wife expressed a strong repugnance to him.

"That is strange, Alice," said her husband—"very strange! I have known him for years, and know him to be a young man of great excellence of character."

"He may be," returned Mrs. Alberger; "but I can-

not help feeling that he is a man of bad principles."

"Have you seen any thing since he has been in the house to give you this impression? Has he uttered sentiments in your hearing of doubtful morality?"

"No—no," replied Mrs. Alberger quickly; "I have neither seen nor heard any thing of the kind."

"Then why do you suffer your mind to take a prejudice against your husband's old and tried friend?" There was rebuke in the tone with which this was uttered.

"Because I cannot help it," replied the wife. "His presence has, from the first, oppressed me. I cannot bear to come near him. Call it a prejudice, if you will, Herman; but I am well satisfied that it has a deeper foundation. I said that I had neither seen nor heard any thing since he had been with us to make me think so badly of him. To some extent, I will recall this. In the expression of his face, especially in his eye, and in the tones of his voice, I always see and hear something that makes me wish he were away from us. Forgive me, dear husband, for all this! But, I am your wife, and my very love for you gives my heart an intuition of every thing evil that approaches you."

Mr. Alberger listened in deep surprise to words so extraordinary. He could not comprehend this new phenomenon. Alice spoke calmly and earnestly; and it was plain that she put implicit faith in her impressions of Melville's character, although she had none of

the data that he required in order to form an estimate of a man's principles.

Little more was said on either side. When Mrs. Alberger left the room, her husband laid down his pen, and leaning back from the table at which he was sitting, pondered long and earnestly upon what he had just heard. While thus reflecting, he thought of several instances in which his wife's perceptions had been in opposition to his judgment, and in every case the result proved that she had been right.

"Strange!" he said to himself, as he still mused. "What can this mean? Is a woman gifted with certain intuitions? Her leading trait of mind is affection, I know; and does not affection perceive rather than reason? It must be so. How often have I seen her shrink like a sensitive plant when men whom I knew to be corrupt and base have approached her, even though she had no knowledge of their character. I will act wisely," he said, after a long pause, and breathing deeply as he spoke. "I will not turn a deaf ear to the warning thus timely uttered by a loving, virtuous wife."

As he spoke, Alberger gathered up the papers before him, and after crushing them in his hands, flung them into the grate. In a brief space, all that remained of them were a few flaky cinders, eddying above the fire. When he met his friend, he told him that he had concluded not to accept his generous offer of a share in the silver mine. Melville showed not only surprise at this announcement, but more disappointment than

Alberger had expected to see. There was a good deal of questioning, remonstrance, and argument, but the latter was firm.

On the next day, Melville announced his intention of leaving the place on the ensuing morning, and, at the same time, asked for the loan of a thousand dollars until he got home, when he would return it. Alberger had five hundred in bank, which he promptly checked to his order.

On the next morning the young man departed, but not without having left upon the mind of Alberger a feeling that was unpleasant, and to some extent, corroborative of the impression received by his wife.

Months passed, and neither money nor letter came from Melville. Alberger could not but think this strange. At last a newspaper paragraph dispelled all doubt. It read thus:

“A person named Melville was arrested this morning on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences. This is the same individual who sold shares a few months ago to some of our citizens in a silver mining speculation, and after getting a few thousand dollars in his pockets, backed out of the concern. We learn that the charges now brought against him are grave in their character, and well sustained. He will, in all probability, get his deserts.”

Alberger did not show this to his wife. But he made a firm resolve never to take an important step without consulting her, and never to act in any matter where she expressed a disapproval. Still, the whole

matter puzzled him at times, when he reflected upon it, and humbled his pride of intellect. Led by these experiences to observe the operations of his wife's mind more carefully, he could not but remark how quickly she perceived a thing to be true that was really true, and how impossible it was to satisfy her by the most specious reasonings, if the position assumed were not really a just one.

And every man who has a virtuous, loving, true-hearted wife, will find in her perceptions, if he give them the respect they justly deserve, the same corroboration of what is true, and rejection of what is false. Men, as we have before affirmed, think too lightly of the judgment of their wives, and generally silence them, where a difference of opinion occurs, by a demand for reasons. But, if they were wise, they would discover that neither the husband nor the wife can act independently of the other and act safely. They would discover, that it takes the male and female minds to make one perfect rational mind, lucid in its reasonings and clear in its perceptions. When men learn this truth and practise it, they will have fewer mistakes to correct and errors to mourn over, through lack of judgment. This we unhesitatingly affirm.

PHILADELPHIA. May, 1848.

STANZAS.—TO THE ORDER.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

BE strong—strong in your spirit's inward might :
Ye need all strength to meet the storms of life.
The brave alone may conquer in its strife ;
Then gird you for the still unending fight.

Yours is a holy warfare :—ye contend
For truth and faith, and heaven's own virtue, love ;
And myriad hosts against your phalanx move ;
Then stand ye firmly, boldly, to the end.

And ye may conquer : ye are in the right,
And noble hopes are yours—such hopes as yield
A holy strength—the sword of faith to wield,
And robe your spirits with undaunted might.

Go on, relieving sorrow and distress ;
Raise up the fallen, and support the weak ;
To hopeless mourners, in soft language, speak
The gentle words of soothing tenderness.

Be true : true to your sacred, holy vow ;
True to yourselves, your brethren, and to God :
Walk ever firmly on in duty's road,
Nor e'er to falsehood let your spirits bow.

Love bringeth its own blessing : shall I bid you *love* ?
 Bid you to seek your own best happiness—
 For that which only may your spirits bless—
The choicest gift descending from above ?

Ye need no new command to teach you this :
 'Tis stamped upon your soul, and inward taught :
 Give you but heed to this one holy thought,
The sum of earthly, and of heavenly bliss.

Without it, earth were but a dreary spot,
 And life a scene of weariness and gloom ;
 And there is naught of joyousness and bloom,
That from this best of blessings springeth not.

It is His love that decketh trees and flowers
 With the bright colors of the light of day,
 And maketh shade and darkness pass away—
Which giveth gentle dews, and welcome showers.

So may ye in an humbler way below
 Act out this principle, and cheerless days
 Make glad with genial warmth, and bright'ning rays,
And by your *love* dispel the shades of wo.

Be strong in love—nor let its sacred name,
 Assumed by guile, e'er tempt you to do wrong ;
 But ever in your hearts, with purpose strong,
Let love in purity your homage claim.



The "Hill" House, London



ANTONIO TRACY ;

OR,

THE RICH BROTHER'S TIMELY RETURN :

A TALE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

THERE is more truth than poetry in this story, reader, therefore lay aside the expectant, magnifying glasses of romance before you commence it, and take it as it is, simply for what 'tis worth.

Twelve years ago, two brothers followed the remains of a father to a grave dug in the "old Trinity" churchyard, there to deposite his corse beside his wife—she who had borne them both, reared them up into promising childhood, and then had passed away, as we all must go. That father, though he had once been wealthy, and had reared them in a luxury that had far exceeded comfort, and had given them such educations as wealth alone could command, had at last died a bankrupt. The curse of "speculation" had fallen upon him, and like mildew upon the grain-field, it had wasted his substance.

But of this we will say no more. Those two bro-

thers laid their father in the grave beside his buried wife, and they wept bitter tears, for they two were left alone, of all their family. So far as they knew, they had not a relative on the wide earth.

We will pass by the hours of grief—they were heavy enough, we ween—too dark and sad for the pages of a lively “Annual.”

It was ten days after the funeral. The brothers, Francis the younger, and Antonio the elder, had just divided the little that they had gathered up from the wreck of their father’s property, after defraying the expenses of his obsequies. It was but little, two hundred dollars apiece.

“What will you do?” asked the elder. “We must do something for a livelihood.”

“True,” replied Frank, “and I’ve already made up my mind. I understand accounts, write a fair hand; I certainly can get a situation as book-keeper.”

“Why not go abroad with me, to some land where industry and enterprise are *rare*, and will be rewarded as rarities?” asked the elder.

“Because—because I think I can do better here at home where I am known,” replied Frank.

“But how are you known? Not as a business man; only as the well-educated, well-bred, genteel son of a wealthy man, suddenly reduced. It is but a poor recommendation for a situation, Frank.”

“Yet it must get me one,” said the junior, firmly. “I will not leave the city of my birth; I am known here, and will remain.”

"No other reasons for staying, Frank?" asked the elder.

"Why, none of importance!" replied the other, hesitatingly.

He was only eighteen years old, and with the natural bashfulness of that age, hated to tell why he wished to remain in the city.

Between us, in a low whisper, reader, the reason was this:—he was in love. And worst of all, for a poor man, he was in love with a very rich man's daughter. How he succeeded in his love, the future pages must tell.

After hearing his brother's determination, the elder paused a moment without replying. Then, while his lips quivered with emotion, and his voice sounded choked and husky, he said:

"Then, brother, we must separate. I had hoped, that I being the elder, you would cling to me, go where I went, and share with me my fortunes. You remember the offer I told you of, do you not?"

"The one to go to Peru, you mean."

"Yes, Frank: the salary is good; I have more than money enough to pay my passage, and I shall accept it."

"Well, just as you like, brother; but I would rather not go out there, amongst the yellow fever, and all that."

"You err if you think the country sickly. Señor Larrañaga tells me there is not a healthier climate in the world."

"Pshaw! he's interested in getting you out there;

he'll say any thing now," replied the younger, impatiently.

"No, Frank," replied the other, calmly, "let Spaniards have what faults they may, like our own aborigines, they never *lie*!"

"Well, well, we won't argue about it; but I shan't go from the city," said the younger, firmly.

"You have some reason for this which you do not tell me. My salary will be large enough to support us both handsomely till you get a situation; and you would not refuse to share it, and separate from me, without some stronger reason for remaining here in poverty than the simple and singular desire of staying amongst those who knew you in prosperity."

"Well, suppose I have!" responded the other, testily.

"Why, you might confide in your only brother, and permit him to advise with you."

"I don't need any advice. I've made up my mind."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, Frank. We *all* need advice and counsel; two heads are better than one, if they will reason together."

"Well, since you are so determined about it, I s'pose I must tell you," responded Frank, in an impatient tone. "The truth is, that I'm in love with Fanny Everts."

"What, Frank! Why, you know she is the daughter of a very rich and a very proud man."

"Certainly—and I don't see why I shouldn't share some of his wealth; as to his *pride*, I'm as proud as he any day."

"No, Frank, not if you will consent to be dependent upon him. *True* pride is above that."

"I don't think so. If I marry his daughter, it would be my *right*."

"I'm afraid he'd not think so," said Antonio. "Have you asked his consent to your paying addresses to his daughter?"

"No, indeed. I don't intend to, either, till after it's all over. I know very well he'd object, and so does Fanny, because I'm poor. But when he finds that it's all arranged, and he can't help himself, why he'll make the best of the bargain."

"I'm afraid you mistake his character, Frank. Remember that he commenced upon nothing, and by stern industry, perseverance, and strict economy, has become wealthy. He is a firm, careful, and resolute man, one who, if once offended, will not forgive easily."

"We'll see," replied the young man, carelessly.

"At least, you will get a situation now, and defer any attempt at marriage until you are of age."

"Pshaw, I'm of *age* now; I have a good education, am passably good-looking, have two hundred dollars to keep myself upon till I can carry out my arrangements."

"You may fail in them."

"Well, if I do, I can't help it; but I'm not one of the failing kind."

"Yet, my dear brother, you have your failings, and one of them is this very careless confidence."

"Pshaw! Antonio, for a grown-up man you are a deal too timid. I shall be married and settled into a handsome property before a year."

The elder brother sighed.

"If you should marry this young lady without her father's consent," said he, "and I shrewdly suspect that he will not give it, what will you do to support her, if he should disinherit her?"

Frank had evidently not thought of this before. He blushed, and stammered out—

"There is no danger of that."

"But there *is*," said Antonio; "I know his stern and rigid nature well."

"Well, then, if the worst come to the worst, I can get a clerk's situation. I love Fanny well enough to work for her support."

"If you can obtain work," continued the other. "But clerks' salaries are very low here; you would find it difficult to support her on a small sum, for now she is used to luxury."

"It is useless for you to talk, my mind is made up," replied the youngster, impatiently.

"Well, Frank, then I will say no more, but when I am far away, I shall think of you with deep anxiety."

The conversation of the brothers now turned upon the preparations which the elder was making for his intended voyage.

One week afterwards, they separated on Pine-street wharf; one to go on board of a noble vessel then lying in the East River, with her sails loosed, ready to "sheet

home and hoist away ;" the other to return to his boarding-house, and carry out his plans for marrying Fanny Everts.

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Let those three little stars be understood to cover the blanks of three years in our history, reader. In a second-story room of a second-rate boarding-house, Frank Tracy was seated with his *wife* ; she who had been Fanny Everts. In her lap she held a child of eighteen or twenty months old, which was just endeavoring to make her understand some one of its little wants.

To judge from appearances, one of the fears of the elder brother had turned out truly. The scanty furniture, plain dresses, and rather care-worn looks of Frank and his wife, did not indicate wealth, not even more than bare comfort, scarcely that. As Antonio had predicted, when Frank proposed for the hand of his daughter, Mr. Everts had repulsed him with scorn, had harshly termed him a penniless beggar, and bade him earn wherewithal to support a wife before he thought of wedding one.

And then, when Frank, more successful with the young and thoughtless daughter, had eloped with and married her, Mr. Everts, as Antonio had predicted, had shut his doors upon her, and consoling himself with the thought that he had two other and more dutiful children to leave his wealth to, had said, "She has chosen her own lot ; she has made her bed, and she may lie in it."

Frank, however, did not despond. He really loved

his young wife, and having succeeded in getting a situation, with a salary of five hundred dollars a year, he hoped to get along until her father would soften down and relent, for he had no idea that Mr. Everts would hold out long against the return of his youngest and favorite child.

He took boarding in a comfortable house in Chambers-street, at eight dollars per week, or at the rate of \$416 per year. This of course left him very little money for extra expenses, such as washing, &c., and at the end of the year he found himself hardly able to make "both ends meet," though he had been very economical. Besides, there was a prospect of an event soon occurring which would materially add to his expenses.

"We must find cheaper board, dear Fanny," said he, as he paid his last bill at the end of the year.

"It will be poorer, also, dear Frank," said the fair young wife, with a sigh.

"True—but my salary is small; I cannot get a better: what *can* I do!" said Frank, sadly.

He regretted then that he had not listened to his brother's advice, and prepared to support a wife before he got one. But I must hurry on; time is precious to both you and me, reader.

They moved to the second-rate boarding-house, and for very second-rate board paid six dollars per week.

In due time, the event above referred to, happened, and with it came a long doctor's and nurse's bill, and various other little expenses, which only a husband

and father may know. And then there were a thousand little luxuries which Frank sighed to get for his wife ; yet he had not the means. She, however, unlike many brought up as she had been, was a good, patient little creature, and never complained. So the second year passed away. And the third also, to the time when we introduced the couple to the reader.

Poor Frank looked very gloomy and sad. The prospect of another addition to his expenses was before him ; he knew that they would increase, and he also knew that his salary would *not* increase.

"We must make another change, dear Fanny," he said ; "this boarding is too expensive—I think we can do better."

"We cannot do much worse," said his wife, with a sad smile, as she kissed her young child's brow.

"That is true, Fanny ; I've been thinking of keeping house."

"Of keeping house, Frank !" echoed his wife, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear ; I have heard of a very pretty little house, with four rooms in it, about four miles from town, but on an omnibus route, so that I can come and go to my business regularly. The rent is only one hundred dollars a year."

"But, dear Frank, I am no housekeeper. I would not know how to do."

"I'll get a girl ; I can get one for a dollar a week ; and then our marketing will cost but little : depend upon it, it'll be a saving."

"But we've no furniture, Frank."

"That is easily remedied. I can hire what we want, at a very low rate, by keeping it insured."

"Well, Frank, it shall be as you wish; but I shall be very lonesome away out there, when you are in town all the day long."

"Freddy, dear, will be company for you."

Their conversation closed for that evening, with the understanding that Frank was to prepare the house out of town, and to remove into it. And now we will add eight more of those little stars.

* * * * *

Every one of them indicates a year in our history. And during all of this time, poor Frank had lived along in his little country-house, and by paying instalments, had actually paid for his furniture. His wife had at first missed her piano and harp, but her little children were very musical, and she had enough to do to take care of them.

Frank had managed to pay his rent: he had of course *lived* very economically; but still, with pinching care, he managed to "*live!*" Mr. Everts seemed to have entirely forgotten his daughter. She had not forgotten him; she had taught her children that they had grandparents, for one was named Frederick, after him; the other, Constance, after Fanny's mother. One was now about ten, the other eight years of age.

They were bright, healthy-looking children; though they had never been inside of a schoolhouse, for their

ages, they were very well educated : their mother had been their teacher.

It was nearly twilight on an evening in the eleventh year of their marriage, that Fanny met her husband on his return from business, and noticed that he looked unusually pale and sad.

"What is the matter, dear Frank?" she asked, in a tone of deep solicitude.

"Nothing ; I am very weary, wife ;" was his reply.

"There is more than mere weariness on your heart," said his wife ; but the husband made no response. Nor did he heed the joyful greeting of his children, as he usually did. Constance clambered up in his lap, but he did not kiss her. She cried, "Papa, dear papa !" but he made no reply.

Fanny felt very unhappy : she scarcely knew why, but she felt that some new trouble agitated her husband's bosom. She was aware that their rent was due on the morrow ; but her husband's quarter's salary was also due that evening, and was more than enough to pay it. She determined to find out what was the matter, if possible. After she had spread out their scanty fare upon the supper-table, and her husband and children were seated, she said—

"Francis, you are hiding something from me that I ought to know."

He did not respond, but maintained a gloomy silence. Again she continued :

"So far, dear Frank, I have shared your fate with-

out a murmur : why should you now deny me a knowledge of your affairs ?”

“ I ought not,” he replied. “ You are aware that there is a great pressure in trade just now ?”

“ Yes—so you have told me.”

“ Well, your father has failed ; he is a bankrupt.”

“ I am sorry,” replied the wife ; “ yet, dear Frank, that should not make you so sad. He has cast me off ; and, as his wealth could do us no good, so his loss cannot harm us.”

“ No, *his* cannot ; but W. & Co. also have failed.”

“ What, your employers ?”

“ Yes ; and they have even left their clerks without their salaries. I have not the means to pay our rent to-morrow.”

“ Can you not put off the rent, and get another situation ?”

“ Neither ; I have tried both. Van Ness will have either his money or the houseroom ; and for three days I have hidden from you that I was seeking a new situation in vain.”

“ What can we do ?” murmured the wife ; “ my jewelry was all sold when I was sick ; my father could not help us if he would : what *can* we do ?”

“ God in heaven only knows !” said the husband, gloomily.

At that moment a rap was heard at the front door.

“ O, dear papa, what a handsome horse !” cried little Constance, looking out of the window. “ There is a man holding it before our door.”

The little girl's remarks were cut short by the old servant opening the door, and announcing "a gentleman, who wished to see Mr. Tracy."

With an air of alarm, Frank rose from his chair.

"Confounded stupid servant," he muttered, "to bring him in here, when we've such a meager table and miserable furniture!"

But the frown upon his brow changed as the person entered, and he stood and looked like one just awakening from a stupifying dream. The stranger spoke first.

"Frank—dear brother Frank!" he cried.

"Is it you, Antonio?" asked the other, as he stepped forward into the arms which were opened to embrace him.

"It is: did you not know that I was coming?" replied the elder.

"I did not; I have heard from you but once since we separated."

"I have written to you many times.—But is this lady your wife?"

"Yes; and these my children," replied Frank, introducing each by name to his brother, who cordially greeted them.

"Another plate, Fanny, my dear," said Frank: "join us in our meager supper, brother."

"Thank you, I dined but an hour since; I have but just landed," replied the other.

Don't be impatient, reader. We'll detain you but a moment longer. We have no romance before you—only a simple story to tell.

As soon as the younger brother had finished his supper, the elder proposed a short walk.

"Did you not get a letter from me, asking you to come out to Lima and join me in my business, Frank?" he asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes; it was the only one I received from you while you have been absent."

"Then why did you not come out to me?"

"First, because I had not the means; secondly, because I was ashamed to meet you."

"Why?"

"Because all that you foretold in regard to my marriage, and so forth, had come to pass."

"That was a poor reason, Frank; and did I not say that your order for any necessary funds for your voyage would be cashed by F. & Co.?"

"True, dear brother; but I did not wish to be dependent upon you."

"Then your feelings are somewhat altered from the time when you spoke of marrying for a fortune."

"Yes, Antonio; I was too proud then—for I was, as I am now, very poor."

"Are you *very* poor, brother?"

"I cannot well be more so. Three days since, my employers failed, leaving me minus even my last quarter's salary. In a day or two I shall have to leave that little house where my daughter was born, and I do not know where to go."

A tear came up in the eye of Frank as he spoke,

but he brushed it away hastily, as he supposed, unseen by his brother.

"That's a very pretty place," said Antonio, abruptly changing the conversation, and pointing to a large gothic-built cottage, surrounded by a beautiful lawn, situated a short distance down the road, nearer the city.

"Yes," replied Frank, gloomily.

"I stopped to look at it as I came along. It is for sale very low—only fifteen thousand dollars for the whole property, including ten acres of land."

The brother sighed. He was evidently not thinking of the property.

"Brother," continued Antonio, "what do you intend to do?"

"God only knows. I shall try to get some occupation, if it is ever so menial; my wife and children must not starve."

"No, of course not; but why have you not asked me how I have prospered? You seem careless of my weal or wo."

"Only because my own wo was so great. Yet I knew, from your garb and looks, that you were at least above suffering."

"Yes, Frank, thank Heaven, I am not only above want, but rich—*very* rich."

"I am glad for your sake to hear it," said the other, gloomily.

"And why not for your own, Frank? Do you think I will see you and yours suffer, while I have wealth in my possession?"

"I had the same amount to commence with that you had, brother : I acted against your advice ; and if I have not succeeded, it is my own fault. I cannot take from you your just earnings," replied Frank, sadly.

"Poh ! dear brother ! do not let pride create any barrier between us. What I have is at your disposal. You say that you expect to be forced to leave your little house."

"Yes," sighed Frank.

"Then it will be to remove into the handsome cottage down the road. I saw the owner as I came up ; he is anxious to sell ; and I shall buy it. You will take me for a boarder, won't you ?"

"Brother !" said Frank, "dear brother—" He could say no more ; his stern pride failed him ; he burst into tears.

"Come, come, don't be childish ; it is all right," said Antonio, wiping away tears from his own eyes : "let us go back to the house—I want to have a romp with the children. We'll talk about business to-morrow."

They went back, and there was a very happy evening spent in that little house. The children were delighted with their uncle, but little Constance wondered much what made his skin so dark.

The next day Antonio Tracy bought the gothic cottage and ground appertaining, and Frank once more shed tears when he found that the deed was made out to the names of Frank and Fanny Tracy.

The elder brother, although he had made a handsome independence in the south, had become so used to business, that he could not quit it ; and taking his brother into partnership, he opened a mercantile house in this city, which is at this time doing a prosperous and lucrative business. Another happy event has lately happened to Fanny ; but as “uncle Tony,” as the children call him, is not likely ever to marry, these “events” are not looked upon as very unfortunate.

NEW YORK, June, 1848.

THE HUMAN FACE.

BY G. W. MAGERS.

OH ! there is in the human face,
Which sin hath not defiled,
So much of sweet, attractive grace,
That, as a simple child,
Enamored of a lovely flower,
Sits gazing on it hour by hour,
All wonder how its mystic cup
With such rare beauty is filled up—
I stand enchanted by a spell,
Which words are all unfit to tell ;
And such exquisite bliss drink in,
As almost takes the hue of sin,
While, like the flower-lover, I,
Though loving deeply, know not why :
But I of this am very sure—
The love that warms my heart is pure !

BALTIMORE, June, 1848.

AN ODD-FELLOW.

BY P. G. M. W. L. G. SMITH.

IN the year 1847, the Queen City of the Lakes was thronged with people from the countries of the old world, on their way to a new home in the Western United States. At Buffalo they entered upon the waters of those inland seas which stretch along the frontier for two thousand miles, and usually confided their property and lives to the ægis of steamboats, and those more modern steam craft called propellers. They travelled, for the most part, in clans and congregations, and many a one had passed on to the rich savannas and undulating hills of Wisconsin and Iowa, and reached their place of destination in safety.

If the wayfarer or citizen, in the month of November had gazed for a moment upon the wharf at a short distance from the point where Commercial-street strikes the "creek," he would have discovered a group of some forty persons making their final preparation to go aboard a propeller. The season of navigation had far advanced, and this "was the last boat up." The autumnal gales which frequently appal the hardiest and stoutest mariner were not now, like angels' visits, "few

and far between," but almost daily swept "down the Lake" with terrific fury. The persons alluded to were companions from the lowlands of Holland, quietly wending their course over ocean, river, and lake, consoling themselves with the happy and glorious reflection, that they now were near their contemplated abode, and soon were to repose beneath their own vine and fig-tree, "in the land of the free and the home of the brave." This sweet thought nerved the way-worn hearts of the company, and although the cold and shrill winds of November were moaning their evening dirge, and the clouds were flitting along the heavens, as if without home or resting-place, yet the emigrants, with joyousness and hilarity, embarked for the metropolis of their anticipated paradise. The vessel was heavily laden with passengers and merchandise. The weather was "rough" and boisterous, and "full many a time and oft" did the company sigh for port. But, the stanch craft was manned with a good captain, mate, and crew, and notwithstanding she seemed to wag lazily along the coast, yet in a few days she had traversed Erie's waters, passed the St. Clair, crossed the turbulent bay of Saginaw, escaped the rocks and snags of the Straits, and was anchored fast to the upper Isle of the Manitou.

"One hundred and fifty miles more, and our long and wearisome pilgrimage will be at an end," said an elderly man, whose brow was furrowed with the time-worn wrinkles of care and reflection, to a group of his fellow-countrymen, assembled on the deck of the upper

cabin of the propeller. "By the appearance of the sky, I conjecture that we shall make the residue of our passage in safety."

"And when may we expect to behold our promised land, and tread our own free soil?" replied a young matron, caressing in her lap her first-born, and who had just commenced prattling the native tongue of his mother.

"By to-morrow's vespers, at the farthest, if our captain does not misreckon," was the consolable reply.

This assurance of safety from the patriarch of the company cast a radiance of joy over the countenances of all of them, and they, each one and all, felt as if all danger was passed, and the goal of their desire and ambition now nearly attained. The young matron had sundered the ties of home, and bid farewell to her kindred, to share, without a sigh or murmur, the fortune of her young lord. She had rode the mountain waves of the treacherous Atlantic, and experienced the change of season and clime, unharmed and in happiness. It was quite natural, that she should now feel a desire to have a reunion with her kin at her new home in America. If she had braved danger in safety, and was on the eve of accomplishing the great journey unhurt, why, oh! why, thought she, cannot my dear parents and my only brother do the same, and enjoy in felicity the privileges and immunities of freedom? Educated far above those of the same rank in the country from which she came, she had a deeper realization of the aims and hopes to which she might justly aspire, than her fellow-

travellers. With them, glee and mirth were now uppermost in their minds and feelings. The strange island, environed with a beach of pure, white sand, excited their homely gibes and awkward flashes of merriment. They smoked their pipes and sung their soul-stirring songs in frolic and gayety. The juniors prattled as briskly as their seniors. They talked o'er their olden sports and amusements, and pictured in their imagination the gay sports and happy amusements of their future home. The glories of a republican government were descanted upon by the elder portion of the emigrants. The cheapness and facility with which all the conveniences and comforts of life could be obtained by them; the abundant and rich harvests which they should reap from their labor and well-applied industry, and the extensive and unencumbered domain which they should possess, formed the outline of their thoughts and conversation, and filled their minds with joyous prospects and a happy future. In fact, they now, for the first time, began to appreciate the difference in caste, position, and resources, between the peasant of Holland and the husbandman of the United States; and various were their speculations as to their future destiny. Whilst one imagined he should become a wealthy burgher, another boasted of the fame he should acquire, and the eminence to which he should attain on the bench of justice, or in the hall of legislation. Whilst one recounted the well-won thrift which he should eventually possess by plying the tasks of the artisan, another revelled, in advance, in the

luxuries and pleasures which the opulence and magnificence of merchants, in all ages and climes, are wont to confer. With such contemplations were their minds filled, and contented and happy were they at the solitary Isle of Manitou.

"Hans," said our young matron, "how composed shall we be in our new cottage, and tilling our new American farm!"

"Yes, yes, my faithful woman," replied the young and sturdy husband, "and soon shall we be there."

"But, have you no further fear or uneasiness? Are you sure that our danger is over, and that we shall make the next port in safety?"

"Ay, ay, dear chuck, I feel as safe, as confident of port as if I was now there. See what a delightful sunset, and how calm are all the elements. In four and twenty hours and we shall tread on *terra firma*."

"I pray God that your anticipations are well founded," responded the wife; "but I am ill at ease, I know not why."

"Ah, I understand you," replied the husband, "you are thinking of father, and mother, and brother, left behind. Well, have no pain of mind on that account; for we will write them the incidents of our travels, and describe to them in glowing but true colors this great and happy land."

"I would write them now," replied the confiding wife, "if the Post were passing, and let them be early advised of our present progress."

"Well, never mind, I cannot blame you for cast-

ing a lingering look behind. But, cheer up and be merry. See how our young suckling, even, is merry. We will all be merry together. Let us join our comrades."

The passengers retired into the cabin to partake of their evening repast, and the crew "hailed in the plank," and the vessel in a few moments parted from the dock, and was "headed" for Manitowoc, situate on the shores of Wisconsin. She glided over the water like "a thing of life," without mishap or accident, and ere the sun of the next day had reached its meridian, our propeller had crossed Lake Michigan, and was unlading herself quietly in port. She had only "a few hours' run" along the coast yet to make, and she would bid farewell to the emigrants. Much time was necessarily consumed before the voyage was resumed.

* * * * *

It was Saturday night. The stanch craft had left the cove of Manitowoc, and with her sails spread to the freshening breeze, was fast making her way to Milwaukee. The sun was quietly sinking behind the western hills, throwing a mellow and effulgent light over the sleepless autumnal waters of the broad Michigan. The land of Wisconsin, with its bluff but pleasant shores, was in full view, and the passengers crowded the "upper deck" to survey with an eager eye this panorama of earth, sky, and water. Buoyant with hope and rapture, gazed the emigrants upon the scene. Quivering beneath the rude blasts which swept along

far away from the northern latitudes, they lingered to catch a faint glimpse of the water and coast, upon which was faintly reflected the glimpses of the moon, fast rolling to her rest. Night finally mantled the elements with her sombre veil, and silently moved on the steamship, and nothing was heard but the roar of the water breaking upon the distant shore, and the splashing of an occasional wave on the sides of the vessel. All were asleep, save those whom duty debarred from enjoying repose. The hour of three in the morning was passed, and the first-mate hurried to the room of his junior, and whispered in his ear, "All's not well: be up and lend a hand." But a few moments had elapsed, and the cry of "fire! fire!" rang from the bow to the stern of the *Phoenix*. The sleeping inmates of the cabin were aroused from their sweet and quiet slumber; Americans, foreigners, the aged and the young, all classes and sexes, repaired in wild confusion and dismay to the gangways.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale,—
And there were sudden partings, such as press .
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

The devouring element made quick work. The whole boat was soon covered with flames, and stretching its blaze away into the heavens, reflected its fitful light as far

as eye could extend. The loud and heart-rending sobs and lamentations of the passengers, and the maniac cries of those who were being consumed by fire, or swallowed up by the waves, presented a solemn and terrific spectacle. Some jumped into the water, and others, bereft of reason, remained awestruck aboard. The officers and crew made every effort to stay the triumphant progress of the fell destroyer, but their exertions were in vain. There was no hope. The boat was lost, with her cargo and passengers, unless the shore was gained. An attempt was made to save as much of life as possible, by resorting to the fragments of the wreck, and by rendering of as much avail as human ingenuity on such an occasion could devise, the loose particles of timber, boards, doors, furniture and boxes, on the boat and in the water. The young matron from Holland, far away from her father-land, stood awestruck and alone on the forward part of the boat. Her kinsman and friends were out of her sight, and there she remained statue-like, hugging closely to her bosom her little infant. She felt as if "her hour had come," and she soon should pass to that limitless future "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Reposing herself upon the arm of Omnipotence as her rock of ages, and raising up her child as if to present it as a free-offering into the hands of the Invisible, she attracted the eye of the mate, who was then in the act of launching himself upon the deep, supported by a frail door. He was an Odd-Fellow, and had attained the royal blue degree. He seized the woman and

child. They were soon picked up by a small boat, and reached the shore in safety. The mother and child had gained the land of hope and promise, whilst the husband and fellow-emigrants had sunk beneath the waves of the sea,

“Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

BUFFALO, N. Y., May, 1848.

TO MARY.

OH! would that I could sing to thee
As in that happier time,
When love was apt at minstrelsy,
And poured its soul in rhyme.
Though rude the lay, no less, I ween,
It ravished thy young ears,
That listened as the sounds had been
The music of the spheres.

I would that I could sing again
As then I sang to thee,
For there was rapture in the strain
That ne'er again may be.
Now, when I sing, my bosom feels
A chilliness come o'er,
And darkness on my spirit steals,
I never felt before.

T. W. R.

NEW-YORK, May, 1848.

THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

ROBE the beautiful for the tomb—
We may no longer stay her ;
She has passed away in virgin bloom,
In vestal white array her.
One single auburn tress we crave
Before her face ye cover :
Why should the cold and grasping grave
Take all from those who love her ?

Bear the beautiful to the tomb
While yet the sun is shining,
Ere the shadows and evening gloom
Denote the day's declining.
Bear her softly and slowly on—
Disturb no placid feature ;
Deep the sleep she's fallen upon,
The last of a mortal creature.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb ;
Beneath the weeping willow
Let the maiden have sleeping room,
And softly spread her pillow.
Angels hasten from realms of bliss,
Their watch above her keeping,—
Dear to the heart of the holy is
The place where she is sleeping.

Leave the beautiful in the tomb ;
There may be others fairer ;
Haughtier heads may wave a plume
With glory to the wearer ;
But so beautiful and so good
—Think they who dearly held her—
Earth in its loveliest sisterhood
May never have excelled her.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

SONNET.—THE GOOD BROTHER.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

His eye was tearless, but his cheeks were wan—
There Sorrow long had set her heavy hand ;
Yet was his spirit noble, and a bland
And sweet expression o'er his features ran.
Care had not vexed him into sullenness—
The world's scorn not subdued the natural man ;
The sweet milk of his nature was not less
Because his neighbor met him with his ban.
He is above revenges, though he drinks
The bitter draught of malice and of hate ;
And still, though in the weary strife he sinks,
They cannot make him murmur at his fate :
He suffers, and he feels his pangs, but proves
The conqueror, since, in falling, still he loves !

SOUTH CAROLINA, May, 1848.

VIOLET VERE'S VACATION.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

LETTER FROM VIOLET TO HER COUSIN KATE ELTON.

MY OWN DEAR KATE :—When I last wrote—on the day that commenced my temporary emancipation from the jurisdiction of Miss Serena Primrose—(you see I am endeavoring to do credit to my respected teacher, by using all the hard words I can think of)—I promised to indite an epistle to you, immediately after my arrival at the paternal domicile.—Oh ! a truce to this formal style—I will begin again !—My darling Kate !—“ Kate, of Kate Hall—my super-dainty Kate ”—I am *so* glad to be at home once more ! If mamma would only forget that I have grown up, and think a little less of my appearance—of the set of my dress and the turn of my curls—if I could only persuade her to make believe I was a little child again, and had never been to boarding-school, I think I should be perfectly happy. But if ever, for a moment, I yield to the almost irrepressible impulse which prompts a romp with the children, or any other dereliction from the duty of sitting upright with folded hands and parted hair, she is sure to call me to order with some such expression as this :—“ Violet, that is

not very lady-like ; you are altogether too demonstrative ; you did not behave so at Miss Primrose's establishment !”

Ah me ! what a desperate inclination I feel to reply —“ But, mamma, I am *not* a lady—I don't *pretend* to be a lady—I am only a merry-hearted little girl of sixteen, who has come home to have a good time !”

I wonder what Heaven put play into our hearts for, if it isn't proper to play ! It is very trying, Kate, to see my little sister and brothers frolicking to their hearts' content, without being allowed to join them. This morning, as I sat with mamma, most especially behaving myself because Mrs. Rattle happened in, there was that rosy rogue Georgy peeping in at the window—there was Will, hiding and kicking under the sofa where I sat—and gentle Charlie, and saucy Hal, and dear little Louise, marching to a merry martial tune through the room—and there was poor I, pining to jump up and don Hal's soldier-cap and feather, and lead the infantry into the garden ;—but no ! that would have been altogether “ too demonstrative !”

And while I sat there, with my eyes cast down, looking as meek and demure as *you* know I can look, Kate, I heard Mrs. Rattle say to mamma, *sotto voce*—“ How much she has improved !—she used to be such a wild little puss. Her air and manner are perfect—that graceful repose is quite the thing !”

Oh, Mrs. Rattle, what conventional nonsense you talk ! *Why* is repose “ the thing ?” Does any thing

in God's beautiful world set us the example of repose? Does not the brooklet dance and sing, and the spray above it bend to every breeze? Do not the clouds change, and glow, and float away, free either to weep or to smile in the blue and blissful air? Does not the flower accept what hues of light it most desires from heaven, and reject what it loves not, and bloom a jasmine or a snowdrop, a tulip or carnation, as its inner spirit prompts? But we poor fashionable flowers of humanity, pining exotics from the wildwoods of nature into the hothouse of "good society"—we must all be japonicas—cold, white, soulless japonicas—trained, trammelled, bound to grow *just so*! We must not venture to laugh into life, like the sunny hearts-ease—to blush with love, like the rose—that would be "too demonstrative;"—repose is the *sine qua non* of japonicadom!

Taught to restrain, in cold Decorum's school,
The step, the smile—to glance and dance by rule;
To smooth alike our words and waving tress,
And the pure heart's impetuous play repress;
Each airy impulse, every frolic thought,
Forbidden—if by Fashion's law untaught.

What an unsatisfactory life it is! But when I *am* set at liberty from mamma's *surveillance*, and sent out into the grounds to "*walk* for exercise," *don't* I make the most of it! *Do* I walk? I should like to see myself doing any such lady-like and humdrum thing! Kate! I have a secret of the utmost importance to

impart to you! You know Miss Primrose recommended me to "pursue my studies during vacation." With your leave, respected Ma'amselle P., I shall do no such thing! I shall pursue any and every thing, *rather* than my studies. I have no idea of wasting this radiant summer in that style. I shan't have time. There are lovely butterflies to pursue! There are wild, sweet woodland paths to pursue! There are charming whims and fancies to pursue! There is my darling little Georgy, who *insists* upon being pursued! In short, I shall not "pursue the even tenor of" Miss Primrose's "way," until I am safely shut in Primrose Hall again.

But the secret is yet to be told. Well, Kate, I have not touched a book since I came home. When I say books, I mean things bound in calf or cotton, with rows of black letters on every page; but I have quite a large library out of doors, of "books which are books," printed in letters of light, with rare illustrations, and splendid emblazonings, in the *old style*, which I never am tired of studying. I have just been "turning over a new *leaf*" to-day. That is, I have had a long walk in the woods, and found a new flower.

Oh yes! I *have* read one book in-doors, a novel—only think!—"The Maiden Aunt." What would Miss Primrose say? It is exquisite. It is brimful of poetry, and pathos, and nature, and truth, and quaint humor, and grace, and goodness, and deep earnest, unaffected piety.

There is one little song in it, translated from the



Illustration of a scene from the story.

German, which is worth all the propriety pieces we had to read at school. It is the daintiest little pearl of poetry that ever memory strung on her rosary of gems. Shall I quote it? I wish I could procure the music also, which a German friend tells me is very beautiful.

“ My heart, I bid thee answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?
Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits with one thought!

“ And tell me how Love cometh?
'Tis here—unsought—unsent!”
And tell me how Love *goeth*?
That was not *Love* which went.”

Isn't the last line perfect in its enchanting quaintness and simplicity, in its pathetic naïveté?

And do you know, Kate, *I* have been writing verses. They are brimful of treason to dear mamma's notions of education; so don't, for the world, “let on to anybody,” as our Bridget would say, that such is the case. They were composed long ago at school, but I would not dare show them to any one but you. Here they are;—

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S SONG.

I do not love the teacher,
I do not like the school;
I cannot bear to talk and walk,
To look and smile by rule.

Oh ! such a tedious lesson
As I have learned to-day,
About that tiresome prism,
And the sun's refracted ray !

I'd rather watch the rainbow,
In colored light arrayed,
Than study how it came there,
Or how its arch was made.

I'd rather play with flowers,
Beside the fountain bright,
Than search their sweet corollas,
To count the stamens right.

While they drink the golden sunshine,
And breathe the blessed air,
What for their Latin cognomens
Do glowing roses care ?

My teacher tears their leaves apart,
Their order, class, to know ;
I wonder she can have the heart
To treat a blossom so !

Once, if a flower were dying,
On a sultry summer's day,
I could hear its spirit sighing
Her balmy life away !

And now, alas ! must Learning's lamp
The lovely dream consume,
And haughty, humdrum Reason
Must blight my bower's bloom !

I cannot love my teacher,
I hate to learn by rule ;
I had a pleasanter governess
Before I went to school.

She taught me prettier lessons,
And easier too, by far ;
She bade me think the silver moon
A warbling seraph's car.

And when I saw it gliding slow
The wreathed clouds amid,
And caught the gleam of spirit steeds,
That paced the heavens half-hid ;

While round them softly glistened
The starry train of fire,
How earnestly I listened
To hear the heavenly choir.

She called the sunny rainbow
A band of brilliant flowers,
Linking heaven and earth together,
In the lovely, summer hours—

By cherub fingers braided,
In haunts of bliss above,
And flung, in angel play, to earth,
A token of their love.

But now—instead of looking
For the Violet divine,
For the golden Lily's glory,
And the Rose's blush benign,

For the tears and smiles of cherubs,
Shed o'er that garland gay—
I shall think of the rain-drop prism,
And the sun's refracted ray.

Oh ! a thousand lovely lessons
My playmate taught of yore,
And a thousand thrilling sights I saw,
Which I shall see no more.

For Fancy was my teacher's name ;
A sportive sprite was she !
She bore me on her wings to heaven,
She led me through the sea.

There marked I many a floating hall,
By coral columns graced ;
And many a dim sea vision,
Through crystal walls I traced ;

I traced them by the dazzling light
Of jewels rich and rare,
That hung in garlands round about,
And made a glory there.

The walls were all of crystal,
The sea-waves were the floor,
And Ocean's daughters floated
Its gleamy surface o'er.

Between the rosy pillars,
Some, gayly gliding by,
In curv'd shells of varied hue
Their shining oars did ply ;

And some their tresses garlanded,
With strange and gleaming flowers,
Plucked by the goldfish's fitful light
In Ocean's darkling bowers.

Ah! many a scene beyond the stars.
Of rapture pure and free,
And many a dim sea vision,
Did I and Fancy see.

But we must part forever,
My playmate sweet and I;
She to some heart as wild as mine,
I—to Reality!

Oh, Kate! what an unconscionably long letter I
have written to you; I won't bore you another minute.
Good-by! May Heaven love you even more than I!

Your devoted

VIOLET.

KATE'S REPLY.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have read your pleasant letter with much interest, and laughed heartily and sympathizingly over some parts of it; but as I am older than you by two whole months, I may be allowed, may I not? to give you a little sober advice.

It appears to me, from what you write, that you and Miss Primrose are each pursuing an *extreme*; and mamma says that all extremes are injudicious, if not dangerous. Miss Primrose is all for learning and decorum, and you are all for freedom and for play; is it not so? To be sure, it is vacation, and it is quite natural that play should seem to you the legitimate object of

your emancipation from the restraints of school. But I think you would *enjoy* your play far more, if you would *sometimes* study and read. Your self-imposed tasks would give a zest to your after-recreations, I assure you.

Ah, dear Violet, make these, in truth, *holy-days*, by rational and elevating employments, out of doors or in; it matters little which.

I, who have never been to school—for you know mamma is my teacher—have never had a fit of ennui in my life, that I can remember.

Shall I give you the history of one of my days? Not in vacation; for I never need, or care to have one.

I rise at five now, (in summer,) and then follows a cold bath; a glass or two of cold water; a long walk; breakfast; a few, light household duties; two hours' study; an hour's play in the garden or gymnasium, with my brother; an hour's practice on the piano; two hours' study again; dinner; two hours' practice; and the rest of the day, from five o'clock, P. M., is quite at my own disposal—to read, to sew, to visit, to dance, to play, or to draw from nature, of which I am very fond.

Try this system, dear Violet, even in vacation, and I think your mother will see so much improvement in you at the end of six weeks, that she will take you from the boarding-school you so much dislike, and let you pursue, not only your butterfly fancies, but your studies at home.

Yours, most affectionately,

KATE ELTON.

May, 1848.

WOMAN.

BY P. G. THOMAS AUSTIN.

WHETHER woman possess the same degree of intellectual power as man, shall not be our province here to discuss. It may be affirmed, however, and safely, that she is capable of acquiring a higher degree of education than generally falls to her lot to receive. Every branch of knowledge which can adorn or improve the human mind, is within the compass of her capability. It may be said also, that in the purest affections of the human soul, in the brightest dictates of humanity—integrity, benevolence, hospitality, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, and patriotism—she stands fully equal, and in many instances, from the nature of her sex, superior.

Without invading the province of the physiologist, it shall be again affirmed, that she possesses *essentially* the same intellectual faculties as man. The degree of power may be less vigorous, but many instances are on record, of females having accomplished vast intellectual operations, threaded their way through the most abstruse investigations of the mathematics, solved the deepest problems in the sciences of mental philosophy and political economy, and penetrated the awful depths of the illimitable universe.

In addition to such mental capability, every age of the world has afforded instances of woman stepping out, as it were, from the prescribed round of duties which her sex had devolved upon her, and of having made a *mark* upon the era in which she has lived and acted. The circumstances of social disorder, revolution, or war, have been such as to demand energy, fortitude, wisdom, and almost superhuman courage. In such instances, amid the disjointed elements of a social system, the wild and tumultuous movements of infuriated mobs, or over and amid the rocking of nations, she has shot up through the moral gloom like a blazing meteor, guiding forth to new paths of safety and succor, cheering on the desponding, animating the faint heart with courage, leading on to victory; astonishing and dazzling the world by her fearlessness and fortitude, and by the brilliancy of her moral courage and power. Then, after accomplishing what duty and destiny required of her, quietly again resuming the duties of her sex: thereby showing the world of what she is capable, if circumstances permit, and occasions demand; and also putting to rest all discussions respecting the very great disparity of intellect and courage between the sexes.

But let disputation run ever so high, whether man be superior to woman in intellect and firmness or not, of this it shall be said, that his interests are equally hers. In the gains and possessions of life, she has the same at issue. She with him has winnings and losings, sorrows and joys. Her allegiance to the physical and

moral laws of human existence is the same as his. And every ray of light that has ever streamed through the far-off spaces of the universe to animate and bless the human family of this earth, has woven circles of destiny to animate and bless her equally with him. Side by side, both are marching to the grave, and are alike finally accountable to the awful tribunal of God.

But superior to all discussion rises the fact, that she is as God made her,—

“ Fair as morning star, with modesty
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love :”

“ Eloquent
Of thoughts and comely words to worship God,
And sing his praise—the giver of all good.”

Although her interests and accountability may be the same as those of man, yet her duties and obligations run in a different channel. Her moral sensibilities are different, in degree, from his. She is a being of love and tenderness, confiding and open-hearted; born into the world to love and cheer him onward in his conflict with his destiny. But man is in possession of a nature more reserved, possesses perhaps a stronger judgment, certainly a physically stronger constitution, a sterner purpose, and a harder heart. Hence the laws of nature decree two distinct *spheres* of action, not antagonistical, but all-attractive, mutually dependent, and absolutely necessary—the one to the other—to human comfort and permanent well-being.

And where and when these relations are correctly understood, and properly carried out, she, like the moon revolving round the earth—may not be the primary planet, yet receiving her light and motion from the primary body—in queenly beauty serenely glides along her silent path, controlling the ebbings and flowings of the tides of life's moral ocean, and shedding upon all in return, within the circle of her attractive influence, a flood of refulgent glory.

In the workings out of the great chain of events of the moral world, she exercises the functions of an angel of mercy, constituting a counteracting current of good, to the opposite streams of evil which oftentimes threaten to engulf the world in an ocean of moral blackness and despair.

There is no being so fitted, from her silent ministrations, and from her influence over the young, to arrest the tides of evil which surround us on every hand, threatening to bear us down upon a stream of moral death to the ocean of eternity. Nor is there any being so powerful in pulling down oppressive institutions, and rearing upon their ruins temples harmoniously beautiful, wherein shall dwell Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Of the physical force of the world, woman possesses but little ; but in its moral power she is almost omnipotent. Her beauty and sympathy have moved what physical force has failed to accomplish. Her tears and entreaties have accomplished far greater results in an hour, than the force of a terrific army—during a

whole campaign—with all its appliances of sabre, bayonet, and cannon. The victories she achieves are moral ; and she gains them by the *artillery* of the charms with which she is so plentifully endowed by nature.

Possessing finer sensibilities than man, the bright and beautiful offices of human benefaction, of administering succor to the distressed, sympathy to the suffering, and comfort to the broken-hearted, are hers to exercise. Heaven has been liberal in its favors in thus awarding to her the high prerogative of the almoner of its bounties.

It is this which makes her influence pre-eminently moral. And the fact is transcendently beautiful, that heaven should have associated its own bright attributes, and the highest moral forces, with human tenderness, gentleness, and loveliness.

There is no sounding the depth of her influence over the destinies of the human family, whether as a member of the social system, or in the several relations of sister, wife, or mother. In either relation she is the

“ ————— choice of beings made !

Much praised, much blamed, much loved ; but fairer far
Than aught beheld, than aught imagined else
Fairest, and dearer than all most dear ;
Light of the darksome wilderness ! to Time
As stars to night, whose eyes were spells that held
The passenger forgetful of his way,
Whose steps were majesty, whose words were song,
Whose smiles were hope, whose actions perfect grace,

Whose love the solace, glory, and delight
Of man, his boast, his riches, his renown ;
When found, sufficient bliss ! when lost, despair !”

In point of power over the rising generation, she is far greater than man. The tastes and dispositions of the young are of her forming. Ideas and inclinations are then imparted which control the whole life. Just in proportion to the impressions made upon the young and sensitive mind, so will be the character and moral principles of the next generation. There is no relation, and no name, so endearing to the heart of a child as that of mother. It carries with it every sympathetic attraction, and every idea and attribute of love. There is no word whose sound is fuller of affection ; and none more potent in recalling to the mind the remembrance of bygone days, the sports of infancy, and the joyous hilarity of boyhood's sunny hours.

Many a man has been saved from ruin through the instruction he received from his mother. The hallowed touch of her hand in childhood has never been forgotten. The good impressions he then received never left him. They may sometimes have been out of sight ; but some external object or thought has again brought them to his mind, and touched a chord within him, awakening all the finer sensibilities of his nature ; and when he has been beset with the cares, the temptations, and the perplexities of life, then they have hovered over and around him like a guardian angel, and protected him from the evil influences with which he has been surrounded. And

when time, with its resistless energies, has frosted the head of threescore years and ten, then the mother's voice has still been heard in winning accents of love and tenderness.

Instances abound on every hand of hardened men having been deterred from the commission of crime, when about to perpetrate the very act, through this influence. When the villain has been steeled against every attribute of humanity, and no consideration drawn from time or eternity could seemingly reach him, the recollection of a mother's prayers and love when he was a child has proved successful, when all other recollections and considerations have failed.

"When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand on my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

The following story is related of Abd-el-Kadir. His

mother, previous to his departure for Bagdad, gave him forty dinars, telling him that was all his inheritance. With the gift, she made him promise *never to tell a lie*, and bade him farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment!"

Of what befell him afterwards shall be stated in his own beautiful words. He says:—

"I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

" 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.'

"The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

" 'What have you got?' said another.

"I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

" 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

" 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

"He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

" 'And how came you,' said he in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

" 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*'

" 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense

of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path to virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

The love of a mother for her children is perhaps greater, if possible, than that of children for the mother. When the harlots were brought before Solomon to settle the question to whom the living child in dispute belonged, he ordered a sword, that the child might be divided, one half to be given to one, and the other half to the other. Then the love of a mother rose above every consideration. "Oh, my lord, give her the living child, and in nowise slay it." "Give her the living child," said the king, "and in nowise slay it—she is the mother thereof."

Dear to the heart of every mother are the children of her affections. With them she rejoices, and with them she weeps. Her life is wrapped up in their very existence; for where her treasure is, there will her heart be also: and for this we love her.

No plumb-line of human knowledge ever sounded the depths of the agony occasioned by that jealous inhuman monster, Herod, slaying all the children of Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two

years old and under. Oh, what must have been the cruel sufferings of the female breast! Well was it described in prophetic language: "There a voice was heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." Frightfully true was the *response* to the awful prediction!

The love of a sister is that of an angel. No unholy desire mars its purity. It is silent as the shade, calm as the sky, and immeasurably deep. It is sacred. It knows no obligations, admits no equivalents, and tramples upon every selfish feeling. It is that of the purest affection. It harmonizes with all that is affectionate, charitable, and good. She is all kindness and gentleness. To a brother she is friend, counsellor, companion, comforter, and guide.

During her vestal days, just as she is blooming into womanhood, woman exercises a more direct influence over the object of her affections than at any other period of her life. At all ages of the world, and among all civilized nations, minstrels and poets have extolled her beauty, and hymned her praise in poetry and song. At her feet the poor love-stricken swain falls a willing slave, and feels a happiness in such thralldom. She rules him as she will; sometimes favoring him with her smiles, and anon with neglect and cold-heartedness. To render himself a worthy object in her eyes, the youth will go to the end of the world, dare all, brave all, and peril all. To gain possession of her, there is no sacrifice that he will not make. To him she is a divinity worthy

of his highest adoration. At her feet he kneels, and at her shrine he worships. In his eyes there is no being like her. Under the wooings of the muse, produced by love, he will write poetry in her praise, and serenade her beauty. Under such influence, he weaves garlands of flowers, culled from his own luxuriant imagination in the garden of love, to bedeck the brow of her in whom his whole soul is absorbed. Her favor is his life ; her frown, death. The thought of another possessing her is unutterable anguish. She, quite early discovering her power, loves to use it, and oftentimes tortures the heart of the poor youth to test the strength of his affections ; and sometimes from mere capriciousness, that she may not be too easily won. Gratified by the adoration she receives, the temptations to sport with his affections are too great to be resisted. Hence she does it. She is young, and knows that she is beautiful, and feels secure in her power, confident that at any moment she can bring him to her feet.

In her position as wife, woman sustains another—that of mother. Now she rises to a state of high responsibility, by the power which she possesses of exercising a controlling influence over the whole household.

The relation of wife is holy. It has the sanction of Heaven. Blot this relation from the world, universal disorder would sweep away art and science, civilization and refinement ; the whole social system would speedily become deranged, the frame-work of

society disorganized, and man fall back again upon the barbarian ages ; the human world, like a great stream of corruption—upon whose dark surface would rage the storm of brutal passion—would swell, and surge, and drive along, in an overwhelming torrent of every unholy desire.

Without entering into the discussion as to her right to exert the controlling power of the household, the statement is merely made as the existence of a vastly important fact—a living reality—that centres in her at once the keeping of human happiness and the arbitration of human destiny.

In many cases, with the exception of intemperance, or some other vice on the part of the husband, the wife directly rules ; in others, she indirectly governs him. In both instances he may seem to act independently, but he is only acting, although unconscious of the fact himself, under a direct or an indirect influence from home. At times he may nerve his manhood to resist it ; but by the force of some of those means of which nature has gifted her, the wife will in the end generally have her way.

Upon some points connected with his pecuniary interests, he may act as such interests shall direct ; but even in these matters, his wits are sharpened, his energies doubled, and the tone of his mind strained to its highest tension, to place his wife and family in the highest possible position of the extent of his abilities. Their appearance and actual condition are but the reflection of his own energies, resources, and respectability.

In climbing the ladder of life, it is not the nature of woman to remain stationary at its foot. Her tastes are progressive; and no matter to what extent resources may increase, her *demands* are fully equal to them. The fear of not being able to fill the position which she may attain, never for a moment deters her from urging man on to making the effort to gain another step of the ladder of life's upward progress. And every step thus gained, she at once occupies as if born to that peculiar station, and generally fills it with credit to herself, and all with whom she may be connected.

These facts are so momentous, that it becomes the interest, yea, the duty of every individual, to see that sisters and daughters are properly educated, and their minds properly cultivated for the performance of the important part which they will have to sustain upon the stage in the great drama of human life.

Seeing so much will be in their keeping, it should be the *first* effort to educate them—if any difference—in preference to sons or brothers. The education of females, in some respects, may be of a different character; but the *effort* should be, to say the least, equally as strenuous in one case as the other. For upon the degree and kind of education females receive, when young, hang the important issues of human well-being. They will shortly fill the places of the mothers and wives of the present generation. Consequently it is of great moment what views and ideas they imbibe; for upon the impression and the training they receive, so

will they return to the world, with *interest*, the fruits thereof, and give back from their own breasts a reflected image of the false or the true, which shall *enrich* or *disease* them. Upon this point mainly depend the life, safety, prosperity, and perpetuity of our free institutions ; the weal or wo of the next generation, and of unborn millions through all coming time.

The affections of the wife for the man of her choice are undying, and withstand all the trials and afflictions of life. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold, poverty, rags or disgrace, ever obliterate or destroy them. The vows of the altar, from a loving and confiding heart, are never forgotten. Even if disgrace mark him, she will rake up, from the smothered embers of his former good deeds, excuses to justify him in his untoward conduct. When all others desert him, she will remain true and faithful. His troubles are hers. If in distress, all her sympathies are roused in his behalf. Any thing within the range of her possibility, she will encounter to sustain him.

“Hath the world aught for me to fear,

When death is on thy brow ?

The world ! what means it ?—*mine* is *here*—

I will not leave thee now.”

“Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, having been wounded by a poisoned arrow, the physician declared nothing could save him but the venom being sucked from his wound by some one whose life must fall a sacrifice. Robert disdained

to save his own life by hazarding that of another ; but the noble Sibilla did this in his sleep, and died to save her husband."

"While Edward the first was in Palestine, he received a wound from a poisoned arrow ; and his life would have been inevitably lost had not Eleanor, generously disregarding all considerations of personal safety, preserved her husband by sucking the poison from the wound.

"Her noble disinterestedness was amply rewarded by the king's perfect restoration to health, while her own happily remained unimpaired by her affectionate action. In memory of this event, Edward erected crosses at every place where the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. Charing Cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful gothic obelisks raised by this king to perpetuate the memory of conjugal affection."

The husband of the Baroness von der Wart had been one of those persons accused, unjustly as was afterwards proved, of being an accomplice with John of Swabia, in the assassination of the Emperor Albert. He was convicted, and sentenced to be broken alive upon the wheel. When he was fastened upon it, the Baroness exhorted him to fortitude. She laid herself upon his trembling limbs, and stroked the hair from his face which the wind had blown over it. "Leave me, oh leave me," he exclaimed ; "why will you increase my sufferings by your presence?" "I will die with you," she replied ; "'tis for that I come." The attempt

was made to force her from the scaffold ; but she threw her arms around it, and implored her own and her husband's death at the same time. Two men dragged her away. Tears flowed from the eyes of the executioner. " Noble lady, I can hold out no longer," he said in answer to her entreaties to be with her husband. " I am vanquished ; your name shall be mentioned with glory among saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life."

One of the guard gave her a cloak to protect her from the cold of night ; but she got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of her husband.

As much as her husband had at first begged her not to increase his agonies by her presence, he now thanked her for not having left him. In her prayers he found consolation and refreshment.

A few hours before evening, he raised his head for the last time, and faintly murmured with love upon his dying lips, "*Oh, Gertrude, this is fidelity to death ;*"—and then expired.

Let us take a survey of the face of the earth, and we shall see that in any of those nations where woman takes her proper rank as a member of the social system, and where her rights are respected, just in proportion that nation ranks high or low in the arts and sciences, and in the scale of civilization. But where she does not hold the rank to which she is entitled by nature, man is worse than the savage, for he does allow her

her liberty, if he do not otherwise respect her. And in those countries where she is merely made an object of sensual pleasure, they lose the better half of their population ; that portion of it whose tastes are superior, whose imaginations are more fertile and luxuriant, and whose fancies are more ideal,—that world, all stoical as we may be, from whence arises many a living reality. Take away from her her legitimate influence, and life is divested of its primary social principle, and the world, to such as have enjoyed the privilege of her society, is a many-headed body with scarcely any soul. But in those nations where she occupies her natural position, the freedom of man is onward, and he takes his proper rank in the ascending scale of human progression and civilization.

It has been observed, that women do not, or have not associated themselves with the cruelties which have desolated the earth. . With but one or two exceptions, they have never united to support any system of atrocity. They are generally to be found on the side of liberty. Man owes Charlotte Corday a large debt of gratitude, for ridding the world of that inhuman monster, Marat.

In Spain, woman fully proved, from her influence among the Moors, that she knew how to reign without obliging man to forget his duty.

The voice of woman brought back the Gauls to the renewal of the combat, when they had fled before their enemies.

Margarette, of Anjou, repaired the losses occasioned

by the imbecility of her consort, Henry VI., recalled victory to his standards, and fought twelve pitched battles before she yielded to the rebels.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was a brilliant spectacle. England was never more prosperous, nor did the arts and sciences flourish more vigorously than during her reign. And the Court of Great Britain, under her highly popular, good, and virtuous Queen Victoria, was never purer than at the present moment.

The salvation of thirty thousand men from the power of the Turks, was entirely owing to the generosity and sagacity of Catherine I. of Russia. The Turkish army of one hundred and fifty thousand strong had hemmed in the Russian army in a strait of the river Pruth, where it remained three days without provisions, and that too after a long and fatiguing march through sandy deserts.

Universal despair settled upon the Russian camp. The soldiers begged to be led to battle, preferring death or slavery, to starvation. In this emergency, Catherine rose superior to the difficulty of the moment, and proposed a plan that proved entirely successful. She rode through the ranks of the army, encouraging the poor soldiers, infusing into them new life and new hopes. Activity superseded lethargy, and courage despondency. The result was, the Turks *sold* the Russians a treaty of peace ; and thus, by the instrumentality of one woman, thirty thousand men were saved from death ; or what is worse, slavery.

During the French Revolution, the women displayed

great presence of mind and courage. The horrors of that period forced them from their retirement. Amid fire and carnage did they endeavor to mitigate or suspend the infernal massacre which they could not prevent. And when all hope seemed to have fled forever from that unhappy country, it was the courage of woman that stemmed the frightful current of human gore, and rang the death-knell of that monster of a man—that scourge and extirpator of his species—Robespierre; overwhelming him in the same stream of death that had swept thousands of innocent victims from the shores of time into the ocean of eternity.

During the Revolution of 1776, when the powers of despotism, with all the enginery of human slaughter, were arrayed in opposition to the principles of liberty, just dawning upon the world, many a mother harnessed her son for the strife, and sent him forth with her blessing upon his head, and her prayers for his and his country's safety, to take his part in the awful struggle for liberty, which lit up half a continent with the flames of war.

Thus we have seen that some of the greatest results have been accomplished by the means which she has set in motion; that she has raised the standard of human rights, rung the tocsin of liberty, encouraged the faint-hearted, and cheered on the desponding in many a conflict; that she has turned the tide of war, and prevented the shedding of human blood; that she has perilled her own life to save those she has loved, strengthened the weak and feeble, pitied the sufferer,

and sympathized with the distressed. And also, that she trains the mind of the young, tones the sentiment of the present generation, constitutes the centre of nearly every household, and ornaments society by the beauty of her person and the brilliancy of her wit. Hence the great truth is manifest, that she is the primary element of moral force, and exercises the controlling power of the great social system, giving direction to the destiny of men and nations.

The mighty energies of the human mind. whether in its aspirations for freedom, or in its battles with moral evils, are directed by her secret influence ; for on which side soever she lend her approving smile, that side will preponderate in the great scale of human well-being.

The influence of woman will be felt. Look at the example and influence of only one virtuous woman ! The attempt were useless to recount the blessings resulting to the world from only one such instance. She is a blessing to all around her. She simplifies in her own person the social and moral codes of law, and reduces them to practice in her every-day walk and conversation. One such an instance, as far as regards human destiny, is all-powerful for good. Her children imbibe her principles, and transmit them in turn to their children, and thus a train of the happiest consequences are set in motion, that shall roll on through all generations.

Seeing then that she controls such great influence, what need there is that she exercise it in the proper

direction! for no good work will succeed unless it have her approving smile and active co-operation. To her man looks for encouragement in his labors to benefit the human race. And, from her very organization, she is exactly fitted for such work, being wrought with finer sensibilities to feel and deeply sympathize with him in the trials and difficulties attending all moral movements, before he can advance in his labors of love. If she square her behavior to the obligations imposed upon her, good principles take root and flourish; if not, they fail.

In those great contests between Truth and Error, which have convulsed whole nations to their centre, she has moved the secret springs of their complicated machinery. Her movements have not been perhaps apparent; her physical organization has not fitted her to directly and openly act in the workings out of the vast problems; but silently, like the main-spring of a watch, she has moved the whole, and propelled them to their true and final solution.

Thus far the effort has been to speak of woman in her true character as such, in both her individual and collective capacity, and of the influence and moral power which she possesses, and indeed exercises. But now the fact must be admitted, that as great an instrument for good as she is and can become, yet by the perversion of the faculties and sensibilities which God has given her, she may become a commensurate instrument of evil. The higher her ability to do good in one direction, the greater her power to do evil

in another. The brightest attributes of humanity—love, gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy—may be turned into hatred and malevolence, and become the more dangerous from the influence which they possess over man. The world has not been wanting in instances of her ability to do mischief. The imperial termagant Cleopatra, Delilah the Philistina, the daughter of Herodias, and the cruel Mary of England, are all proofs of the vast evil influence which woman has in her power to exert. In proportion to the whole race, such instances are rare, yet they are sufficient to prove her power for evil if she chose to exercise it; and that she has not used it to the extent of her power, only shows in brighter colors the natural goodness of her heart.

But that such instances occur at all, should rouse the energies of every man in the world to prevent a repetition of those evils which have lit whole nations with war's lurid flame. And perhaps it may be said that some of the means to accomplish such a result, are to see that females are properly educated in the paths of virtue and truth, an education that shall instruct in the useful as well as the ornamental; and also to see that female labor be properly rewarded, and be of a kind suitable to the sex.

Indeed, it is wonderful that woman sustains the position she does, when we consider the low and degrading associations which surround many of them in their youth, the heavy tasks which thousands are necessitated to perform, and the number

of hours of labor required to sustain a wretched existence.

In the manufacturing parts of Europe, the girl of tender years is obliged to labor from morning until night, and beaten if the strength of the tiny limb be not sufficient to support the task. The poor child is driven to the machine, there to see nothing but the material of its labor, know nothing but the will of a domineering task-master, and hear nothing but the eternal buzz of the wheels of the crushing enginery, that is blighting the soul, while it is destroying the body of the poor little sufferer, who is thus offered up, as a victim to competition and associated wealth, upon the altar of this great Moloch of oppression.

Thousands of little girls, of six or eight years of age, are sent to labor from morning till night—the very age of the child when its education should commence, its tender feelings be properly trained, and its sympathies developed. But instead thereof, its faculties are benumbed, its intellect crushed, and its moral sensibilities deadened; and scarcely any thing short of a miracle can prevent it growing up in ignorance, a thing of toil, a counterpart of the machine that had well-nigh crushed its highest and brightest attributes. Still she is expected to become a woman of modesty and virtue; and if she fail in refinement and sensibility, she is considered an object fitted only for domestic servitude; and if she fall, she is discarded by Man, and shut out from the privileges and sympathies of her sex by Woman.

In every enlightened country of the world there are thousands of individual instances of bad females, who live a life of licentiousness and tumultuous passion. Shut out, as it were, from the great social system, they seem to have no moral sensibility, no character for virtue to sustain, and care but little for the estimation in which they are held by the world. Such females are not women. A bad woman is a paradox; there can be no such thing. She is a degraded female, an anomaly in the works of God, a disgrace to the character of man, a pestilential vessel upon the world's wide ocean, without anchor or compass, scattering around the taint of disease and death.

What the causes may have been which have reduced so many to this sad extremity, shall not here be discussed. It shall be affirmed, however, that those poor unfortunate creatures are more the victims of their confidence in man's integrity, and of the circumstances of ignorance, degradation, and poverty, resulting from ill-requited labor, than from any innate depravity of their nature and sex.

Nevertheless, for the thousands of individual instances of female depravity, yet woman, as woman, is all that is here claimed for her. To man, she is a living reality, holding his destiny, for weal or wo, within her own hands. Of herself it may be said, she is more mindful of the feelings of others than of her own, yielding to the slightest opposition, and anon, when circumstances demand it, facing and enduring the fiercest storm. Her thoughts are oftentimes the body-

ings forth of a region of flowers and fairies of an ideal world, where she hymns the wild metre of the spirits of the deep in the choral groves of the Ocean ; and then in higher and more beautiful realms, sings the songs of love with the spirits of the air.

In the world of realities she is the partner of man's life—sharing in his sorrows, and participating in his joys : his comfort in trouble, and his help in time of need : his attraction in social life, sunshine in adversity, and hope in the future : his best friend and counsellor, the chief pleasure of his short existence—his light in the dark wilderness, and harbor in the storm : the polar star of his movements, and the divinity of his worship : the mistress of his household, the recipient of his affections, his anxiety, solicitude, and care : the solace of his life, and his last, best, and truest friend in the hour of death. And when she has filled the circle of destiny, which the onward movements of the great chain of events of the moral world demanded of her, she is led unto living fountains of waters, where all tears are wiped away from her eyes, and adds one more spirit to the infinite number of seraphim that eternally worship before the Throne of God.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, ENTITLED THE

VISION OF FAITH.

BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

Ye worshippers, who in devotion kneel
 Around your altars, and devoutly pray
 That, from God's throne afar, each soul may feel
 The heavenly presence in each shrine of clay—
 Go not beyond the stars thy God to seek ;
 He's here, as there—felt ever by the good and meek.

* * * * *

In every yearning, throbbing, human soul
 Is felt thy presence, God !—thy majesty ;
 There thou hast written on the inner scroll
 The spirit's birth—its work—its destiny :
 There, there art thou, in all our yearnings near,
 Pointing the trembling soul beyond its clay-girt sphere !

From Lapland regions of eternal snows,
 To Eden climes, of bright, perennial bloom—
 Where mystic Niger in lone grandeur flows
 Through desert wastes, of wild and awful gloom—
 There all the tribes and tongues thy presence feel,
 Though round their pagan altars they may blindly kneel.

* * * * *

In Boodh, or Vishnu, in the worshipped Sun,
 In every heathen god, of clay or gold,
 Gleams forth remembrance of the mighty One,
 Thou, only God ! Faintly e'en *they* unfold
 Immortal yearnings of the human heart :
 Father of all ! to them thy fuller light impart !

HOWLETT HILL, N. Y., May, 1848.

APOLLYON; OR, THE DESTROYER.

BY JAMES LINEN.

Lo! Man shuddered and trembled when Sin gave me birth,
And Omnipotence crowned me dark lord of the earth :
In my right hand he placed a dread sceptre, to wave
O'er his creatures, all guilty, and doomed to the grave.

Unseen as the whirlwinds that fiercely pass over
Wild regions that wisdom hath yet to discover,
I sweep through the bounds of all peopled creation,
Jehovah's grand agent of dire desolation.

I career through the world on a mystical steed,
That is swifter by far than a thunderbolt's speed,
Join the wild howling tempest, mid thunder, and gloom,
And the life-blasting march of the desert Simoom.

Brooding Murder I saw stain the pure virgin sod,
Till it blushed, and cried out in loud accents to God,
Who in wrath, with a curse and a withering vow,
Set a mark of red guilt on the homicide's brow.

Dark dominion I held when fair Virtue was spurned
From the bosom of man, where foul wickedness burned ;
And Vice reared her vile altars in every clime,
Till e'en hell rung with joy at the triumph of crime.

When the elements raged, and the red lightnings flashed,
And the loftiest hills by the billows were lashed,
And the mountain-tops rung with the shrieks of despair,
In the deluge I plunged—the last wretch that was there.

When sulphur and fire rained in torrents from heaven,
Till thousands expired, with their crimes unforgiven,
Mid the crashing of cities, and horror, and pain,
I triumphantly swept all the dark smoking plain.

All the empires of old, that were rivals in guilt,
And cemented their walls with the blood they had spilt,
From existence have passed; and the vile and the just,
With their temples and idols, lie mingled in dust.

Ere dark priestly creeds every land had enslaved,
Or the sceptre of power by a monarch been waved—
Ere a sword had been forged, or a diadem worn,
Sad bereavements taught Pity to weep and to mourn.

Ere the lamp-burning Magi had darkly begun,
Like the priests of Osiris, to worship the sun—
Ere the fable-sprung Brahma's dread name had been feared,
Shapeless structures, to mark out my triumphs, were reared.

Ere India could boast of her rock-sculptured isle,
Or young Science had built her huge fanes on the Nile—
Ay, long—long ere the East with her light had been blessed,
Human frailty succumbed at my awful behest.

Ere the Druids, white-robed, paid grave honors divine
To Albion's green oaks and the sweet-flowing Rhine,
Wildly chanting their hymns where fire-shrines were lighted,
To me bowed a world in dark error benighted.

I reigned ere old Saturn, Ammon, Mercury, Pan,
Severe empire maintained o'er the worship of man,
And ere Virtue and Truth ever dared to assail
The altars, blood-stained, of Astarte and Baal.

Though old Time, like myself, has grown hoary in crime,
And complacently views all his trophies sublime,
Ere his ruins, wide-spread by my subjects, were built,
Nature's debt had been paid, and man's blood had been spilt.

When Egypt's proud king, with his satraps and slaves,
Shrieked in terror, the sport of infuriate waves,
Lo ! I stood and threw o'er them my mystical pall,
And the billows obedient passed over them all.

When Sennacherib's host of darkness and error,
Of carnage and conquest, destruction and terror,
Was at midnight asleep on the tent-covered plain,
On it lightning I breathed—and it ne'er woke again.

The rude land of vast wastes and of primitive rule,
Where the Hadjis encamp by streams grateful and cool,
With its wandering tribes, still unconquered and free,
Has for thousands of years paid large tribute to me.

Grave Antiquity proudly oft points to the land
Where its pyramids lofty still sullenly stand ;
But its kingdom, and crimes, and wisdom, and glory,
Alike with its annals, live darkly in story.

Fierce avengers besieged the proud city of old,
And its walls tumbled down, as the prophets foretold ;
And now vampires and owls feed their ravenous brood,
And beasts dismally howl, where great Babylon stood.

Where is Nineveh now ? 'Tis a desolate scene,
Swept away from the earth, as it never had been ;
And the cities of commerce that stood by the sea
Gave their walls to Decay, and their people to me.

Sounds of gladness and mirth are unheard, as of yore,
And the wilderness rings with sweet music no more ;
For Palmyra's lone columns sublimely declare
That the last of its people sleep motionless there.

Where hoar Winter sits throned on his high peaks of snow,
Viewing Summer, all smiling in valleys below,
Stern Invasion I've seen, with its hosts from afar,
Cover Syria's plains with the horrors of war.

From the Persian, and Mede, and star-gazing Chaldee,
Recollection reverts, old Damascus, to thee :
Where in fresh beauty grow the palm, cypress, and rose,
Lie the ashes of armies in dreamless repose.

What rich harvests I've reaped on thy beautiful plain—
And the changes I've seen I may ne'er see again,—
Side by side, friend and foe, and heap piled upon heap,
The Jew, Moslem, Crusader, and fierce Tartar sleep.

Mid thy desolate ruins sits rampant Decay,
Oh Baal-ber ! sun-worshipper passing away !
Where once teemed busy life reigns a silence profound,
And thy glory and pride topple fast to the ground.

Thy columns Corinthian still splendidly stand,
Disputing the power of Time's levelling hand ;
Though dismantled and sacked by rude Caliphs' dread arms,
Yet still lovely thou art mid thy perishing charms.

Salem ! where are thy kings and thy conquerors now ?
Do gemmed crowns glitter still on their insolent brow ?
Severe Fate a dark gloom o'er thy glory hath cast,
Since the sceptre from Judah forever had passed.

I still lurk in thy streets, narrow, close, and unclean,
Where Destruction and Slaughter triumphant have been ;
But no sounds are e'er heard of deep sorrow, to wail
The mute millions that sleep in Jehoshaphat's vale.

All thy changes I've marked, and seen creed after creed
Thy possession contend, till strong Might did succeed :
Now the Crescent surmounts mosque and tall minaret,
Where the royal bard sung, and the Sanhedrim met.

The sky deepened in gloom, earth trembled in wonder,
Heaven's armory flashed, and rocks rent asunder—
I myself stood appalled, when HE, to save mortals,
Passed through my dim shadows and entered my portals.

Unrestrained 'mong the hills of Libanus I rove,
And still linger, unseen, by stream, fountain, and grove,
And where mountains Armenian sublimely arise,
Till their snow-covered summits are lost in the skies.

Greece ! thy sun sadly sunk in an ocean of blood ;
Desolation now reigns where once proudly thou stood ;
Hordes unsparing kept Carnage and Ruin at work—
Noble prey for fell Roman, Goth, Vandal, and Turk !

Classic land ! thy lore is the Present pervading,
Encircling thy name in a glory unfading ;
Beacon-light of the Past ! thy poets and sages,
Enshrined in their splendor, shall live through all ages.

On thy rock-rugged shore, since I first o'er thee ranged,
All—all, save the face of rough Nature, is changed ;
To thy herbage she still imparts dews and fresh showers,
And the bees gather sweets from Hymettus' fair flowers.

All thine altars and fanes now in wide ruin lie,
Haughty Carthage, who dared with Earth's mistress to vie !
Like Phœnicia, thy mother, thou liv'st but in name,
And the world little knows of thy glory and shame.

Where are they who marched forth at thy war-trumpet's call,
In Barbarian pomp, from Numidia and Gaul ?
Where are Hannibal's troops, renowned only to yield
To my terrible sword on the fierce combat-field ?

When thine armies were slain, and thy fleets were destroyed,
Revenge, reeking with blood, in wild ecstasy joyed ;
When Rome's merciless victors thy walls were around,
Amid curses and flames thou wert razed to the ground.

Where, oh where, Syracuse, all thy splendor of yore,
In the sunbeams that gleamed and flashed bright on thy shore,
When thy prowess so bold, near thy perilous coast,
Crushed the proudest armada that Athens could boast ?

Since Rome's greedy eagles first perched on thy rocks,
War's hell-hounds of Carnage and Earthquake's dire shocks
Have conspired as one foe, until, weary at length,
Flushed Success prostrate laid all thy beauty and strength.

Rome, stupendous and grand, from obscurity rose,
Built its splendor on ruins, and plunder, and woes ;
To the dust thrones and states were successively hurled,
Till the wings of its eagle o'ershadowed the world.

Where is mighty Rome now, and the gods it adored—
And its empire, marked out with a blood-reeking sword ?
The sad tales of a fierce, lawless anarchy tell
How, crime-bloated and gorged, self-subverted, it fell.

Oh, ye nations that live, ye shall too pass away ;
Ye are pregnant e'en now with the seeds of decay ;
And if Reason, and Truth, and fair Virtue but lead,
Old Corruption will die, and new systems succeed.

Sceptred princes and lordlings must bow at my throne,
Where distinction and titles alike are unknown ;
For the monarch and peasant, the master and slave,
Are but food for the worms that inhabit the grave.

Yes ! the mother in fondness may dote on her child,
And her bosom with hopes all-delusive be filled ;
But in mercy I breathe—and, all sinless, it dies,
Like the snowflake unstained as it falls from the skies.

And the maiden all-sprightly may dance at the ball—
Like a goddess of beauty, be worshipped by all—
And her looks and her air length of days may bespeak,—
But I lurk 'neath the rose that blooms fair on her cheek.

Lovers, tender, and young, and devoted, and warm,
With no doubts to perplex, nor dark fears to alarm,
Resign life at my will ; and vows that are plighted,
With Hope's fairest blossoms, lie prostrate and blighted.

Virtue, Peace, and Contentment, all smiling and sweet,
Throw their charms round the hearth where its glad members
meet,—

But how altered their looks, and how mournful the scene,
When pale Sorrow tells weeping where late I have been !

Sweet minstrels may sing of deeds deathless in story,
And bards tell of Carnage—so falsely called Glory,—
But I come—and the soul-stirring notes of their lyre
Are unheard in the halls they were wont to inspire.

The wan, shivering wreck of God's image, may quaff
In mean circles, where loudly profane scoffers laugh,—
But I nod—and the clamorous drunkard is mute ;
And Derision expires in the hope of the brute.

The vile miser may worship his coffers of gold,
Till old age bleach his locks, and his last knell be tolled,
And when, as a captive unwilling I bind him,
May cling to his idol—but leaves it behind him.

The dissembler, smooth-faced, puts his trust in a name,
And oft climbs up the Cross to high honors and fame ;
But I seize him at last, with his world-cankered heart,
And a conscience more keen than a death-dealing dart.

Heroes, haughty and proud, at my withering frown,
All their blood-crimsoned wreaths, and their trophies, lay down ;
And the insolent hand of Oppression is crushed,
And the voice of the babbler and demagogue hushed.

Turbaned ruffian the dazzling tiara may wear,
And fell wretches the will of the tyrant declare ;
But they shiver, and reel, coward-like, when I come—
Give a shudder and groan, and forever are dumb.

Yea, bold, daring aspirants may pant for renown,
And e'en lofty Ambition may grasp at a crown,—
Poor impotent fools ! I but flap my dark pinions,
And lo ! they are dashed to my breathless dominions.



1907-18, 1911

The diagram illustrates the experimental setup. A subject is seated at a table, looking at a video screen. A camera is positioned above the screen to capture the subject's view. A light source is positioned to the left of the screen to illuminate the scene. A scale bar is located below the screen to provide a reference for the size of the objects. The setup is used to study the perception of size and distance.

Oh, had dungeons but tongues, to tell mortals below
Crime's unregistered deeds—which they never can know!—
For Oblivion's black wings still securely conceal
The foul guilt and the murders of bigoted Zeal.

Victorious I ride o'er the red battle-ground,
Where I marshal my shadows, and compass it round ;
And where Pestilence dire, as my herald of wrath,
With its victims all writhing, strews thickly my path.

When winds lash the waves into fury and madness,
And mariners' songs change to wailing and sadness,
Undismayed, robed in lightnings, the world I defy,
Throned on billows that toss their proud crests to the sky.

When earth's fiery depths in hot fury I enter,
The planet convulses and heaves to its centre—
More fierce grow volcanoes, while the lava moves on,
Till tower, temple, and city are all overthrown.

My trophies are millions of millions, that slumber
All speechless and still as the dust they enumber :
The *Future* mysterious must share the same doom—
Tread the path of the *Past*, and be laid in the tomb.

Ever onward in triumph my course shall I speed,
Through the mazes of time, on my lightning-winged steed,
And when systems and suns from their spheres shall be hurled,
I'll expire in the flames of a perishing world.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

BY P. G. B. J. LOSSING.

I HAD a bachelor friend, young, wealthy, and witty. His nature was generous and confiding, and in all those graces of person and intellect which attract the multitude he was lavishly endowed. But under the tutelage of an uncle, who was a cynic and a miser, he became unsocial, lost sight of the affiliations which draw genial hearts together, and degenerated into a stoic and partial misanthrope, who regarded professions of brotherhood between men as cant, and the blandishments of social union as a cheat, designed to deceive the unwary into foolish acts of benevolence. In a word, the open, generous boy, who always gladly shared his fruit and confections with his less favored companions, was foremost in sports and in the boisterous mirth of associated boyhood, and knelt with reverence at the family altar and in public worship, while under the guidance of his pious mother, became almost a social churl, a cold Platonist in sentiment, and an infidel in matters of religious faith. These were the bitter fruits of the daily culture of his mind, by his wrong-headed and wrong-hearted uncle, under whose guardianship he had fallen at the

death of his mother ; and in this antagonist relation to humanity and to God, I found him after a separation of many years,—as changed in all that contributes to make earth a type of heaven, as if touched by the wand of the magi of eastern story, which transformed active living men into statues of pulseless marble.

As it is quite as necessary for the hero of a novelette to have a name, as for those who are chief actors in the veritable drama of life, I shall call mine Harry Foster, premising that the initials are those of a living character, the incidents of whose life I have chosen as an exemplification of the hourly developing truth that FRATERNITY, in all the intimate relations which man sustains to his fellow-man, is essential to the permanent happiness of not only the individual, but of society. On the morning of creation, God said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and from Sinai it was spoken, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" a proclamation and a command which implies fraternization of sentiment and affection wherever and whenever the children of men meet upon earth. The elements which form the basis of this fraternization are—the *union of sexes* in matrimonial alliances ; the *union of families* in forming an harmonious community, guided in thought, feeling, and action by the Golden Rule of the great Head of our religion ; and the *union of communities* in the bonds of national sympathy, and under the holy influence of an all-pervading love for humanity. These, cemented and sanctified by a pre-eminent reverence and regard for the high and holy One who "doeth all things well,"

present an everlasting foundation upon which every structure of human happiness must be reared, if it would have permanency and security. All else is as unstable as sand, proven so by the bitter lessons of past experience.

Harry Foster was about sixteen years of age when his mother, his only remaining parent, died. I was with him at the death-bed of that dear mentor of his childhood, and my own tears welled up freely from the fountain of sincere grief, as I heard the deep sobs and bitter groans of the poor boy, sitting with his face buried in the counterpane, but with his ear open to the solemn lessons imparted by his mother at that dread hour. She spoke of the world around him, whose temptations he was about to meet; warned him against taking "counsel with sinners," or "walking in the ways of the ungodly;" enjoined him to love his fellows, forgive his enemies, help the needy, comfort the afflicted, and above all, to lean continually and confidently upon the arm of Providence, as a sure support and guide. She uttered an earnest petition for the special guidance of heaven's ministers of good for her boy about to become an orphan; and while the words of blessing lingered upon her mortal lips, her spirit returned to the "bosom of its father and its God."

There was another by that bedside who wept as bitterly and sincerely as Harry Foster. It was the inseparable companion of his childhood, and the sweet confidant and friend of this his early youth, Ellen Horton. She was an orphan, the daughter of a dear friend

of Mrs. Foster, who at the hour of death had confided her child to her maternal care. She and Harry had grown up together like brother and sister—like twin-buds upon a parent stem—and they loved each other with all that purity of affection which artless youth alone can cherish. There were no calculations respecting the future in that love—it was like the ever-bubbling spring, fresh and flowing each moment, and as unalloyed with the impurities of earth, as the dew from heaven. And as they walked hand in hand mournfully away from the grave in the long and solemn procession, and heart and lip joined heart and lip in feeling and expressing their mutual grief and their mutual attachment as friends, never did the recording angel inscribe words of purer truth, than they then uttered. But oh, how roughly does the world deal with those holy thoughts, and pure desires, and noble resolves of adolescence ; and the apples of gold, which are the fruitage of this precious seed-time, when grasped by the eager hand of harsh maturity, how they crush like fungi, and fill the mouth with the bitter dust of disappointment !

It was about a month after the death of his mother, that I met Harry for the last time previous to my departure to a distant land. He was at the house of his uncle and guardian, a bachelor of fifty, who also assumed the guardianship of Ellen ; not from any motives of humanity, but for the sinister one of profiting by the management of the property she possessed. Harry was in much distress, for his uncle had that day di-

vulged his plans for the future, respecting himself and Ellen. Determined to make Harry like himself, and well knowing that his frank and generous disposition would expand rather than contract, when brought in contact with the warmth of society, he at once dispelled the bright vision of a college life, which the boy had dwelt upon with delight, and engaged a private instructor for him under his own roof. He saw, too, the close union in feeling and sentiment between Harry and Ellen; and, measuring their affections and sensibilities by the low standard of his own heart, he imagined that separation would make them forgetful of each other, and the girl was to be sent to a seminary in a neighboring state. These things Harry told me with streaming eyes, yet the confiding nature of his soul discovered not the selfishness of that foolish, wicked man, who, because he could not enjoy the sunlight of social life himself, mummied as he was in selfishness, sought to enwrap others in gloom. Harry felt that confinement at home under the stern teachings of a hired instructor, and a separation from Ellen, were hardships of no ordinary kind, yet "uncle thinks it is best, and I must be content," was his sobbing reply. This confidence in his uncle's judgment and friendship proved, in the sequel, the bane of his happiness.

Ten years passed away, and I returned to my native city. New faces met me on every side, and when I sought the old, familiar ones, which I left glowing with beauty or radiant with the sunny smiles of childhood, grave matrons and sturdy youths, some pale with study,

some bowed with care, met my gaze. A feeling of loneliness crept over me, and sad thoughts sent moisture to my eyes. I hastened to grasp the hand of my old friend Harry Foster, confident that there I should not meet the stare of a stranger. But, oh, how my heart died within me! How the tide of emotion, bearing the precious burden of warm friendship and generous impulses upon its bosom, rushed back to its fountain, when, on entering the dimly-lighted parlor of his uncle, Harry gave a formal bow and a brief word of recognition as he politely handed me a chair, but without extending his hand to welcome my return. Inquiries crowded thick and fast upon my mind concerning the cause of this change, but his cold manner denied them utterance; and after a few minutes of common-place conversation, I bade him good-evening, and returned to my room. There my manliness gave way, and I wept like a child. Not all selfish was that weeping. I wept not only at the bitterness of my disappointment, but I wept at the thought that a soul so warm and true, and so fruitful in good things, should be congealed and barren, and perhaps an utter desolation. And in that desolation fancy pictured the charming, warm-hearted Ellen as a participant; and I trembled with fear, when, in the morning, I inquired of the chambermaid, as she brought me a towel, concerning her.

“Yonder by the hill-side, across the river,” said she, pointing through the window, “lives Miss Horton. Do you see that white cottage among the tall elms, with an orchard in the rear? Well, that is the residence of

Captain Horton, an uncle of Miss Ellen's, who was gone twenty years, and everybody believed him dead. But about six years ago, who should come to this very house, late one night, but Captain Horton, dressed like a prince, and with gold pieces by the thousand. Sixteen years he was a slave among the Moors, and at last was bought by the Emperor, and made a servant of his private household. A terrible fire occurred in the city, and threatened the palace. All fled in dismay, and Captain Horton, thinking he had a right to be paid for sixteen years' services, knowing the private passages of the building, found diamonds and other jewels of immense value, and in the confusion escaped to the shore, took a sailboat, stowed it with provisions, and guided only by the sun and stars, reached Malta in safety. Thence he took passage to England, where he changed his jewels for gold, and then came home. But, poor man, how he cried and sobbed like a child, when he found all his relations were dead but one, and that was Ellen! He built yonder cottage, made Ellen the mistress of it; and oh, sir, if I believed that God ever sent angels to dwell upon earth, I should know Ellen Horton was one! and if there was ever a being upon whose head rested the blessings of the poor and needy, or for whom prayer was nightly made at the family altar of the humble cottage, that one is sweet Ellen Horton!"

As the girl ended her simple narrative of a wild romance, she wiped the tears away with the corner of her apron, and with a half-stifled sob, whispered, "God

bless her! she saved my poor father from a debtor's prison, my mother from the almshouse disgrace, and made us all happy." I shared in the girl's emotions, and at an early hour sought the cottage of Captain Horton.

Ellen was indeed a beautiful creature, yet there was a shade of sadness upon her brow. She welcomed me kindly, almost affectionately, and we went over our childhood scenes again with the zest of earnest children. I observed that she avoided the mention of Harry Foster's name; but at length it incidentally occurred, and a blush at once mantled her cheeks, and she became embarrassed. The ice was broken, and I related my interview with him the previous evening, and at the same time expressed my desire to know the cause of the evident change in him.

Ellen sat for some time silent, with her face buried in her hands, until tears gave her relief and utterance.

"Harry Foster is indeed changed," said she; "and yet I cannot believe his generous nature is a perfect wreck. I am sure that spirit of benevolence, that love for his fellows, that regard for me and my sex, and that reverence for God and religion which marked him a few years ago, cannot have departed forever;—and yet the world says that he is selfish, unsocial, unloving, and profane; and my own heart tells me that this is all too true, for now he shuts his ear to every appeal of distress, avoids all associations except those of his sex with like natures, who frequent the card-table and the billiard-room, shuns female society, and

not only utterly neglects, but openly contemns, public or private worship of his Maker. I shudder when I reflect upon the precipice towards which he is hastening with fearful progress ; for I learned but two days since that the wine-cup is now his frequent companion. Like brother and sister we grew up together, and, forgive my seemingly immodest frankness, when I confess that sisterly love on my part ripened as we grew to maturity into a more tender passion. But, alas ! the teaching of his sordid, infidel uncle, day by day, worked out its minute transformations in his nature, and as my attachment grew stronger, his grew weaker. For five years we have only met as passers-by in the street, and he has been towards me as a stranger ; yet I have a firm faith that God will yet save him from utter ruin, that he will yet stand upon the firm ground of his boyhood, and that the blessings of the poor and afflicted will go up as a sweet incense to heaven in his behalf."

With the bright ray that beamed from Ellen's eyes, as she uttered that prophetic hope, my heart seemed vivified, and a resolution and a desire, spontaneous but strong, arose in me to become the instrument in reclaiming that erring one. When I left, I gave Ellen my solemn promise to begin at once the mission, but how, or when, or where, I did not determine, until after long and prayerful reflection.

Confident that a direct attack upon the citadel of his faults and perversities, armed as it was at all points by his vigilant uncle, would be fruitless, I determined

to effect by stratagem what I could not secure by direct assault ; and for that purpose I frequented the haunts of himself and his companions, and counterfeited a taste for their pursuits, loathsome as they were to my feelings. At first Harry was shy, but he soon swallowed my bait, and we became as intimate as in the days of his innocence. My room at my lodgings was the frequent meeting-place of himself and his friends, and they believed that a permanent accession was made to their number.

One evening Harry came alone, and after conversing a long time concerning present pursuits and companions, I alluded to the days of our boyhood, and recalled some of the happy scenes in which we had participated. At first he seemed impatient, and tried to change the subject of conversation ; but at length the reminiscences I invoked seemed to unseal long pent-up fountains of pure feeling, and a tear glistened in his eye when I spoke of the bedside of his dying mother. He leaned his head upon his hand in deep thought, and oh, how hope sprung up in my heart when I saw him thus communing with himself upon a theme so allied to pure and holy desires ! But that hope was momentary, for he dashed the tear from his cheek, and with a half-suppressed oath, he exclaimed, " Fool ! fool that I am, thus to let the thoughts of foolish boyhood, and the teachings of a misguided parent, unman me ! " Although I shuddered at his impious utterance, yet I felt that I had gained one outpost of the fortress—for I had brought a tear of pure emotion

to the eye that had been dry for years. I discovered that the well-spring of sentiment was not wholly dried up, and I took courage to proceed.

For an hour I remonstrated gently, reproved kindly, and argued as persuasively as my humble abilities would allow ; but the induration of his heart was so complete, that, when I parted with him that evening, I felt almost the gloom of despair settling upon my feelings. But a promise to visit me alone the next evening, uttered with gentle tones, gave me hope, which, to the sanguine, hopeful spirit of Ellen was almost assurance of success. When, the next morning, I related to her my interview with Harry, tears of joy filled her eyes, and she felt that the victory was already nearly won ; for she assured me that all that others had said to him only seemed to confirm his secluded habits and his misanthropy.

Harry met me according to appointment, and I soon made an opportunity to resume the subject which occupied our time the previous evening. He did not seem averse to engage in it ; yet he assumed a bravado smile when the pleasures of social intercourse, the happiness derived from the exercise of the benevolent sentiments, the delights of female society, and the solid enjoyments of a religious feeling, were successively presented to his mind. He parried these attacks with skill, but I could plainly perceive that there was a war of feeling within ; for conscience, and sound judgment, and intellectual convictions, marshalled their hosts against the sophistries and false tenets of moral-

ity and philosophy inculcated by his uncle. At length his eye rested upon a paper upon my table, upon which was the impression of the broad seal of an Odd-Fellows' Lodge ;—it was my travelling-card.

“Open it and read,” said I. He glanced hastily over the page, noted its character, and throwing it down impatiently, said, “Another of the dishonest humbugs of the day, which, under the mask of benevolence, rob hundreds of poor men of their hard earnings.”

“That is an uncharitable judgment, Harry,” said I. “Do you know any thing about their unseen benevolence? Are any of your companions members, or are you in anywise sure that this society deserves your denunciations as a dishonest humbug?”

“I know nothing of them myself, nor do I wish to,” said he. “Uncle was a Freemason when he was young, and he says they are bad enough ; but this new society, of which I am sorry to know you are a member, he says is infinitely worse ; and he has never ceased to warn me against it.”

“I am sure, Harry,” I replied, “that your sense of justice would not allow you to call an individual dishonest without fair grounds, formed of sufficient evidence to justify such an opinion ; and what is injustice to an individual is no less injustice to a society. Now I assure you that the Association of which we are speaking possesses, in its avowed principles, all the elements upon which alone social happiness and temporal enjoyment must be based to be true and lasting. Are

you willing to make an honest inquiry, and use the means within your power to ascertain the truth or falsity of my assertion? for if you find it true, then you certainly will have a right to infer that your uncle is a misguided man, and that your dear parent, instead of being a victim of delusion, was a recipient of holy Truth."

After much hesitation, Harry consented; and now I felt indeed that the strongest bulwark was overthrown.

I am not disposed to make my story an "attenuated nothing," and therefore, instead of giving subsequent events, which resulted in happy effects, in tedious detail, I shall dispose of them summarily, and present to the reader the end of the matter as soon as possible.

As personal observation was necessary for correct information, I prevailed upon Harry, under his promise, to become a member of the Society he had so unqualifiedly denounced. The solemn teachings, and the inculcations of stern morality, and the injunctions to exhibit active benevolence, which the initiative ceremony placed before him, made a deep impression upon his mind; but when he heard the reports of distress, and saw the ready relief afforded night after night—when he saw the rich and the poor meeting there upon a platform of perfect equality—heard God acknowledged, and revered, and adored—and the family sentiment actuating a hundred men, of every variety of character and impulse, in the performance of all those delicate and gentle duties which seem to

come only within the sphere of consanguinity, or the more tender relations of mother or sister—his opposition was all disarmed ; and sensibilities that had been dormant for years were aroused to action, and lifted him up from that slough of selfishness into which his uncle had thrust him. His duty frequently called him to the bedside of his sick brothers ; and then the anxious solicitude, and sweet tenderness, and patient care of the wife, made him yearn for the same relation. Soon the generous flame of early love for Ellen Horton burned as brightly as ever upon the altar of his heart. His pride was subdued by its influence, and he sought and obtained her forgiveness for his coldness and neglect. In direct opposition to the will of his uncle, whom he was forced to regard as a misguided man and an involuntary enemy of his peace, and with the willing assent of Captain Horton, they were wedded. I was present when the pious minister of religion pronounced them man and wife ; and never did my bosom swell with a holier emotion than at that moment ;—for I felt that my humble instrumentality had worked out a blessing of priceless value.

Harry was yet young, and the angel influence of Ellen completely controlled his affections. Day by day the bright features of his character in early youth were developed ; and as children grew up like “ olive-plants around their table,” and all combined to make his home a paradise, his heart involuntarily sent up to his lips expressions of thanksgiving and praise to God, for all the signal manifestations of his providence which

his own experience witnessed. Conversion followed conviction, and by the side of his rejoicing Ellen he knelt at the sacred chancel and received the outward sign of initiation into that holier association, the church of Christ, to which the brotherhood of which he was a member had proven such a powerful temporal stepping-stone. The cold-hearted, unsocial, uncharitable misanthropic and infidel Harry Foster, became a pattern of Christian graces; and now the prophetic hope of Ellen is realized, for the prayers and blessings of the poor and needy go up daily as sweet incense to heaven in his behalf. And it may be truly said of Ellen, as the wise man hath recorded of the excellent woman: "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

But the best of the story is yet to be told—the strongest exhibition of the force of correct principles, and the power of simple Truth, is yet to be displayed in the transformation wrought in the character of the infidel uncle of Harry. For a long time after he learned that his nephew had joined the fraternity he affected so much to despise and abhor, he gave Harry no peace; and finally, when he ascertained that he had resolved to marry, he utterly discarded him, and ordered him from his house. But the old man was not entirely heartless, or unmindful of the world's opinions; and at times, when loneliness brooded like an incubus upon his mind, he longed for Harry to return. But the latter was blessed with a home, and as his uncle had denied him his, he re-

solved to let time work out a reconciliation. Almost daily the old man heard good sayings about his nephew and his charming wife, until an irrepressible desire to visit them overcame his pride and his unsocial temper, and he bent his footsteps thither. The affectionate attentions of Harry and Ellen disarmed the old man of all his prejudices, and in the course of time he became an inmate of their family. The loveliness of Ellen's character, the prattle of children, and the constant sunshine that beamed upon that happy family, touched the old man's heart, and made its pulsations beat in unison with the prayer which Harry offered morning and evening at the family altar. He, who for nearly twoscore years looked coldly upon his fellow-men, and reviled the God who gave him being and supplied his daily wants, now had a wide place in his heart for the distresses of humanity around him ; and his head, upon which rested the frosts of more than sixty winters, was frequently bowed in silent adoration before the mercy-seat.

And the fraternity he so long despised and opposed now became an object of his sincere regard and attachment, for he looked upon it as the great instrumentality, under God, of the transformation of himself and his nephew from fallen men, into more perfect images of their Creator ; and he sought admission into the brotherhood, aged as he was. But sickness crossed his path to that temple of Friendship, Truth, and Love, just as he reached the vestibule, and he never entered.

The last interview I had with him was a few days before his death. It was a beautiful morning in June, and all Nature invited the heart to worship and adore. I entered as usual, without ringing the bell, and there sat the old man in his easy-chair, pale and emaciated, but serene and happy in mind, with Ellen's hand, as she leaned upon his chair, clasped in his, and the Word of God lying open by his side. Upon a pier-table stood a vase of fragrant flowers, and before him the window opened upon one of those beautiful landscapes of our country, where city and field, and river, and mighty forest, and towering mountains, may all be seen at a glance.* "God bless you, Ellen!" I heard the old man say as I entered the room; and perceiving me, he extended eagerly his attenuated hand, and repeated the words of blessing for me. "Yes, God bless you!" he reiterated; "for nearly forty years, like the rebellious Israelites; I wandered in the dreary wilderness of alienation from society and from God. Deceived in early manhood by a false-hearted coquette, her image was stamped upon my mind and heart as a type of her sex. Betrayed and wronged by a dishonest companion, I made him the type of society around me; and as that wrong and betrayal was, like that of Judas, with a kiss, under the double mask of Friendship and Religion, I looked upon both as hollow and insincere. I became unsocial and morose, and despised my Maker and his written counsels. As I said before, for

* See the Frontispiece.

nearly forty years I have been an Ishmael in the wilderness, with my 'hand against every man,' and my heart at enmity with God. With a sincere desire to guard Harry against the deceptive allurements of what I deemed the thousand false lights of society, I taught him to be like myself; and you, dear Ellen, have bitterly felt, how successful were my instructions. But you, sir, broke the charm; and now, in the pure light of this happy household I see, in all its monstrous deformity, the great error of my life—an habitual distrust of man, and utter forgetfulness of God. Oh, what a blank—a chasm—an unpeopled desert was that in my existence! The endearments of wife and children; the blessings of true friendship; the exquisite pleasures of benevolent acts, and the more solid enjoyments of religious hope, were all discarded while my life was in its bloom and full vigor of leaf, and beauty of promise. Now I am but a withered trunk, and must soon be uprooted, and hidden from the gaze of men. The great Truth which might have made my life happy and useful, I have just learned upon the margin of the grave, yet I could now die content, if I could proclaim it with convincing power in the ears of all men. SINCERE FAITH IN MAN, AND A FIRM RELIANCE UPON GOD, lie at the foundation of that Truth; that FRATERNITY OF THE RACE in efforts for physical progress, or in the loftier labors of practical Benevolence, or the more spiritual works of true Religion, form the only reliable basis for social happiness, and efficient preparation for the blessings of a higher world.

If this great principle could obtain rule, the complaint of the poet of the hollowness of the world around might properly be parodied, and say—

“ ‘ This world is all a *pleasing* show,
For man’s *enjoyment* given ;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Sincerely shine, *sincerely* flow—
Earth is a type of Heaven. ’ ”

I left the presence of that repentant man, feeling that for all my efforts I had been amply rewarded in that sick-room. A few days afterwards, the old man was laid in the grave, and the absorbing thought of that solemn train, as they meditated upon the past character of the uncle and nephew, was, how are THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED !

NEW-YORK, May, 1848.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

BY WILLIAM H. DWINELLE.

An old man's song, who sings of grief,
Whose life's all turned to gloom,
Whose future brings him no relief,
Save that beyond the tomb,
For he's threescore and ten !

My hair is gray, and scattered o'er
My withered, blasted head ;
My heart is old, dried at its core,
I wish that I was dead,
For I'm threescore and ten !

A sapless trunk, a casket worn,
I carry with me now ;
With eyes so sunk, and cheeks so wan,
And wrinkles on my brow,
For I'm threescore and ten !

My early friends, all buried lie,
And I am left alone ;
Alone I'll live, alone I'll die,
My *grief* is all my *own*,
For I'm threescore and ten !

My wife, the partner of my joys,
My love, in days of yore,
Sank sweetly down, and hushed her voice,
And died, long, long before
I was threescore and ten !

My children all are in the grave,
How sweet they seem to lie !
And I'm *alone*—how hard to brave
The thought, and yet that I
Am full threescore and ten !

My blood flows not in human veins,
I leave no trace behind,
But soon shall pass, as o'er the plains,
The dust before the wind,
For I'm threescore and ten !

Where'er I roam, where'er I go,
The world is drear to me,
Familiar face, or those I know,
I now no longer see,
For I'm threescore and ten !

Yet still my hopes are fixed above,
My faith in God is strong,
And my old heart still yearns with love,
His praises to prolong,
Though it's threescore and ten !

Though slow its pulse, yet Faith is there,
And *trust*, that knows no fear,
A *trust* in that dear heaven where
My God I'll meet long e'er
Another score or ten !

My God, whose strong and faithful arm,
Upholds me—and whose love,
With his own blood-tide's healing balm,
The sins shall all remove,
Of threescore years and ten !

My wife in youth, my children too,
As young as when they died,
And my heart young, as when to woo,
I sat first by her side,
When half a score, and ten !

Oh there will life immortal reign,
And youth immortal too,
And there we'll meet, nor part again,
With those we loved as true—
The many scores and ten !

And in that land, where all the blest
Do worship and adore,
With God we'll reign, and sweetly rest,
When time shall be no more,
Nor age, nor scores and ten !

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., May, 1848.

“THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.”

BY ROBERT ORR.

WHAT subject is more interesting, or more readily commands respect and attention, than that of virtuous age? Let us introduce to your notice, reader, the man of seventy years. He is a monument of that which is gone—the link connecting the past and the present. Many who commenced life’s journey with him have gone to “that undiscovered country from whose silent bourne no traveller returns”—yet *he* remains. The ties of consanguinity, one by one, have been severed—the bonds of love sundered—and he is left to finish his course on earth alone. In him mutations excite no surprise—they bring no disquietude,—life is no longer a romance—the world no enigma. The motives of conduct, “passing strange” to life’s novice, are to him palpable and common-place. The potency of money—the grip of sordid avarice—the miser’s tendency and end—the love of place and the abuse of power—the corruption of rulers and the fickleness of the governed—the persecutions of the wise and the rewards of the evil—are to him history painfully familiar. Experience has imparted to him sage counsel, and her lessons have had a practical ap-

plication. Once Ambition goaded him onward, in a wild career, to fight for "a name." He succeeded. Passion was for years the motive power, and with unquestioned fidelity, in the "broad road" in which its thousand subjects wander, he obeyed its impulse.

But a change has come o'er the spirit of his dream. His name, which cost him days of toil and nights of vigilance, though engraven high in Fame's temple, he now regards as light as the gossamer web—as fleeting as the morning mist. The golden imagery of the world, once so seemingly bright, now appears tarnished and clouded,—its pageantry, once unspeakably attractive, is now, in his judgment, unsatisfying and puerile,—for God to him has become all in all. He, having lived his "threescore years and ten," with silvered locks and feeble frame, stands on life's outposts, and takes a retrospect of his journey. He contemplates a devious pathway, surrounded by alternate good and ill, incident to life. He sees obstacles over which he triumphed—dangers avoided—friends aided, and enemies thwarted. "He has done men good, and met with good even among men." Again, he turns and looks beyond him, and regards his end and destiny. He sees

"A quiet grave,

With cross and garland over its green turf."

Gently he lies down in this retreat, confident of possessing his Creator's love, and the kind regard of his fellows. Reader, "may your last end be like his."

STUEBENVILLE, OHIO, JUNE, 1848.

A VALENTINE TO KATE.

BY JAMES NACK.

Now foolish girls and boys rehearse
Their foolish loves in foolish verse,
Perhaps my Kate's superior mind
Asks something of sincerer kind,
And may prefer the triflings penned
By one who is at least a friend.

Though past the time of young romance,
When thrilled my heart at beauty's glance,
Though now my brain no longer whirls
At radiant eyes, or raven curls,
Or sylphine form, or face divine,
Or even beauty such as thine !
Though time and care have tamed the blood
That once was like the lava flood—
Yet my affections, fresh and young
As first they to my bosom sprung,
Within that bosom still shall dwell,
Unchanging, indestructible !
And still remembrance gladly turns
To one to whom it fondly yearns,
A merry, bright, bewitching child,
Who oft my saddest hours beguiled ;
Whose artless love availed to bless
And win my heart from loneliness.
Oh, time ! how soon " my pretty Kate "
Has sprung to woman's high estate !
And can it be that time and change
As soon can heart from heart estrange ?

No, Kate ! let Time do what he will,
I love thee, and shall love thee still ;
And thou amid the brilliant crowd
Before thy charms in homage bowed,
At times wilt thoughts of kindness send
To one who was thy childhood's friend.

Though Fate decrees I must resign
All claim to be thy " Valentine,"
Permit me still in Friendship's voice,
To offer counsel in the choice.
Now heed my words, my precious girl :
Affection is the richest pearl,
Nor lightly should be thrown away
On one who cannot love repay ;
Beware to whom thou shalt impart
That priceless jewel of the heart !
Care not alone for form or face,
Or winning words, or witching grace ;
But choose thou one whose honored name
Thou canst be proud to share and claim ;
Let it be one of cultured mind,
Of generous thoughts and tastes refined ;
Who never sought, nor e'er would seek
To wrong the helpless or the weak,
But ever would employ his best
To shield the friendless and distressed—
Who proudly treads temptation down,
Nor sinks at fortune's darkest frown ;
Whose equal mind, and soul sedate,
Can stand unmoved each change of fate ;
Whose faith is firm, whose honor bright—
Whose love is an immortal light !
Such were the love, and such alone,
That can be worthy of thy own.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' BANNER.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

WHEN first in the land of the West was uplifted
The Odd-Fellows' Flag, with its motto truth-crowned—
Not the great of this earth—not the world's grandly-gifted,
Among the small band of its chosen were found.
Like the Saviour's disciples—the poor and the lowly
First rallied the beautiful standard around—
And led by one Master, the holiest of holy,
Their life-march is ever on hallowéd ground.

They meet in one temple—they kneel at one altar—
They breathe to each other the same sacred vow,
That in Charity, Faith, and high Hope they'll ne'er falter,
But seek the evangel's fulfilment ; and so
To the sad and the sorry—the worn and the weary—
Where the widow and orphan send weeping and wo,
To the stranger who wanders despairing and dreary—
To the erring and outcast, *sublimely* they go !

They aid the large life-work, (true sons of the Order !)
In the blest triune name of Truth, Friendship, and Love—
They fulfil their high mission to earth's remote border—
In the highways and byways of life ever move.
Yea ! over the wide world is heard the Hosanna,
Whose joy-peals are echoed by angels above ;
Unsoiled and triumphant, still waves the bright banner,
Upheld by its bearers—Truth, Friendship, and Love.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE BROTHERS; OR, TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

WHAT a variety there is in the disposition of the human mind—the *natural* disposition, not as developed by different circumstances! Education is unlimited in its power over the character of the man, and his influence for good or evil, not only for time, but eternity: yet there are characteristics, appearing with the earliest symptoms of intelligence, which remain unchanged through the periods of childhood, youth, and manhood. Never was this plain fact more aptly illustrated than in the case of Charles and Martin Somers—brothers, brought up under the same treatment, and having instilled into their minds the same principles of action, and yet at perfect antipodes in the development of their character.

From childhood, Charles had been frank, open, and confiding; firmly relying upon the honor of all his playmates, and, though often deceived, yet learning no lesson of distrust or caution, but still remaining ready to trust as ever. He was passionate in temper, but full of warm and affectionate impulses, and never doing a deliberate injury to any.

Martin, the younger, was cautious and guarded in all his childish transactions. He rarely asked a favor, and never granted one. He was considered by strangers as a good boy, and was held up by some mothers as a pattern to their more noisy offspring, for his reserve made him quiet and retiring. While the voice of Charles was heard loudly through the house, often to the annoyance of its older inmates, that of Martin was ever quiet and subdued. Charles would often strike in a passion, and then, immediately with all sincerity, repent of his hastiness, and by many tokens of kindness try to make up the injury, even where, upon the whole, *he* had been least to blame. Martin would seldom give a blow, or appear in a passion, but when an injury had been done him, would contrive by various little annoyances to punish the offender. His playthings were all carefully hoarded up, and, when of no further use to himself, sold to his companions.

"Martin will make a good business-man," his father would sometimes say, with something of parental pride in his tone, when some of his money-making transactions were brought to light.

But his mother, with all a woman's solicitude, would look gravely upon the matter. She did not, as his father, understand the value of a money-making talent in the eyes of the world, deeming it better to be cheated, than able to cheat others easily ; and thinking the feeling which prompted Charles to give away his toys as soon as or before he was weary of them, to some

less fortunate playmate, as of far more value than the more selfish conduct of his younger brother.

Thus they grew up to manhood, each retaining his natural disposition. Both parents died, leaving a considerable estate to be equally divided between them. Martin was anxious to secure the old homestead. Charles, too, was desirous of retaining it, but the younger brother, with something of his old business tact, succeeded in accomplishing his end. They separated—Charles removing to the far West, and Martin to the large city near to their old home.

Charles wrote frequently and affectionately to his brother, at first receiving cold and short answers, at distant intervals. Soon these ceased entirely, until even the ardent brotherly love of Charles was chilled, and he, too, ceased the correspondence, if we may call by such a name a series of letters unanswered by him to whom they were directed.

Years passed by, and brought their changes to each. Unfortunate ones they were to Charles. He was active in business, yet constantly losing, sometimes by endorsements, and often by unforeseen mischances. He had married one whom he loved devotedly, and who was in every way worthy of his love; and in the affection of his wife and child he was more than happy, though poor in moneyed wealth.

His only child grew up almost to manhood, all that a fond parent could desire. He had gone with a favorite young dog, one afternoon, in a sail-boat across the river. The wind became high, and the waters tur-

bulent, and night approached without his returning home, and his parents became alarmed at his protracted absence. His father, with a neighbor, went in search of him. Before they reached the river, the loud howlings of the dog were distinctly heard. They hastened towards the spot from whence the sounds came, and, by the feeble light of the lantern, the father recognised the body of his son stretched upon the shore, and by his side, in deepest distress, was the dog, licking the face and hands of the young man, and then rending the air with his wails of agony.

Aid was hastily procured, but too late, and in bitterness of anguish the parents laid him in the tomb, feeling that now each must be all in all to the other ; waiting patiently till He who had wounded would heal.

Two years after the death of her son, the mother followed him to the grave, and Charles Somers was left alone in the world. All that remained of a once happy family was a feeble, sorrow-stricken man, prematurely old, and the favorite dog of his son.

Very different had been the lot of Martin Somers. Fortune favored his every effort, and at the time of his nephew's death, his wealth had increased to a very large amount, and he then retired from business to a princely residence, erected upon the site of the old homestead. He had married a beauty and an heiress, and looked upon his marriage with her in nearly the same light in which he would have done any other fortunate business transaction ; and in a short time, settled into the every-day routine of mercantile life,



Engraving by J. H. Johnson

"Almost in despair, but I have a friend"

THE END OF THE WORLD

scarcely thinking of his family, except as he entered the amount of their yearly expenses upon the list of his expenditures.

One disaster followed another. Charles was taken very ill shortly after his wife's death. During his illness, several heavy business losses occurred, and when his disease had so far abated that he was enabled to attend to his affairs, he found all in complete ruin. When they were finally settled, he had but a few dollars over the payment of his debts.

Harassed in mind and body, and weary of a spot which only reminded him of past happiness, memory recalled to recollection the days of his boyhood—his parents, brother, and the old homestead, where he had spent so many pleasant hours. True, his mother's gentle, sympathizing voice might be heard there no longer, and the sound of his father's foot had long ceased to echo through the wide hall, yet his brother was still there, and the elm-tree at the end of the lane was just as green as when they played under its shade in boyhood. That elm! How it refreshed his feverish imagination to think of its cooling shelter! He did not expect to be *happy* again, but if he were only once more under its shadow, with his brother near, he would be comforted. As memory pictured to his mind those early scenes of happiness in all their original brightness, the gloom of grief was nearly dissipated, his eye became brighter, and a glow of returning health, or of hope, colored his pale, wan features. He did not quite forget his brother's past indifference, but for this his

revived affection was ready to make allowance. Martin was always reserved and peculiar in his manner, and did not like to make much display of affection. It was no more than right to make due allowance for the natural disposition, and he might have more real love in his heart than many who made such open manifestations of it. Business, punctuality in which had always been one of his most marked characteristics, most probably prevented his replying to letters; or there might have been other excuses for not writing, of which others could know nothing. It only required that he should see his brother once more, sad and alone in the world, to revive in his heart all a brother's warm love. Thus he reasoned, until it became the fixed resolution of his mind to see his brother and old home once more. He had barely sufficient money to carry him through his journey, but ever careless of money, this did not trouble him. He did not doubt, for a moment, his brother's willingness to aid him, and he could soon get employment and be enabled to repay it.

It is strange how deep a sympathy will sometimes exist between a human being and a soulless dumb animal. Charles Somers had formed a strong attachment for his son's favorite. This attachment was repaid fourfold by the faithful dog, who scarcely ever left his master's side, but would often look into his sad face with a pitying expression, and would strive by many manifestations of affection to win him from his grief. When, therefore, he left his recent home, every

difficulty in the way was braved, and the dog accompanied him.

Unforeseen delays occurred, making the expenses greater; all his money was gone, and he was obliged to sell the more valuable part of his wardrobe to enable him to continue his journey. Even then he must walk a greater part of the way, and he arrived at its end a feeble, poverty-stricken man—a beggar in appearance.

He sought the old homestead, and had barely strength enough left to reach it. But how changed the place! The elm was there; but the gray, solid stone building had disappeared, and in its place was reared a sumptuous structure—almost a palace. Could his brother still be there? He inquired of a man who passed him, and received an affirmative answer.

With a throbbing heart he walked up to the open door. A young gentleman, equipped for riding, stood within the hall. His face was that of Martin, as he looked when they parted, and Charles forgot the long lapse of years and its varied events. He hastened towards him, and grasping his hand, said—

“Martin! my brother!”

The astonished youth tried to withdraw his hand from the strong grasp, and, with evident indignation, asked—

“Who are you?”

“Your brother. Don’t you know me, Martin?” Charles said, striving to retain the hand he had clasped.

“This man is crazy—send him away,” said the

young gentleman, turning to a servant, who appeared, leading a horse ready saddled. Then, violently shaking off the grasp which held him, and hastily mounting with the man's assistance, he rode off, leaving him alone with the stranger.

"Come, get away from here," said the man, rudely, "and the sooner you are off, the better."

Charles recovered himself.

"Tell your master to come here; that young man was his son, I presume, and of course he could not know *me*," he said to the servant. "How much he looked like Martin!" he soliloquized.

"Are you going away?" asked the man, taking hold of him. He was about thrusting him from the doorway, but the dog would not submit to this, and barking violently, jumped towards him.

The noise brought an elderly man into the hall.

"What is the meaning of this uproar?" he inquired authoritatively.

"It is my brother's voice," thought Charles, and, being released from the man's grasp, he hastened towards him.

"Are you not my brother Martin?" he asked, looking earnestly into his face, and extending his hand.

"My name is Martin Somers, and I *once* had a brother, who, I presume, if still living, has long since forgotten me, as I have him."

"Oh, no! I am your brother," said Charles, scarcely heeding the sneering tone.

"I understand impositions of this sort, and I tell you

to get away! We want no beggars here." Then turning to the man, Martin continued, "Send this beggar and his dog away."

As soon as he had finished speaking, he hastily disappeared, closing the door after him.

Charles slowly left the house. When he reached the elm-tree, his feeble limbs would support him no longer, and he sank under its shade. A strange confusion of horrible feelings came over him, overwhelming his mind. It was the consummation of earthly wretchedness—the climax of a dreadful tempest, when each element is wrought up to its highest pitch, and are striving together in fearful combat. He had been passionate in his early youth, but the more sober period of manhood, and the gentle influence of his beloved wife had long since subdued, and later sorrow had entirely destroyed, all such feelings.

There was a subsiding of the tumult, for the mind could not bear a prolonged conflict such as this. Then a chilling stupor came over him—it was *despair*. He was aroused from this by a gentle touch and a soft mouth nestled into his hand. It was that of the dumb sympathizer of all his grief, with his soft, sorrowful eyes fixed upon his face.

"No!" exclaimed he, suddenly; "almost in despair, but I have a friend!"

Then came a low whisper, as from heaven, repeating in his ear—

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will

give you rest." It was the voice of God to his soul, and calm and holy feelings took possession of his mind. His head gently rested against the shaggy side of the dog, and he fell asleep.

It was a refreshing rest, banishing all sense of grief.

He was aroused by the gentle pressure of a hand upon his brow. He opened his eyes, and a stranger of prepossessing appearance was leaning over him. Dogs are said to be able to distinguish between a friend and enemy. It must be so, for the faithful animal did not resent this touching of his master, but wagged his tail as in grateful acknowledgment.

"You are Charles Somers, I believe?" said the stranger.

"Yes; but who are you?"

"Don't you remember James Howard, in company with whom you joined —— Lodge, twenty-five years ago?"

"I do now," said Charles; "but how did you know me?"

Howard pointed to a distinct purple mark upon the wrist, which Somers had had from his birth.

James Howard was a good man, and would have no suffering in the world which it was in his power to relieve. He sympathized with his old friend in all his troubles, and took him to his own house, where, for the rest of his life, he had a comfortable home, and was no burden to his benefactor, for returning health brought him strength to labor for his own support.

A few words will suffice to relate the future history

of the unnatural brother, Martin Somers ; and we only mention it, to show how the retributive justice of God is almost always manifested even in this life. At the same hour, when the remains of Charles Somers were laid in their quiet resting-place, amid the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the Order to which he belonged, Martin Somers, stripped of all his wealth, and with many blemishes upon his once untarnished name, became the inmate of a pauper's room in the county almshouse, where he at last died, unattended save by hirelings, and was buried at the expense of the parish.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

AN OFFERING TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

* * * * * I FAIR would bring
A tribute meet for your prized "OFFERING :"
And had I power to cull from all things fair,
I'd bring you treasures beautiful and rare ;—
Thoughts of immortal mould and heavenly birth,
With all things pure and beautiful of earth.
I'd catch the hue which every gem doth wear,
And blend it with the fragrance of each flower—
While every note, by wild bird warbled sweet,
Should with each trembling, whispering zephyr meet,

And the mild radiance of the stars above
Should mirror forth the light of Truth and Love.
But, ah ! no poet's skill was ever mine,
A wreath of Beauty or of Love to twine :
Plain, prosy thoughts are all I have to bring ;
In *common* measure all my words I sing.

There is an altar, where, in union sweet,
All the loved Virtues and the Graces meet.
On Hope's fast-anchored rock its pillars rise,
And living Faith points upwards, to the skies.
Here Love and Friendship wait, their vows to pay,
And Truth eternal shines with undimmed ray.
Full many a tribute graces this fair shrine,
And here, though all unmeet, would I place mine.
'Tis but a wish,—a fervent wish—a prayer,—
That round that altar, rising firm and fair,
Earth's erring millions may together meet,
And all their strifes and enmities forget ;
Each find in each a brother and a friend,
Through life in friendship live till life shall end ;
And when earth's strifes and conflicts all are o'er,
And all have met upon the eternal shore—
Then may the Faith and Hope which rest in heaven
Be to each soul as a firm anchor given,
And each a home in the pure realms above
Receive, through Jesus' all-atoning love.

SYRACUSE, May, 1848.

A TRUE STORY.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

WHEN I was a boy, of scarcely a half-score years, I had a young companion, with whom I passed many pleasant hours. He was a lad of about my own age, and possessed a mind and disposition that were the "observed of all observers" in the little village where we resided. From early childhood he had been remarkable for a generous, tender, loving nature, which, developing itself as he grew older, became a passion, deep and uncontrollable. Heaven had implanted in his young breast such an unconquerable tenderness—such an ardent desire to see all creatures happy, that his mind was constantly harassed with pity, sorrow, or regret for his inability to prevent the ills of life he saw everywhere around him. He was anxious at all times, and on all occasions, to comfort or relieve any creature in trouble or distress. He would rise from his bed, at any hour of the night, in the most inclement weather, to aid or cheer a sick neighbor; and he frequently visited the cottages of the poor, to inquire if there were any service he might render, or any good he might do.

Time passed on ; I left my native village for a more busy scene : my young friend grew up into manhood. I met him one day in a street of the "empire city," after a separation of about fifteen years. I was struck with his wan, worn, and wretched appearance. He recognised me at once, and greeted me cordially. I asked him how he had prospered during the long time that had elapsed since our separation. Alas ! his reply discovered to me that his generous, tender, and loving nature had been the bane of his life ! I saw that the heartless world, incapable of prizing his angelic character, had taken advantage of it, not only to strip him of his all, but to trample upon him—to outrage his too sensitive feelings, and to sneer at him as silly and insane !

He had come to New York at the age of sixteen, and soon obtained business. In the place where he was employed were a number of boys and men ; who, not appreciating the stranger, at once made him an object of ridicule. He was thought by them a "good, easy soul," very harmless and silly, and therefore a fit subject with which to amuse themselves. This so hurt his feelings, that, though he never complained, he passed many hours alone, lamenting bitterly his hard lot, which had been cast among those who would not or could not value his motives. He, however, struggled through the weary years of his minority, and at length entered into business for himself. At the age of twenty-three, he saw and loved a beautiful girl, whom he married. But, unhappily, even his wife did

not appreciate him ; and, in one year's time, she drove him almost to despair. Perhaps, however, *she* was not to blame : those who should have known better first crushed her affection, and lowered her respect for her young husband, by insinuations against his *sanity* ! “ He was so unlike other men,” they said : “ he was always among the wretched beggars, and constantly visiting the filthy places where the sick were to be found. And then, he would bear an insult without even resenting it—and forgive injuries that nobody in his senses would ‘stand!’ He was altogether too ‘easy,’ and not fit to have such a wife.” These, and a thousand other sneers, were uttered against the husband by the wife's *friends* ! Wretches ! ye might have seen, had not your vision been obscured by selfishness and pride, that God had made this man, so vastly your superior in virtue and goodness, for an example to you—a perpetual monument to remind you of *your* duty to suffering humanity.

My friend bore his trials with all the firmness he could command. His wife, who, when he wedded her, seemed an amiable and lovely woman, became a ter-magant, and embittered his life by constant brawling and scolding. At length, to annoy him to the uttermost, she began to abuse and beat his child. This was more than he could bear. It roused within him the first angry passion he had, perhaps, ever felt,—and the consequence was, they quarrelled, and finally separated. The child and the father went one way, the mother another—and the woman in the end became

a prey of remorse and shame, and died—a drunkard!

“I sometimes think,” said the wretched man, as he concluded this affecting story, “that I may have acted hastily—that I am impulsive; and yet my conscience has never accused me. I am indeed most miserable; but it will not be always thus: I shall ere long leave a state of being, where, though my life has been passed in endeavoring to serve my fellows, I have met with little success.”

I did all in my power to cheer and comfort him in his affliction; but I soon discovered that his hopes were beyond this world. “I shall not be here long,” said he; “nor do I care to be. My family is broken up; my friends—the few I had—for some reason, I know not what, have long since forsaken me: my child, thank Heaven! has gone before me, and I have nothing now on earth to care for, save my duty to the afflicted. When it shall please God to release me from that duty, I shall cheerfully obey his summons; for, though it may seem strange to you, I have a fixed impression, that, in another state of existence, I shall be permitted to accomplish infinitely more in the service of humanity than I could ever effect as a visible, ordinary being.”

Vain were my endeavors to reason with him on what I called the absurdity of his views—vain my efforts to rouse him from his wretched melancholy: he had become, on the subject of which he spoke, a confirmed monomaniac. He was certain, he said, that

no person could, in this world, serve mankind and be himself happy ; for, in order to perform his duty faithfully, a man must act so differently from almost every one else, that either his motives or his faculties would be impugned, and his efforts, consequently, rendered comparatively useless. And in this state of mind I left him, with a promise, at his earnest request, that I would visit him at his lodgings.

In the course of a few weeks, after my return from a short southern tour, I called on him at his dwelling. I found him confined to his room with a violent fever. He was evidently very ill ; and, after some conversation, I insisted on sending for my own family physician. But he peremptorily refused to permit me to do any such thing. "Nay, nay," he said ; "if you love me—and I sincerely believe you do—let me die in peace. Your doctor can do me no good now. Besides, I am on my way HOME, and, to tell you the truth, I would not wish to be retarded in my journey.—But I am glad you have come : I have something to tell you. I have had a vision—a strange, remarkable dream ; and I wish to relate it to you, with the hope that you will one day proclaim it to the world."

As I sat down by his bedside, I saw, by his wild look and demeanor, that his mind was strangely wandering. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the scene that followed. He spoke and acted with the wildness and incoherence of insanity. He had imagined that he was transformed to a spiritual being, in which capacity he was permitted to visit

earth, unseen by mortal vision, and perform miracles among men. Wherever he went, sorrow and suffering disappeared—he was the angel of comfort to the afflicted everywhere. Such was the vision he had seen,—now, indeed, no longer to him a mere vision, but a supposed reality.

I remained with him several hours, during which time he became wellnigh exhausted. His enfeebled frame was incapable of enduring such intense mental excitement as it had borne for several days. He failed rapidly ; and I clearly foresaw that his earthly career was hastening to its close. The shadows of death were gathering thickly around him—shadows that last only for a moment, ere they are dissipated by the resplendent light of the eternal world.

The morning's dawn was gently lifting the curtain of night, and the light of day gradually returning to earth, as Edwin was leaving me forever. I sat by his side ; his pale hand lay upon my arm : I saw his lips move, and his eye sought mine. His brow was calm—his countenance serene, as he spoke to me. "You were my boyhood's friend," said he ; "I ever loved you as a brother : how strange that you should be the only person here present to witness my departure ! You remember the willow beneath whose shade we used to sit—and the arbor, with its roses, and clustering vines, and shady foliage ;—and you have not forgotten how we used to visit the little quiet grave in a corner of the churchyard, where my sweet young sister lay—dear Mary !" He paused for a moment,

and clasped my hand eagerly, while his face became radiant with joy : “ I come, sweet sister, I come ! ” he said ; “ it is long since we separated, yet thou art now before me, as thou wast when we wandered together among the groves and flowers of home ! — ”

His voice failed him, while his lips still moved. In a few moments his breathing became short and quick ; I placed my hand upon his brow, and bent over him— but ere I could speak, he had passed the threshold of earth, and joined his beloved sister in a brighter world.

Thus died one, who, had he been treated as he deserved, might have been another Howard.

Reader, I ask thee to contemplate this story—to reflect upon its truths, sad though they be. Oh, how many generous emotions—how many tender, loving, humane natures have perished by the chilling selfishness of the world’s pride !

It is undeniable that men often regard the truly benevolent with distrust ; that they look upon the humane as weak or silly. Why is this so ? Why are Goodness and Truth suspected and despised, while Selfishness and Pride are cherished ? Surely, in this remarkable age, when our understandings are clear and distinct as to the rights of mankind, we should hail the person who is willing to spend his days in doing good among

his fellows, as a messenger of Heaven, sent to perform a great and important work for God and humanity.

Let the world learn this truth : that there is yet an occasional human being entirely without that gross selfishness which aims at nothing but self-aggrandizement. There are some individuals of this character now in the highways and byways of life, whose whole time is employed in the service of the poor, crushed, defenceless million. Let Pride pause ere it tramples such men in the dust ; for they are the ministers of the infallible Judge of all motives and actions, and He will defend them, while he hurls destruction upon their persecutors. Let men, I say, beware, and not lay their hands in violence on God's instruments of good.

These philanthropists are a blessing to the world ; they are rendering services which, ultimately, must benefit all men : they are opening the way for the approximation of the human family towards universal Brotherhood. Should we not, therefore, rather encourage than dishearten them ? It is idle to deny *our* interest in this matter. We are *not* "independent." We must of necessity be indebted to our fellows for many of the blessings that surround us. We are journeying to the same goal : our hopes and fears, our pains and pleasures, are produced by similar causes ; and the good and the ill of life should be alike enjoyed or suffered, so far as man's own agency is concerned, by the rich and the poor, the exalted and the humble.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

HEART, HOME, HAPPINESS, HOPE, AND HEAVEN.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D.*

“ Five of the sweetest words in our language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Home, Happiness, Hope, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and Home is a heart-place; and that man sadly mistakes who would exchange the happiness of home for any thing less than Heaven.”—*Anon.*

SWEET to the wanderer of the ocean who has tasted the delights of domestic *happiness*, is the *home* of the darlings of his *heart*. What, like the thought of that loved group, can distil from the very depths of his soul the gushing drops of tenderness, or nerve his heart to brave and to dare, in the hour of danger and alarm? And, when the perils of the voyage are over, and the long-sought port appears in view, what but the loved

* The contribution of Dr. Dowling was accompanied by the following note:

“ Dear Sir,—In compliance with your polite and pressing request to furnish a contribution for your beautiful ‘ Offering ’ for 1849, I have written the following sketch. Though not myself a member of the fraternity to which your tasteful and elegant annual is more especially devoted, I cannot refuse my feeble aid in encouraging a pure and healthful literature among all associations and classes of my fellow-citizens.”

image of wife and children magnifies the lagging minutes to hours, and impels the returning wanderer to long for "the wings of a dove," that he might fly to the side of his beloved? Oh, sweet, and tender, and holy, are these yearnings of the husband's and the father's **HEART!**

And who so keenly enjoys as the sailor, the sweets of family and home, while the brief interval lasts of repose from the perils of the deep? Present enjoyment is heightened by the contrast of past suffering and toil; and while the landsman heeds not the pattering of the rain-drops, or the whistling of the wind without, these sounds do but add to the ecstasy of *his* quiet bliss, because they remind him of the storms he has weathered, of the hardships he has endured, and of the heart sighs and home-sighs, that amidst the howling of the tempest have been so often sent on the ocean-blast towards that cherished fireside, where now he sits among that group of the loving and the loved. Oh, fair, and beautiful, and touching is such a picture of the ocean wanderer's **HOME!**

And who can fathom the depth of that tenderness and affection, which beams on the husband's face, or glistens in the father's eyes, as he looks around upon

* * * * wife,
And sons and daughters glad at his return,

while they listen with tearful interest to his recital of the lands he has visited, the dangers encountered, and the wonders he has seen; pausing in his narrative at

every few sentences to kiss the little prattlers on either knee, who gaze with childish wonder and glee upon the wind and sun-browned countenance of their sailor father. Surely, if HAPPINESS is found upon earth, it must be in a scene like that ! and more especially when such bliss is cemented by genuine piety ; when the evening is closed with the incense of prayer, the heart-felt thanksgiving for protection from the dangers of the deep ; and Christian HOPE points with her radiant hand “beyond the rough ocean of life,” to a haven of eternal rest, where all may meet in HEAVEN !

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Such an interesting family group might have been seen on one of the long winter evenings of February, 183—, in a New England seaport town, encircling a cheerful blazing fire in the comfortable cottage home of Captain Neville, who had returned, a few weeks before, from a long and tempestuous voyage around Cape Horn, and whose vessel was again to sail on the morrow for the coast of Chili, in South America.

The family were in number, five—the Captain, his wife, who was a gentle and affectionate woman, of about forty years, Jamie and Suzie, two little prattlers of three and five years, who were seated on their father’s knee, and Lucy, the eldest daughter, a confiding, sweet-tempered girl of seventeen, who had lately chosen the Christian’s better part, and on the preceding Sabbath had, for the first time, commemorated, together

with her happy and grateful parents, the love of Jesus, at the sacramental board. The chasm of a dozen years in age, between Lucy and Suzie, the elder and the younger daughter, had been filled up with three sisters and a brother, who had died in infancy, and been thus early transplanted from the wilderness of earth to bloom in the paradise of God. Besides the parents, as they were accustomed to say, "they were seven in number, three children on earth, and four in heaven."

"How I do wish, dear husband," said a gentle voice, in a slightly tremulous tone, while a tear dropped upon the hand which she held fondly between her own, "how I do wish that these sad partings were over; that you would give up the dangers of the sea, and live all the time at your own dear home! It seems but yesterday since we bade you welcome from your last dangerous and weary voyage, and now, to-morrow, you tell us, we must part again."

"And what would you say, dearest, and what would the children say," replied the captain, "if I should tell you that after only one more voyage, I intend to do that very thing?"

"What would I say!" exclaimed Mrs. N., looking intently into her husband's eyes, as if to see whether he were really in earnest, "why, I should say that *when that one voyage was safely over*, I should be the happiest woman, and ours would be the happiest family in all New England."

"I guess we should indeed be a happy family!" ex-

claimed Lucy, "if our dear father should stay at home with us always, instead of two or three weeks out of every year. But," added the sweet girl, as she approached and laid her arm coaxingly around her father's neck, "why may not this happiness begin now? Oh! dear Pa, you don't know how sad we are when you are gone. You don't know how Ma and I lie awake on stormy nights, when we hear the waves dashing on the neighboring rocks, and how wet our pillows are sometimes in the morning with the tears we have shed while thinking of our dear absent Pa. You don't know how often I have, on such a night, fallen into a fitful doze, and dreamed I saw you clinging to your shipwrecked vessel, till a mighty and terrible wave swept you into the raging deep; and I have been awaked, as it seemed by the roaring of the fatal billow, only to lie awake all the rest of the night, listening to the sad moaning of the winds, and the dashing of the waves upon the coast. Oh! dear father, don't leave us again. Why not give the command of your vessel to your mate, and stay home with those who love you so well?"

Captain N—— was affected by the earnest pleading of his sweet and gentle daughter, for it was the eloquence of heart and home. More than one tear had started from his eye, and trickled down his weather-beaten cheek. He was striving to check his emotion, that he might frame a reply; but just as he was ready to utter it, a pair of red pouting lips were pressed against his own, and two pairs of little arms were

clasped around his neck. The lips were those of Suzie, the elder of the two pets, and the arms were those of both Jamie and Suzie, who had gradually assumed a standing position on their father's lap, and were closely hugging him, as though their tiny arms were of strength sufficient to detain him safe from the dangers of the sea, while the little pouting lips unclosed to say, "Dear Pa, not go away again and make Ma and sister Lucy cry ;" and little Jamie chimed in, "Pa, *top* home now—little Jamie good, if Pa *tay* home—Pa kiss Jamie good-night, all a time now—Jamie so glad."

Callous indeed must be the heart that could remain unaffected by such pleadings of conjugal and filial tenderness, and such prattlings of childish innocence and love. Such a heart dwelt not in the bosom of Captain N——. Duty called him away once more, but he mentally resolved that this voyage should be the last ; and after giving his affectionate family this assurance, they knelt together around the family altar, and commended each other to the protection and the care of the God of the sea, and of the dry land. Fervently that night did the sailor father pray that if God saw fit, they might all live to meet again on earth ; but if that could not be, that they might all meet in Heaven. Little did he suppose how soon that prayer, in its latter sense, was to be answered.

Lovely and beautiful to contemplate is a *heart*-scene and a *home*-scene like this, where the *happiness* of one is the joy of all, and Christian *hope* points to a happier union in *Heaven* !

* * * * *

One year had passed away, and Captain N—— was already on his return voyage, hoping and expecting a speedy reunion with the loved and the loving at home. Alas ! though he knew it not, his sweet little Suzie and Jamie were already in their graves. The scarlet fever had swept them both off in a single day. Their bodies lay side by side with their baby brother and sisters in “the old churchyard,” and their spirits had gone to swell the number of the “little ones of the kingdom of Heaven.” Sad were the hearts of the stricken mother and daughter, when these tender blossoms were nipped ; but even in that home of anguish, Christian faith pointed to their *home* in *Heaven*, and *hope* sustained their *hearts*, while looking forward to the time when all should meet above.

The father encountered many a gale, ere he could double Cape Horn, and pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Sometimes he witnessed, in all its terrible majesty, the scene so graphically described by the inspired Psalmist. He saw “the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For HE commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end.” Yet, when the storm raged the fiercest, and the wind howled the loudest, HOPE sustained the heart of the sailor—the hope of home and Heaven.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that rack thy manly form ;
Rocks, winds, and waves thy shattered bark decay,
Thy heart is sad, thy *home* is far away,
Yet HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing, to charm the spirit of the deep.

Yet the fruition of that hope which cheered the heart of the sailor, was to be enjoyed, not on earth, but in Heaven. Two of the loved ones at home had gone to Heaven before him, and his hope of meeting the rest was to be realized only when he should bid them welcome THERE. A gale more terrible than all before disabled his vessel, when almost in sight of his own New England shores. Every effort to save the noble ship was vain. She capsized and filled, and soon, from a spar to which the captain and two of his associates were clinging, they saw her sink "like lead in the mighty waters."

Exhausted by almost superhuman exertions, Captain N—— could hardly expect long to be sustained by this frail fragment of a wreck, yet even then HOPE dwelt in the heart of the mariner, and he felt that all was well. He had long looked—as he once remarked—upon all the joys of earth, only like a little bird of beautiful plumage, settled on his finger, just ready to take its flight ; and now the hour of his departure was come, he was ready and willing to depart, and to be with Jesus. Hope no longer pointed to his cottage home, and to the lovely group who, as he supposed, were waiting to welcome him there ; but it pointed to

a better home on high, and to the blissful time when that group might meet and mingle there.

* * * * *

And earlier far than that drowning sailor imagined, was that blissful union to occur. The seeds of consumption—fell destroyer of youth and beauty—had taken root in the frail constitution of the lovely Lucy; grief hastened the march of death, and not many months after the distressing news of the loss of the husband and the father, that stricken widow was written childless; yet even then hope cheered the heart of the desolate mourner, “Jesus whispered consolation,” and she felt that there was rest in Heaven. Soon the messenger came also for her, and she joyfully welcomed his approach. The family union was, at length, complete. The wife had wished that these sad partings might be over, and her wish was granted. The father had promised that voyage should be the last, and it was. There was “a whole family in HEAVEN.”

Oh talk to me of Heaven ! I love
To hear about my home above ;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable.

* * * * *

And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys forever.

NEW YORK, May, 1848

LINES.

BY CHARLES EVERETT TOOTHAKER.

"And all the wall was joined together,—for the people had a mind to work."
NEH., iv. 6.

THY broken walls, Jerusalem, lay desolate and bare,
And, charred with fire, thy lofty gates were n'a' the gateman's care ;
Thy turrets high, thy towers strong, lay scattered o'er the ground,
And heaps of rubbish only told the where thy place was found.

The prophet stood,—he looked upon thy ruins as they lay,—
He saw thy walls of massy stone fast crumbling to decay,—
His heart was moved—he cried aloud, "God's people, fly to save
The city of his Israel—the city of the brave !"

His voice was heard : THY PEOPLE, long in anguish and despair,
Had brooded o'er those broken walls, nor felt *their* God was there :
"We come ! we come !" they shout aloud ; nor do they long delay ;
Prepare their shoulders for the work, their armor for the fray.

Each against each now labors well, new walls of strength to raise ;
The merchants with the merchants vie, and servants vie with slaves ;
All arts, all trades together drawn, all labor is as one—
Thy daughters e'en to build thy walls leave household cares undone.

See there the goldsmith, who was wont to work at costly ore ;
He leaves his jewels and his gold to turn the granite o'er ;
The druggist too has left his drugs, the tradesman left his trade :
'Tis thus the city's wall is built, and her foundations laid.

With joy they labor, and the walls are with such speed repaired,
That all employed together there this commendation shared :—
“The people had a mind to work”—therefore the work begun ;
“Thy people had a mind to work”—therefore THE WORK IS DONE.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

STANZAS.

I'M tired of life !—its hopes and fears—
Its hollow smiles, and real tears—
Its hours of peace, and years of strife :
How weary is my soul of life !

With eager eye I mark the day
Fade in the gorgeous west away,
And bless the deepening shades that bring
Grief's med'cine on their dewy wing.

Sweet sleep ! the spirit life-oppressed
Finds in thy peaceful empire rest :
For thou dost rend the weary chain
That binds the soul to life and pain.

I sleep—and love and hope again
In dreamy sweetness o'er me reign :
I wake—the blissful visions flee,
Nor love nor hope remains for me.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

T. W. R.

THE SHEIK OF BORNOUT.

BY JOHN W. McCUNE.

THE Sheik of Bornout—the Sheik of Bornout—
I have made me a song, and I'll sing it to you,
—'Tis not very short, and 'tis not very long,
But a very good length for a very good song,
And though very strange, yet 'tis all very true—
Of the glories that swaddle the Sheik of Bornout.

The Sheik of Bornout is a very great man,
For he keeps forty slaves to flourish a fan—
To flourish a fan when he takes his repose,
To flatten the flies that tickle his nose,
Or to fright them away with a “sho,” or a “shu”—
Such a wonderful man is the Sheik of Bornout.

A thousand proud hoofs are patting the plain—
A thousand strong arms to tighten the rein :
Lo ! swiftly they come from the desert's expanse,
—Nor sounds there a drum as the columns advance—
All charmed and chin-muffled,* in rapid review—
'Tis the brave body-guard of the Sheik of Bornout.

The guards of Bornout, when the Sheik gives command,
They roll up their ranks, or fiercely expand,

* The guards wear thick shawls, muffled around their throat and chin, as a defence from the thrust of lances.

And in curvettings high impatiently prance,
At the flash of his eye, to level the lance—
To level the lance with their battle halloo—
“We strike for the Sheik—the Sheik of Bornou!”

Then charging, they crash in crushing career,
Mid the flickering flash of the glittering spear,
And the red ghastly glare of each death-busied brand,
Sending blood-gushing bosoms to bleed in the sand—
Unclosing—recharging—they grapple anew,
Till victory's won for the Sheik of Bornou.

The braves of Begharmy ne'er vauntingly boast
Of the trophies of war from the Bornouese host ;
For ne'er, when they rushed to the deadly affray,
Did *they* scatter the guards in tangled array :
Nor can the might of Mandara exultingly show
E'en a banner they took from the Sheik of Bornou.

The Sheik of Bornou 'tis death to offend ;
And in frolic or fun your life he may end :
But do not suppose he was cruelly bred,—
For politely he'll ask the loan of your head :
In loyalty, then, it never would do
To refuse such a gift to the Sheik of Bornou.

The Sheik of Bornou, in petulant pride,
All cushioned reclines to choose him a bride :
But he quits his new wife for another so soon,
That the whole of his life is a long honey-moon,—
So devoted to love, and so willing to woo,
Is the sensitive heart of the Sheik of Bornou.

When the Sheik sinks to rest, in canopied state,
The fetish is plied, and his vassals await,
To guard their loved chief from peril's alarm,
By the power of each spell and the might of each arm,—

Nor singed by the sun, nor damped by the dew,
Is the thick woolly skull of the Sheik of Bornou.

But haply 'tis asked, why lengthen his praise ?
I will tell you, my lads,—I am up to his ways,—
Thus loudly I bawl, and the verses prolong—
For he'd shorten my neck, if I shortened the song.—
But now, ere I bid him a hasty adieu,
I'd ask what you think of the Sheik of Bornou ?

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY EDWARD Z. C. JUDSON, *alias* "NED BUNTLINE."

FRIENDSHIP is not with *us* a careless name,
A breath to pass as other breath ;
It is a lamp with an eternal flame,
Which burneth brightly on till death.

LOVE with *us* is not that passion-fire,
Which fills the blushing schoolgirl's heart ;
'Tis strong and pure, and never can expire,
Until the loved from earth depart.

TRUTH: our guardian angel she ! the star
Which lights us o'er our trackless way,—
The bright beacon, glittering from afar,
Which makes earth's gloomy night our day.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"WHAT do you say to a Pic-Nic Party to Tuxedo Lake to-morrow?" said the softest voice I ever heard in my life, one pleasant morning, as I sat on the piazza of a mansion which overlooks the most expansive and beautiful view on the Hudson. "If we can make up a party, will *you* go? Will you make one?"

"Assuredly," said I. "You could ask me nothing that I could refuse to you. But where *is* Tuxedo Lake? That is a body of water of which I have never before heard."

"It is one of the most charming little lakes in America," said my interlocutor; "cradled among the Ramapo mountains, and lying, a sheet of silver set in emerald, and bordered with the most deep and lovely foliage that ever saw itself reflected in calm, still water."

"How far is it to this delectable paradise?"

"Only twenty-five miles—and hardly that."

"How do you get there?"

"By the New York and Erie railroad, through some of the richest scenery you ever beheld. Will you *go*?"

“Yes—yes ; but who will make up the party ? We two are not a Pic-Nic Party.”

“Oh, that is already settled ; there are eighteen down certain ; and I think there will be twenty-five in all. Mr. D. and Mr. H. have arranged for the viands and drinks—the ‘potables and edibles,’ as you call them ; there is to be a guitar and a flagelet for the music, to say nothing of our own ‘most sweet voices ;’ and you will admit, I am sure, when you see the ladies in that wild yet most sylvan region, that you never saw such lovely creatures before. This, I apprise you beforehand, will be *expected* of you.”

And well *might* it have been expected. But I will not anticipate ; but proceed to give a brief description of our Pic-Nic, in the hope that some of our money-seeking, money-keeping citizens—always “in populous city pent,” broiling in the dusty thoroughfares, and coining their health and happiness for gold, which perisheth in the using—may be tempted to leave their shops and counting-rooms, and now and then take a trip into the country, and see Nature “at home” to receive company. I have little of incident to record, and must be permitted to gossip in my own way.

It *was* a pleasant little party that left Dobbs’ Ferry the next morning after the conversation I have recorded took place. There was just the right variety : the young damsel, the thoughtful matron, and the happy mother, on the one hand ; on the other, a successful financier from Wall-street, a Magazine-editor, who was never accused of being either too silent or too



Engraved by J. M. Lewis

W. H. C. & Co. (1844)

L. W. W. & Co. (1844)

W. H. C. & Co. (1844)

sombre in his mood, a tall and most "useful" beau, whose services were always freely offered to the ladies, and who was never so happy as when he could be doing anybody a favor;—such were some of the pleasant matériel of our little party.

As we swept out into the broad bosom of the Tappan sea, to cross to the Piermont pier, the scene was one of exquisite beauty; for nowhere on the Hudson is there a wider or a finer combination of views than at this point.

"What a peerless river!" exclaimed one of the first and fairest of the fair in all our little circle. "No wonder GEOFFREY CRAYON, whose Sunny-Side Cottage I see gleaming yonder among the trees—no wonder he loves it so well. Do you remember what he says of it, in one of his 'Crayon Papers?' And if you *do* remember it, won't you repeat it?"

"Yes, yes, do!" was the cry of two or three other pretty girls.

"It is something like this," said I; "but I won't be responsible for the entire accuracy of my memory:— 'I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson. I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sandbar or perfidious

rock ; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow—ever straightforward. Once indeed it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. “Behold,” thought I, “an emblem of a good man’s course through life ; ever simple, open, and direct ; or if, overpowered by circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary ; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and pursues it to the end of his pilgrimage.” But hold ! here we are at Piermont pier.”

The iron horse, with the white steam-smoke pouring from his nostrils, with his “attendant *train*,” was waiting to receive us, and transport us at once into the picturesque inland lying beyond the sight. After a few short snorts, and a supernatural shriek or two from the steam-whistle, the train moved off, and a very happy party with it.

There is not in the state of New York a more picturesque region than the Ramapo mountains and valley. As the cars rush along the ascending grade, mountains rise in the distance ; sweet vales “stretch in pensive quietness between ;” rounded hills, verdant to their tops with waving grains, swell up on either hand, and successively disappear ; and everywhere is quiet and peace : and when the car stops, that “audible stillness,” so perceptible to one accustomed to a city life, is *felt* rather than *heard*.

While we were passing rapidly and pleasantly along, Mr. S——, the excellent superintendent of the road, who was one of our party, entertained us with an amusing account of an accident which had happened not long before to a train of cars, “laden with passengers and milk.” The locomotive had run off the track and into a roadside barnyard, which in a trice was half full of good Orange county milk ; and the passengers, not one of whom was injured in the slightest degree, were seen emerging from the *débris* of cans and their contents, wet as drowned rats, and as white as “the miller and his men!” A sense of the ludicrous figure they cut, and the consciousness of being uninjured, threw them into a fit of laughter, which set the hens a-cackling and the cocks a-crowing in full chorus.

On another occasion a whole train of cars ran over a flock of sheep, and killed upwards of forty of them. “It was a sad sight,” said the superintendent, “to see their mangled, bleeding, and panting bodies lying upon the rails.”

Well, we are at Ramapo ; a spot where, to adopt the language of our glorious American poet, BRYANT,

“——Hills o'er hills lift up their heads of green,
With pleasant vales *scooped* out, and villages between.”

And now we are on our progress to the place where we are to leave the cars, and make our way to the pure waters of the mountain-cradled Tuxedo. As we pass along, you cannot choose but admire the scenery

of the Ramapo river on our right ; here presenting a stone ruin half overrun with ivy ; there reflecting in its glassy bosom the verdant hills which are ever and anon swelling upon the eye of the rapid traveller.

Arrived at our place of debarkation, we find carriages awaiting us, thanks to the care of an excellent gentleman, who is to be of our number, and whose paternal acres lie all around us ; and when the ladies and the “provant,” not forgetting the champagne, hock, and other fluids, are properly “stowed,” we begin to move on, through the forest, to our place of rendezvous. Trees, the growth of centuries, are around us ; and reader, you should have heard the musical voice of the sweet young lady who, touched by the almost religious beauty of the scene, exclaimed, in the admirable lines of one of America’s gifted bards :—

“ ‘ God of the forest’s solemn shade,
The grandeur of the lonely tree
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up imploring arms to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm ! ’ ”

Well, here we are at the lake, and surely a more charming spot the great sun in all his course does not shine upon.

I wish, reader, you could have beheld the scene which was presented when our whole party disposed themselves under the trees and on the grass, on the

borders of that beautiful lake. Not a single cloud was in the sky ; the air, clear and bracing, it was a positive luxury to breathe ; and uninterrupted delight was apparent in every face.

Here might be seen, "under the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree," an enthusiastic disciple of IZAAK WALTON, wiling the finny prey from the silvery waters ; but "behold you," as fast as he draws the little fishes forth, and removes them tenderly from the hook, that fair lady in black, with short sleeves revealing an arm as perfect as that of Powers' "Greek slave," and whiter than alabaster, throws them back into the lake, and you can see them go shining and shimmering with light down into the clear depths below.

There never was seen a finer animal than the large Newfoundland dog, who, with erect head, expanded and puffing nostrils, and tail waving like a plume or flag of defiance over his back, is amusing a little group farther up the lake, by jumping into the flood and swimming after sundry sticks, which he brings back in triumph, and with eyes flashing fire at the daring nature of his successful exploits.

Away up under yonder clump of overhanging "wil-lows by the water-courses" a sweet young girl is singing a favorite Irish air, and her fair sister is accompanying her on the guitar. A "nice young man" by her side is sad—very sad ;—he is in love, as clearly and unmistakably as the signs of silence, moodiness, and frequent forgetfulness can indicate. Yes, he has been hit with "the gentle arrow," and it will "rankle with

sweet pain," until the proper remedies are applied by the clergyman before the altar.

Those stalwart boys look well, as they are pitching quoits ; the manly sport reveals their fine persons, and deepens the bloom on their cheeks ; and it is not *quite* impossible that there is more meaning than meets the eye in the admiring glances cast upon them from time to time by that group of young ladies sitting on the rustic seat under that spreading chestnut, on the very margin of the lake.

But the *board* is spread, literally ; the white cloth is flecked with little dancing spots of light and shade, and covered with a sumptuous repast of cold tongue, ham, tender chicken, delicious salmon, and flanked by iced champagne, Burgundy, hock, and other refreshing fluids ; and over and above all, with the sighing of the wind in the trees, is heard the merry laugh, the jocund song, the sparkling repartee, the witty anecdote ; and by-and-by, when all has been done that could "satisfy the sentiment," the horses, whose comfort has not been forgotten, are tackled to their several vehicles, and in two hours, by the aid of the "iron horse," we are all "over the hills and far away," to our several places of abode.

Such is a Tuxedo Pic-Nic.

Reader, love the works of Nature ; and remember that "God made the country—man the town."

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

BY P. G. W. N. ELLIS.

'Tis a working day, but the noisy din
Of labor is hushed to rest—
And each face betrays that the heart within
Is with sorrow pressed.

And the mystic band are abroad to-day,
On the light air their banners wave,
For they meet the last sad rites to pay
At a brother's grave.

And the long line marches two and two,
With a slow and measured tread,
Towards that hallowed spot, where silent, low,
Lie the buried dead.

While close behind this array is borne
On the bier, with a pall o'erspread,
But the mortal remnant of him they mourn,
For the soul has fled.

But a short while since, and the brother stood
With his open lofty brow,
An honored one with that brotherhood,
But there lies he now.

There was heaving of many a manly breast,
And veiled was each eye in gloom,
As they lowered him down to his final rest,
In the dark, damp tomb.

And the evergreen was lightly thrown
On the sleeper's last abode,
Thus shadowing forth, that the soul lives on,
With its Maker, God.

And the starting tear is wiped away,
As each turns to his own dear home,
And cons the lesson against the day,
When *his* time shall come.

SIPPICAN, Mass., April, 1848.

L I N E S.

As with small means in life we first essay,
And win to wealth, by slow degrees, our way ;
So must our wit make small advances first,
Till the full sun of knowledge on us burst ;
So genius struggles up the heights of fame—
Gains present honor, and a deathless name.
Will what thou mayst, thou shalt thy purpose gain,
If firmness urge, and prudence hold the rein.

R.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S GRAVE.

A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I WAS called, in the fulfilment of an engagement, to cross the Alleghany mountains, at the close of September, 1847, and taking the route by the way of Baltimore, I left the cars and entered the stage-coach at Cumberland, at the close of a day which with all its brightness, seemed to be just calculated to usher in a cold stormy night. Its office was well performed, and before the stage, with its nine *inside* passengers, and a companion for the driver on the box, had proceeded two miles, the rain descended in torrents, with such an accompaniment of wind as made the trees of the forest through which we were passing, roar to the blast like the shore upon which the Atlantic is breaking its multitudinous waves.

That was a fearful night, and the ladies, strangers to each other, were made more deeply interested in the scene, by the obliging loquacity of one of the inside travellers, who gave minute accounts of divers terrible accidents on the road, of the dashing off of the horses at the brow of a bold mountain, of the toppling of a coach crowded with ten passengers, over a precipice of immense height, and all the short-comings, and over-

reachings of the stage business, in which the driver is not concerned in the profits, nor the proprietors among the passengers.

Some miles east of that lofty ridge, known as Laurel Hill, an accident happened to the coach, which rendered necessary certain repairs, and so the passengers were conducted into a small house by the wayside, where the heat of a *monster* coal fire caused the clothes of insider and outsider to steam up as if the party had been fished out of the torrent that was dashing within a few rods of the door.

"This is not a *hotel*," said one of the passengers, inquiringly.

"Not exactly a hotel," replied the proprietor, looking rather archly round the unplastered walls of the room, "but, situated midway between two pretty distant villages, it serves over wet or over dry passengers as a half-way *house*."

A slight moaning, heard indistinctly through the partition, led one of the company to ask, whether there was sickness in the house.

"A young man from the Mexican army reached this place a few nights since in a state of utter exhaustion; he betook himself to the bed immediately, and will not, I think, come out of it again without the last help."

The landlord stepped into the adjoining room, and mentioned to the sick person the cause of the unusual throng of visitors.

"Perhaps," said the sick man, "some of them may be of those whom I am anxious to meet."

The landlord returned to his company ; at the suggestion of my fellow-passengers, I entered the sick-chamber.

"And so, my friend," said I, "you are here on your way home."

"Yes," said he, "a way, that notwithstanding my entire prostration, I am travelling very fast. The end of my journey is near."

"Let us hope better things, my friend," said I, in an encouraging tone.

"I can only hope for better things in another world," said he.

"Are there no relations, no friends whom you desire to see, or whom you would have informed of your present condition?"

"None ; not one whom, under present circumstances, I should desire to know of my situation, or to be informed of my death ; and yet there are persons, some I presume near this place, whom I would desire to see as soon as possible."

"Can I serve you?"

"Are you a ———?" asked the young man.

"No."

He seemed disappointed at my answer.

"Well, sir," said he, "take that sealed package, and then take that sheet of paper, read what I have written with a pencil, fold it, and hand it with the package to some one who will value its contents. Perhaps none will be found this side of Pittsburgh."

The letter was a simple request to some members of

a society to which the writer belonged, to come and witness his death, or at least to assist to bury his body with decency. It further besought them to take the large, sealed packet, open it privately, and ascertain his true name, which would be found on his certificate of membership. As to the large accompanying document, doubly sealed, that was to be opened only when some event, likely soon to occur in the Eastern States, should render it proper to connect the history of his last few years with that of his former life, and under his true name.

Promising to comply with the request of the sufferer, I sat down at the bedside, and found by his conversation, that he was a man of good education and of refined feelings, though probably he had forfeited the affection and protection, perhaps the respect, of his family. Movements in the adjoining room intimated that the stage was again in readiness. Leaning over the bed, I took leave of the soldier, on whose face death seemed to be setting his seal. He shook me feebly, but gratefully, by the hand, and, to my remark that on my return, in about a week, I would look in upon him, he replied—

“You must look into my grave then. Lying on this bed a few mornings since, I was struck with the beauty of the little hillock on the very summit of yonder mountain, (it is invisible now,) and while I lay admiring its elevation in the brilliant light of early day, the sun rose, and all the gathering of night-dews upon the grass became gems that reflected every hue of light.

It seemed to me for a moment, as if incense went up from the elevation, and shadowy forms with outstretched wings were bending over the lovely place ; and twice I thought, that, tearful yet smiling, my mother was kneeling hand in hand with Mary—kneeling in affection, now that *he* is going, who made them like strangers. Twice since, I have seen nearly the same blessed objects on that place, though none but me sees aught, save the mountain summit and its dew-spangled grass.”

The young man paused, and then resumed.

“ Perhaps I am deceived—they say I am ; or perhaps the flesh in its decay permits the spirit to look upward with greater freedom and larger discoveries. Perhaps all that I see is but the beginning of what I am to see, and am to be. Well, it will not be long ere I know it all.”

I leaned over the bed again, and kissing the cold, sun-stained forehead of the dying man, I rose and left him, enwrapt in the thoughts of those he was leaving, of what he was to meet. Shortly after sunrise, I made inquiry of the keeper of a tavern at which the stage stopped, as to the chance of finding some person connected with the Order to which the sick man alluded. He kindly sent for a neighbor, and in ten minutes I had delivered my letter and bundle, acquainted the person with the exact situation and wishes of the writer, received from him an assurance that he knew what was to be done, and would faithfully do it.

When my mission was finished in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, I returned by the same

route that I went. And late at night, for a slight consideration, I induced the driver of the coach to stop at the house where I had seen the sick soldier.

"Well, landlord," said I, as I left the small semicircle that had gathered in front of the blazing grate, "how is the sick man, the poor soldier?"

"The soldier!" said the landlord, "ah, he is dead!—Yes, I remember you now; he died the evening after you left him."

"And did none come to see him?" I asked.

"Why yes; squire W—— and two or three others came over from M——, (the village beyond,) just before his death: they were with him until he died. Then they brought a coffin, and two days afterward they carried him to the top of the mountain, and buried him with great apparent respect, and some peculiar ceremonies."

"Well, did they pay you for the soldier's board?"

"Did *they* pay me! the soldier had enough, I suppose, to pay; or if he had not, I hope there is not a tavern-keeper in Pennsylvania who could not afford, and would not allow, a seat at his table for a soldier to eat, or a place in his bed for a soldier to die."

"God bless you," said I; "may you never want the means to gratify so good a feeling; and may your children inherit the blessing that must follow their father's kindness."

"Sir," said the landlord, evidently anxious to avoid further reference to himself, "the people that came over from M—— behaved like men; they did their duty well; and whatever claim the poor soldier may

have had upon their kindness, they discharged that claim as fully as if he had been their brother. They watched his wasting breath, and soothed his death-struggles with a brother's kindness; and they buried the dead with the decency and respect of family affinity."

I went with the landlord into the death-chamber of the young man; it was hushed and still. The bed was spread in decent propriety; the members of the family had not yet ventured to occupy the apartment. Looking from the window, I saw the top of the mountain, and the light of the rising but waning moon was resting softly on the newly sodded grave. It was a lovely sight, and my fancy seemed to call back the images with which the disturbed imagination of the dying soldier peopled the eminence, and in the airy group, the floating mist seemed to collect into a form like his own. I thought I saw him kneeling with upturned face, between the winged forms of his mother and his Mary, blessing from his heart, (and their gratitude sweetening his blessing,) the Order that had watched with affection his dying moments, and closed his sightless eyes, and then buried him in decency, where his spirit seemed to have a delight in lingering.

Just then one of the planets, with which the autumnal heavens are studded, poured out its brilliant beams, and seemed, as it was sinking down behind the mountain, to rest for a moment upon the hallowed spot, and to sanctify, by its heavenly influence,

THE ODD-FELLOW'S GRAVE.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

AN OLD MAN AND A DYING CHILD.

BY ELIZABETH F. M'CUNE.

AN old man stands beside the couch
Of infancy so fair ;
With grief he gazes on the child,—
All that he loves is there.

THE brightest links in friendship's chain
Were severed one by one,
And this the sole remaining tie,
It too will soon be gone !

THE future he had brightly scanned,
And many a castle fair,
And golden fabric he had built,
Alas ! but in the air.

FOR he for whom they all were reared,
Now slowly wastes away ;
A withered flower, a rosebud crushed,
The fittest emblems they.

HE looks intently on the face,
So lately fair and bright,
The sickening change of death is seen,
The spirit takes its flight.

The child is dead : the old man bends
His head to weep, for he
Alone is left in this sad world,
A barren, leafless tree.

Care-worn and wearied is his frame,
A languor o'er him creeps,
With feeble steps he seeks his couch,
And 'mid his sorrow sleeps.

He sleeps—and in his dreams, behold !
A youthful spirit bright
Before him stands, arrayed in robes
Of pure and spotless white.

Nearer he comes, and speaks in tones
So musical and clear,
The old man listening, bends his head,
The words of peace to hear.

“Thy child but sleepeth, be not sad,
For there is comfort nigh,
His mortal part alone you have,
His spirit is on high.

“And though to thee he cannot come,
Yet thou to him mayst go,
If meekly, whilst on earth you stay,
To Heaven's will you bow.”

The old man wakes, and kneeling down,
He breathes a contrite prayer ;
No more sad grief is in his heart,—
An inward peace is there.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

REMINISCENCES.

BY MARY A. M'CUNE.

"Thou mourner for departed dreams !
On earth there is no rest
When grief hath troubled the pure streams
Of memory in thy breast !
A shadow on thy path shall lie,
Where sunshine laughed before :
Look upward to the happy sky !
Earth is thy home no more !"

How often, even when engaged in the turmoil of active life, will the memory of things long since numbered with the past, come crowding thick and fast upon us, notwithstanding our efforts to banish the unwelcome guests ! Objects the most trivial in themselves, may recall associations, which will cause us to thrill with emotion not to be overcome. A simple flower, a strain of music, or perchance the tones of a bell, may awaken feelings which had lain dormant for years, and which we had almost cheated ourselves into the belief of having overcome. And who may describe the intensity of these moments, in which the joys and sufferings of years long past are again ex-

perienced ; when the full tide of feeling, no longer to be controlled, makes way for itself, overcoming every barrier by which we vainly hoped to restrain it ! But

“ There are things

We must throw from us, when the heart would gather

Strength to fulfil its settled purposes,”

and we (as the shipwrecked mariner, when the storm has ceased, essays to collect the fragments of what was once a noble ship) strive to rear again the fabric of happiness on the “wreck of former years.” And although after such seasons our hearts may be sorrowful, may we not profit by the sad experience of former years ? for

“ There’s good in all things, and ’tis ours to seek it everywhere ;”

and when disappointed and baffled in any one of our pursuits of happiness, we relinquish it cheerfully, with the holy sentiment of “Thy will be done,” in our hearts, new sources of pure enjoyment, almost innumerable, will present themselves, of which, before, we were wholly unconscious, and which will yield “that peace which passeth understanding.” But there are remembrances of another kind in which we are prone to indulge, although in many instances they too yield but a melancholy pleasure. Of this kind, are those connected with the companions of our childhood : what a subject is here presented for our contemplation ! Let us for a moment pause, while memory recalls each

well-remembered companion. Here is one, whose joyous laugh still rings in my ears ;

“ That laugh from my childhood remember I well,
And long in my mind will the melody dwell,
How gayly, how loudly it rose on the air,
The voice of a spirit unblighted by care ;”

and although long years have passed since then, that laugh is as frequent and musical as ever. But here is another, the chosen companion and friend of the light-hearted one, himself at that time as gay : but time hath not dealt so gently with this ; his prospects, once so fair, are suddenly darkened ; ruin seems to stare him in the face, and wide seas now separate those two, who in childhood were almost inseparable. And still another is recalled ; and this surely might teach us the lesson of humility : well do I remember her, when in all the pride of maiden beauty, and surrounded by plenty in her father's house, she scorned the more humble of her companions, and with haughtiness turned from them : now where is she ? Connected by indissoluble ties to one whom she despises and never loved, and who does not deserve even esteem ; bereft of a mother's advice, for that mother no longer retains her reason ; no father's house to fly to for succor, for the family circle is broken up ; the sister who once shared her sorrows is now silent in the grave, and the young mother is already a heart-broken wife. But enough, enough, for no fancy sketch is this, but mournful, sad reality.

And yet another is presented before me ; one who, after having braved the dangers and trials incident to the wife of a missionary, has returned to her mother's house desolate, as it were, the second time a widow ; her habiliments of mourning, and pale attenuated countenance, bespeaking sorrow and suffering, and silently, though not the less forcibly impressing on our minds the vanity of all earthly enjoyments.

Connected too with our companions are the scenes of our childhood : again, with our mind's eye, do we see each well-remembered spot, endeared by the associations of our youth—scenes of innocent enjoyment, and which have witnessed many a frolic, when the hills reverberated our shouts of laughter ; for,

“ Trifles would oft to that laughter give birth,
For our bosoms as quickly reflected each mirth,
As the unsullied breast of a mirror-like stream
So faithfully answers the morning's first beam.”

Even the remembrance of those happy days causes a thrill of pleasure, and we are again in imagination the same joyous children. Alas ! that we should ever have been changed in feeling ; for who would willingly relinquish the guileless spirit of childhood for that of riper years ? And even now, would it not be well for us to associate more familiarly with children—to enter into all their little plans for amusement—to gain their confidence by acts of kindness ? for assuredly, many beautiful traits of character will be developed in them, putting to shame our more cautious acts. And if by

association with them, we become, if only in a measure, "as little children," we may esteem ourselves more than compensated; for are we not taught, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Surely no small benefit may we reap, if with a right spirit we recall the events of former years, and trace out through the subsequent paths of life our former companions; for thereby the merciful dealings of Providence are fully shown towards ourselves; and we are led to exclaim, with the poet—

"What are we, that he should show
So much love to us?"

or with the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." And may we not, with unbounded confidence, cast all our care upon that Almighty Being, who hath cared for us, and supported us through all the trials of our past life, and who has promised never to forsake those that put their trust in Him; but will be with them in that awful hour when death tears asunder the chords which unite the soul to this frail tenement, and will lead them through the dark valley, to the regions of eternal felicity?

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

SONG.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

I LOOK up to thy face, Willie,
A smile of love to see,
But a cloud is resting on thy brow,
And its shadow falls on me.
Yet my heart keeps asking on, Willie,
For the glance so warm and deep,
That first awoke my own fond love,
And I turn away to weep.

In bright, bright days agone, Willie,
My heart was gay and free,
All filled with fairy fancies,
But I gave them up for thee.
And I never mourn their loss, Willie,
I bid them all depart,
If I may but rest in hopeful trust,
Upon a loving heart.

I try to school my pulse, Willie,
To keep its throbbing still ;
I pray for strength to conquer
My own unquiet will.
I turn my thoughts to God, Willie,
But my faith is weak and dim,
And my soul is filled so full of thee,
It faintly looks on Him.

I have cast my pride away, Willie,
Though once its voice was loud ;
For when I gave myself to love,
I dared no more be proud.
Yet, while I pray for meekness,
A thrill is in my brain :
Oh ! Willie, is the old hope lost,
And still the new hope vain ?

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

SONNET.

JAMES ch. ii. v. 1-16.

Did your hearts feel the truths your lips profess—
Did faith and life harmoniously blend,
Nor that to heaven, and this to mammon tend—
How many then the life they curse would bless,
Who pine in vice, and want, and wretchedness !—
Ye self-deceived ! a willing ear who lend
To the false spirit that calls Heaven your friend !
God will the wrongs of poverty redress :
Go on, and heap up riches—pile on pile—
To mock the woes that compass you around ;
But know, the vengeance doth but sleep the while,
That on your heads shall fall with sudden bound,
And strike you from the temples you defile,
As rotten branches—cumberers of the ground !

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

T. W. R.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY GEORGE W. CLINTON.

THE Virtues, my dear Lily, although we talk as though they had each an existence of its own, have none apart from intellectual beings. They are of a social disposition, and do not flourish as hermits. Like little girls, they must have associates, and, if they do not come together, will certainly take up with the company of the Vices : and the Vices are sure to give their own complexion to the silly Virtues, and make them as mischievous and ugly as themselves. Now let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time the Virtues went about the world singly, each trying to do good upon its own account,—and very pretty work they made of it ! It would take many days to follow them in their travels, and tell you the ridiculous adventures that befell them, and how much harm they did : for, you may rely upon it, a solitary Virtue is a very weak and foolish body, and folly always ends in disgrace and bitterness.

There was in those days, somewhere near the middle of the world, a lovely country, the precise position of which I cannot point out to you on any modern map,—but it was very beautiful and very fertile. Its

mountains abounded in gold and diamonds : its streams were all alive with fishes : and its plains spontaneously produced delicious fruits, fragrant flowers, and nutritious grains and roots. Indeed, it was very much such a place as your imagination paints, when you shut your eyes and look for Eden. "What a happy land !" you are ready to exclaim. Be not hasty in your judgments, my dear daughter. There can be no heaven without angels ; and only happy beings, not a charming country, make a mortal Paradise. To be happy, we must have many things, but above all, Virtue. The population of this country was small and miserable. The Vices dwelt there, and scattered the people, and kept them asunder, and made them very wretched. In truth, they were no nobler than big baboons, but far more vicious.

Now, it chanced that two men dwelt near each other, scarcely a quarter of a mile apart, in a retired nook of this delicious country. They were ignorant of good, and selfish, sensual, and ferocious as the sow that devours her own offspring. They met frequently, but met only to scowl at and avoid each other, or to quarrel over something they both coveted,—such as a pineapple, a jay's feather, or a shining lump of gold brought from the mountain by a sparkling rivulet, which laughed joyously as it flowed half-way between the huts they occupied. Had not Fear kept them back, they would have killed each other, so deadly was the hate that urged them on to murder. And as they felt towards each other, so felt they towards all man-

kind—for they knew not Love. Luckily the Vices are a quarrelsome family, and their opposition to each other sometimes kept the peace, and afforded a weak substitute for Virtue. Appetite and Malice provoked to theft and wanton injury; Hate and Revenge demanded the blood of the wrongdoer, and placed a club in the wronged one's hand, and gave him opportunity. But Fear cried, "Hold! you may get killed if you assail that man, who is as strong, or stronger than yourself;" and so he dropped his weapon, and stealthily burned up his neighbor's hut, and killed a little dog that sometimes followed him.

But Truth, having wandered over half the earth, and met with sad mishaps at every step, entered that land, and took up her abode with the two wicked men. She illuminated their dark minds, and showed them all things. They each knew far more than Solomon or Newton, Bacon or St. Paul. Like Moses in the mountain, figuratively speaking, they saw the glory of the true God; but they walked not with Him as did the patriarchs of old. They knew Virtue and Vice; but they hated Good, and worshipped Evil. Their wickedness became only the more monstrous; and Truth, instead of opening the way to Happiness, let in the Furies to torment them. Terror unspeakable benumbed them, and they cowered and howled like whipped hounds. Remorse next seized them, and they writhed and shrieked in agony, until Despair drove her away, and gave them strength. Then they rose calmly, and blasphemed their Maker, and cursed

Truth. Truly, that beauteous nook of earth was like unto Hades; and Truth fled weeping to the mountains. As she fled, the Furies retired; and the men relapsed again into brutal ignorance and stupid misery, ever the least unhappy state of wickedness.

Scarcely had Truth vanished, when Friendship, almost disconsolate in the contemplation of the little good she'd done in her wide wanderings, entered the pleasant land: and when she saw the men, her clear blue eyes sparkled with joy, for she surely thought she'd make them happy. So she made them friends. The love of Jonathan for David, "passing the love of women," passed not theirs. They had but one heart—one mind—and were in the body scarce ever disunited. One hut sheltered them; and they slept and rose together, and with hooked arms wandered the livelong day in the shady forest or the flowery meadow, stooping together to drink from the laughing rivulet, and eating from each other's hands fruit plucked indifferently by either. It was a glorious change that she had worked, and Friendship smiled triumphantly. But she looked into their souls, and shrank back affrighted. They were black with sin. Demons may be friends; and Friendship but increases their fiendish power. And so she soon saw the wicked pair, timorous when single, moving together boldly to wreak their malice upon the world, and revel in wo and slaughter. And she was sore abashed at this sad proof of her impotence, and mournfully repaired to the mountain-top. As she retired, the men unclasped

their arms, and, withdrawing a pace or two, glared at each other with their savage eyes a moment, and then fled and hid themselves, each in his own hut.

Love entered the beautiful land, enlivening Nature, like the sunlight that broke over the mountain just as she placed her tiny-foot upon its borders. Wherever she moved, flowers sprung up around her. The foliage put on a tenderer green, the birds warbled sprightlier songs, and the saucy little rivulet laughed more merrily than ever. She sent up a rosy mist which overspread the whole country, and covered it with a soft-shining shade. Malice, Revenge, and Fear, and all the Vices fled, and hid themselves in a dark cave, close to the mountain's foot, where dwelt the Furies. The two men arose from their huts, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced each other. They spoke to each other softly and unmeaningly, and strayed along with a kind feeling towards all things, murmuring blessings. But they could not rest contented with a single love ; and so, with each an arm around the other's neck, they hastened adown the laughing rivulet to shed the light of Love among the scattered people beyond the happy nook. But they knew not God in truth, nor any thing correctly. They were like men who walk in dreams, and see glorious but formless visions. They frightened some by their ardor, and spoke to all in an unknown tongue. The world seemed not big enough for their all-grasping hearts ; and so they separated, Love still reigning in each, and ever leading them into strange errors, and effecting good for

neither. They were beaten, and resisted not, returned blessings for curses, and strayed about like idiots absorbed in pleasant fantasies, until they met again by the little brook that laughed between their huts. Then Love sighed deeply, for she had found that alone she could not confer true happiness; and as she sighed, she looked up towards the mountain, and saw her sisters gazing despondently around, and thought how vain had been their separation. And she left her spirit in the two men's hearts, and joined Friendship and Truth, who stretched out their hands entreatingly to her.

Truly, those fair pure sisters, as they stood reunited upon the summit of the golden mountain, with white arms linked together, were a beauteous sight. And then they conversed; and told each other their misadventures, and how they had failed to make nobly happy the tenants of the fair land below. Then saw they the great error they had committed, and resolved to keep each other company forever after. And they knelt down humbly on the bleak mountain-top, and prayed with one heart to God; and straightway descended, with linked arms, and a golden sunbeam lingered like a halo in their hair.

Truth enlightened the minds and souls of the inhabitants of the happy-seeming country; Love hallowed their spirits, shed happiness around them, and enclosed in one bond the whole; humble Friendship, by joining individuals more closely, counteracted the diffusiveness of Love—or rather became a concentrated

love, and imparted activity and strength to Truth : and so the linked sisters made the before wretched land a Paradise indeed.

Where did I get this story? I'll tell you, Lily—but you must be discreet. No! I'll take your word, and not require a solemn pledge made with hooked pinkeys. Know, then, it includes one of the secrets—perhaps the main secret—of those mysterious gentlemen who “ride the goat.” It is a tradition, heretofore unspoken and unwritten, but somehow preserved for centuries in the Lodges of the Odd-Fellows. They believe in a trinity in unity of Virtue. The three golden links are emblems of it, and of the linked arms of Friendship, Love, and Truth, as they descended from the mountain, glowing with God's blessing, to confer happiness upon a wretched but most lovely world.

BUFFALO, May, 1848.

WILLIAM M——.

BY P. G. DANIEL ADEE.

UPON an humble couch in one of the upper apartments of a house which was situated near the foot of the Walnut Hills, in the queen city of the West, lay an attenuated form. It was that of an invalid, evidently far gone in a consumption, and upon either side of him quietly sat a watcher, who had been detailed for the purpose by the society of which the sick man was a member.

He was a stranger, but recently arrived in that great city, unknown, penniless, and sinking under the operations of a lingering disease which want, exposure, and neglect had fastened upon him, and which was rapidly hurrying him to his final rest. Although but a youth even now, yet poor William M—— had wandered far from friends and kindred: leaving the home of his childhood while a mere boy, he had roamed through the most distant climes, now tossing upon the dark blue billows of the restless ocean, and now tracing the sinuous courses of the majestic rivers of the far West. At last he had turned his face homeward, hoping to reach the sunny hills of his boyhood, and

gaze once more upon those loved scenes before the termination of that disease which a something within told him would too surely close his earthly career. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills as he awoke from an uneasy slumber, and passing his pale thin fingers slowly across his forehead, striving to collect his wandering thoughts, he motioned to the watchers at his side to draw back the faded curtain which shut out the sunlight. As he viewed the many-colored, gorgeous dyes which were staining the piled-up clouds before the little window, a faint smile mingled with the hectic flush that played upon his hollow cheek.

“How beautiful!” exclaimed he, as the golden, and purple, and crimson-colored clouds floated like a panorama of heaven before his upturned eye. “Oh, twilight—lovely twilight!” he continued, “and is this the last time that I shall ever behold you? Yes, I know, I feel it. Farewell! farewell!” and with a sad but graceful gesture, he waved his feeble hand towards the fleeting clouds.

For a brief space then he remained intently watching the ever-changing scene, and many a long-forgotten reminiscence came crowding up in his recollection; and as he gazed, a tear glittered like a sparkling gem in the eye of the stricken one. Oh, of what past joys and departed friends did that pearly drop speak! Of what scenes in happier hours, ere he had tasted the bitter cup of poverty and sorrow, did it tell! Whither was busy Memory transporting the imagination of the invalid? Far back into the distant past, when his

early life was all new, and bright, and glorious. He strolled again in fancy by the sweet little cottage where he first drew breath, and trod the flowery paths and winding ways of the sportive brook—now dreaming of the woodbine, and the wild roses, and the lilac bowers, and anon of the clustering vines in the thick wood, and the welcome vision to his schoolboy-eyes of the tempting orchard whose trees were bending under their luscious load. And there was the well from whose deep and moss-covered recesses he had so often drawn the cooling draught, more refreshing and delicious than all the wines of Cyprus—and last of all, the many fond and familiar faces, now never more to be looked on again in life. Oh, Death! with what strange, and stirring, many-voiced whisperings dost thou tell of other days to the weary and way-worn as he sinks to his dreamless rest!

And William still gazed, as the full, round, chastened sun, now shorn of his beams, went stealing down, and his lips still wore that same sad smile. Poor William! perchance at the last he was thinking of the hours he had spent o'er the midnight lamp in search of that fleeting thing called fame; or of how the careless world had derided and neglected him; and how his spirit had bent and withered under its harsh usages; and how from the sweet home of his early days he had passed by successive changes, until he now found himself stretched upon his dying couch in an obscure garret of a great and busy city. But though a stranger, he was not friendless; and though dying, it was not in

despair. The seeds of early piety, sown in his young mind by an affectionate mother, though for a long time they had given no outward promise, had yet not been sown in vain ; short as had been his career, he had yet lived long enough to see the vanity of all earthly gods, and had wisely placed his treasure where it could never fail him. Though on earth he could see his friends no more, he looked forward with joy to a happy and endless meeting beyond the skies. Nor was he friendless now, though surrounded only by strangers. Some years since he had united himself to a Lodge, with a number of his associates, though with but little expectation of deriving any personal benefit therefrom. In the reverses which had pressed upon him, a false but excusable delicacy had prevented him from applying for that assistance which belonged to him, and it was now only by accident, at the latest hour, that his connection with the fraternity had been discovered ; but though late, their assistance had been prompt, and his bedside was now constantly attended by watchers, who strove with untiring assiduity to alleviate the stranger's sufferings.

At last the beautiful sun was set. The twinkling stars came into the heavens one by one, and poured their soft radiance across the blue expanse. The summer breeze swept soothingly over the hill-tops, and as it swayed the branches of the waving trees, poured a sweet sound of melody as of unseen songsters through the apartment. But William did not see those stars, nor listen to that soft music, nor feel the balmy breath-

ing air as it gently fanned his pale cheek and lifted his glossy locks. His eyes were still turned towards the far green hills, behind which the sun had gone down, and his lips still wore that same sad smile. But his eyes saw not, for their light had fled, and the smile that yet lingered upon those bloodless and immovable lips spoke of a spirit that had left this sorrowful world, to join his kindred in a brighter and sinless sphere.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY JAMES NACK.

WHEN fortune frowns, when health departs,
When all is danger and alarm,
Despair in vain assails our hearts,
We lean on FRIENDSHIP's ready arm.

When fortune smiles, and all is bright,
When honor, wealth, and joy abound,
Whatever blessings may unite,
In LOVE the crowning bliss is found.

But all the blessings we command
Must fall by Fate's resistless shock,
Save on a rock of strength they stand—
And TRUTH is our eternal rock.

Then hail the hope, the joy, the strength,
Where Friendship, Love, and Truth entwine,
Linked in the golden chain, whose length
Shall yet the world in peace combine !

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WRECK.

A TALE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY L. WYMAN, J. P. H. P.

"Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give the world renown,
Not by martyrdom on vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown."

ON a cold and stormy morning in the month of November, 1840, the inhabitants of a small seaport bordering upon the coast of France were alarmed by well-known signals of distress. The regular sound of the booming cannon, as it reverberated along the shore, rose above the angry surging of the waves, and spoke out in tones not to be mistaken, of a vessel in distress in the distant offing.

The wind blew a cold and cheerless blast ; the sleet and hail beat with merciless violence upon the unprotected inhabitants, who, with the kindred feelings of a generous humanity, had assembled to render what assistance they might be able to offer to their fellow-beings in danger. In a short time, as daylight drew on, the beach presented one animated scene of busy life and active preparation. Ropes were procured, and boats hauled to the shore, and rafts constructed for immediate use.

Presently the wind arose, and the fog and mist rolled away from the shore, and unveiled to the view of the anxious spectators a noble vessel high upon the rocks in the offing, with signals of distress flying, and manifest signs of imminent peril and disorder apparent upon her decks. The rough surges of the sea in a few moments, united with the wind which still continued to rise, soon carried away her only remaining mast, and she lay a complete wreck, at the mercy of the gale.

The breathless silence which the sight of such imminent peril had for a moment held, as it were spell-bound, the generous feelings of the spectators on the shore, gave way to the heart's noblest affections; and as the proud ship rose and fell with each succeeding surge, and labored to sustain herself in this unequal contest with the elements, a general expression of feeling found audible utterance in the sympathetic expressions of the now active inhabitants of the sea-coast. The united efforts of the citizens soon set afloat the frail materials they had at command; and after repeated efforts to rescue their brothers in distress, notwithstanding their cries and supplications, they were at last abandoned, and with sorrowing countenances, and heavy hearts, they turned their faces in tearful reluctance from a scene of so much anguish and peril, as if unwilling to witness the distress they could not relieve.

All of a sudden, a man was seen to jump upon the bows of the vessel, and to make peculiar, and to the unpractised eyes of the inhabitants of the shore, singular

gestures, exhibiting to them evident tokens of a mind distracted by reason of imminent peril. At the first appearance of those strange gestures, at the first sound of that heart-thrilling cry, an electric chord was struck within the bosom of humanity, the recollection of which, thank God, is still permitted to rest among the treasured gems of the great heart of a noble, persevering band of philanthropists, who have the heart to obey, and the nerve to execute, the great command of Jesus, which even the strong voice of thunders cannot silence, for it cometh from the deep fountain of the heart's holiest sanctuary, and sayeth unto every one who acknowledgeth the force of the "silken tie of brotherhood"—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Simultaneously, as it were, actuated by one thought, five individuals rushed from the mass of men which thronged the shore, and seizing a boat, launched forth upon the angry billows to the rescue of the shipwrecked mariners. After a few strokes of the oars, the surges threw their frail boat back upon the shore a shattered wreck. They paused only to take another, and again breasted the treacherous wave, and with a like success; a further distance from the shore was gained, but the devoted crew were again doomed to disappointment, and their boat again dashed upon the strand. Again recovering themselves from their prostrate position, covered with bruises, and bleeding with wounds, received from coming in contact with the sharp-pointed rocks of the shore, he who seemed to be the master-

spirit among them, a stout, well-built sailor, exclaimed in a loud voice, as he shoved the third boat from the shore, "Once more, brothers, to the rescue : life for life—a brother calls : our trust is in God." And with a light bound, those fearless men again seated themselves within their frail boat ; when, as a good providence directed, the sturdy strokes of their well-directed oars sent their boat within a short distance of the vessel. A rope was thrown from it, by which a hawser was carried to the shore, thus establishing a bridge of communication, and seventy-one persons by this means were rescued from a watery grave.

The singular mode of gesticatory expression adopted by that one individual on board the ship, and that concert, that oneness of action manifested by those *five* individuals on the shore, at once awakened the inquiry, "Who is that man?" and, "Who are those men?" But for some time no knowledge was obtained which could afford the least clue to solve the "mystery of the wreck," as it was not inappropriately called.

At last the captain of the vessel, in answer to repeated inquiry, said he "had a passenger on board who was an Odd-Fellow, and who had earnestly recommended the principles of the Order to his consideration, but he knew not of him more than this. He had spoken of the circumstance of the wreck, and his singular demeanor at the time, but could elicit nothing more than a smile from him, with a recommendation to seek for, and cherish principles which, if rightly

practised, would lead men to be just in life, and happy in death."

The beauty of this tale lies not in its romance, but in its reality; the truth of the occurrence might have been read in the daily journals of the times, under the head of chapter of accidents, &c., but the principle, the foundation, the true source of deliverance, was not uttered, save as the heroic and successful effort of a few seamen to rescue others in peril. But there is a prominent feature in this narrative, which should not be lost sight of, and that is, the actors in this deed of benevolence were men of different nations: a Swede, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and two Americans, composed the crew that manned that life-boat—men who had never seen each other, probably, in the wide world before; yet all obeying with one heart, and one mind, that greatest of all commands, the command of LOVE.

BOSTON, MASS., May, 1848.

THE FELON'S FUTURE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THOMAS SCATTERGOOD, WARDEN OF THE
EASTERN PENITENTIARY, PHILADELPHIA.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"There is a future for all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy
to atone."—BULWER.

PART I.

AH me ! how wearily crept the hours
As the felon sat alone—
Shut from the haunts of his fellow-men
By barriers of massive stone.
No fire-light gleaming upon the wall—
No voices of children there,—
No wife—no friends—and his heart was filled
With sullen and lone despair.

The twilight was fading gray and cold,
And fell through the narrow bars
That shut out all, but a glimpse of heaven,
With its far-off holy stars :
Revealing the loom at which he toiled
By day, and the narrow bed
That gave no rest to his weary limbs,
No ease to his aching head.

And the bare hewn walls—how cold they were !
With the clanging iron door—
No trace of a woman's gentle hand,
From ceiling to oaken floor.
The solemn silence that reigned o'er all,
Made denser the chilling gloom ;
The felon shuddered, and closed his eyes—
It seemed like a living tomb.

He cowered closer as evening fell,
For darkness crept on apace ;
And then with the folds of his prison garb,
He covered his haggard face.
Once he had gloried in manly strength—
But bowed was his stalwart frame ;
His eyes had flashed with a clear proud light—
They were dimmed by his bitter shame.

No voice—no sound, but the measured beat
Of his heart that throbbed so wild,
For memories thronged in that lonely hour
Of his wife and gentle child.
The wife he had loved in early youth,
And cherished in manhood's prime ;
She slept in the grave—the death-stroke came
With the knowledge of his crime.

His child—oh God ! that her fair young brow
Must wear the shadow of dread !
That all should shun her as though a curse
Was resting upon her head !
Why should the innocent suffer still
The sting of another's sin ?
Yet thus it was, for the gentle girl
An outcast for years had been.

Years—many and weary years had passed
O'er the inmate of that cell—
Since last he had looked upon the face
Of her whom he loved so well.
For years he had toiled, shut-out from men,
Though nursing a fiendish hate—
Towards those who, revealing his crime and wrong,
Had doomed him this wretched fate.

The time drew near when his feet once more
Should tread in the busy track
Of life's broad paths, where the crowd would join
To thrust him—the convict—back.
He felt that the strife would be renewed,
He might not be pure again ;
His forehead would ever bear a brand
Like that of accurséd Cain.

No hope for the future lured him on—
No thought of a rest in heaven,
Which even *he* might at length attain,
With his many sins forgiven.
A gloomy vista before him rose,
Ending in darkness—death.
Beyond !—and then came a shudder wild,
With a fear that checked his breath.

Starting with mingled fear and rage,
He tossed back his matted hair,
And fiercely strode o'er the narrow floor,
Like a wild beast in his lair.
A fearful oath to the vaulted roof,
And along the walls there rang ;
While a wilder curse on his maker God,
To the lips of the prisoner sprang.

PART II.

A grating sound—and the iron door—
On its creaking hinges turned,
While the cheerful light came streaming in
From a lamp that brightly burned.
No sullen jailor, with heavy tread,
Bore rudely a stern command—
But the oath was checked, the upraised arm
Fell, touched by a gentle hand.

How mild the face by the light revealed—
How reverend the silver hair
That fell in waves from the placid brow,
Thus leaving the temples bare !
Age had but softened the clear dark eyes
That rested with looks of peace
On the reckless man, whose angry mood
Was bidden in love to cease.

“ I have brought, my son, this blessed book
To read it with thee awhile.”
But the prisoner's knotted brow grew dark,
Reflecting that holy smile.
What cared he for the promises held
By the volume loved in youth !
Its deepest curses were all for him,
And he owned their bitter truth.

Then calmly a low mild voice read on,
Though little he seemed to hear
What precious words from the Holy Writ
Were poured in his heedless ear :
The mournful tale of the erring son,
Who, grasping with eager hands
The portion his father freely gave,
Went far unto distant lands—

And wasted his gold with those who sinned
 Unchecked, in some vicious haunt,
Till all was spent, and he woke in dread
 Alone, in his cruel want.
Then he had dwelt in a mean employ,
 Till thoughts of his parent came,
Of his tender love, and then his heart
 Was melted as if by flame.

He rose, and with trembling steps drew near,
 Scarce hoping to be forgiven,
But his father fell on his neck and wept,
 With a heart by pity riven.
The reader paused—and with kindly glance,
 “*Our Father*—is God,” he said.
The convict uttered no word—no sound,
 But listened with bending head.

Again he read of the Saviour's love,
 When he came the lost to save—
Of midnight vigils—his frequent want—
 The pity he freely gave :
And how he wept by the new-made tomb
 Of one he had loved in life ;
That oft he sorrowed—and ever dwelt
 In the midst of care and strife.

Of his agony, and earnest prayer,
 On the dark and fearful night
When even those he had trusted most
 From the wrath of man took flight.
Of curses, jeers, and the crown of thorns,
 While his heart was rent in twain,
And the eager, taunting multitude,
 Who scoffed at his cruel pain.

And ere his anguish was closed in death,
He freely forgave them all;
E'en while a cloud that should veil the earth
Hung o'er them, a dismal pall.
Deeper and tremulous grew the tones—
He read of the dying thief
Entreating one he had oft reviled—
The Saviour—to give relief.

His prayer was heard, and the dying man
On the earth had closed his eyes—
Assured that he would at last be found
With his Lord, in Paradise.
“The final act of a noble life,
Remember,” the reader said,
“Was pardoning a malefactor pained
For the guilty life he'd led.

“And though thy sins are of deepest dye,
Doth our God in truth decree—
For the love of Christ, by his painful death,
They shall be forgiven thee.
If man—thy brother—should seek to stain
The soul by his God made pure,
The taunts of a viler multitude
Our Saviour did long endure.”

Tears—burning and bitter tears, fell fast
From eyes that had scarcely wept
Since, when a child, on his mother's breast
In innocence he had slept.
And the prisoner's heart was bowed in prayer,
Though his lips gave forth no sound—
While the good man gazed with looks of love,
By a sense of pity bound.

* * * * *

Months fled—and those gloomy walls were passed,
 The convict was free again,
 With a heart made pure by penitence,
 At peace with his fellow-men.
 Many a noble and worthy deed,
 Attested how changed his mood—
 Honored by those who before had spurned,
 At last in his strength he stood.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

LOVE.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

THERE may be death or peril, grief and shame,
 Cold, hollow human bonds, and stony walls,
 And stonier hearts, and solemn backward calls
 Heard in the midnight silence, when our name
 Comes to the startled ear in cadenced blame—
 Friends may fall as the dried leaf in autumn falls—
 We, in cold moonlight stand in desolate halls,
 Hearing dead branches grate the window-frame,
 Under the pressure of the winter wind.
 Yet Love will dare all these, and more—ah! more—
 Outlive the changed look—wrench back despair—
 And in his dim, deserted chambers find
 The wherewithal to comfort, to restore—
 God's manna find, left by archangel footprints there.

BROOKLYN, May, 1848.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

“Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars ; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright :
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned.”

BRYANT.

THE professor had arranged the telescope, and was about to direct the vision of Margaret, when the listless and preoccupied air of the lady arrested his attention. Cousin Harriet gently touched her shoulder, hoping Margaret would rouse herself before the professor should feel himself aggrieved by her manner ; but she muttered carelessly—

“It is of no use—I have no motive.”

The benign countenance of the old student was bent kindly, almost sorrowfully, upon her as he pointed his hand heavenward, and replied in tones that would have been indignant, had not a shade of regret mingled therewith—

“No motive to look into the hidden wisdom of the Almighty ! When He who is the giver of mind, and

the bestower of wisdom, has spread forth all the glories of the universe, saying only, 'Search, and ye shall find,' 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' not only the letter of wisdom and knowledge, but the spirit also: those sublime and consoling truths, which fill the soul with unmixed content, and lift it even to his own throne, yet we turn aside like sick and indolent children, and ask, where is the motive?"

The fine taste of Margaret was touched by this remonstrance, and the noble enthusiasm of the scholar found an echo in her own bosom.

"I will be thy pupil," she said, warmly, "but, oh! I am so sick, and weary of heart!"

The professor looked at her young face and high-toned loveliness, coupled with this heart-weariness, and the shadows of his own impassioned youth, with its vain yearnings, and never-to-be-realized aspirations, flitted like receding ghosts before him, and lent a gentleness and sympathy to his tones.

"Thou art born," he said, "not for worldly fruition, but heavenly aspirations. The best things of earth would not content thee; it is written upon thy brow, and sits in the deep shadows of thy strange eyes. Learn this, and go out of thyself."

"How—tell me how," said Margaret, eagerly, "for indeed I have felt something of this, the lack of some great motive, which might give an interest and purpose to life."

"Wait," said the professor, "watch and pray, and thy mission will be revealed to thee."

"Ah!" said Margaret, "I have not that magnanimity—the sublime patience of the blinded Milton fills me with admiration, but I cannot emulate it," and she repeated in soft tones, that told how near they sprang from the heart:

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide—
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts—*who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best*; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

A slight movement caused the group to look round, and a young man stepped forward with an easy manliness, which more than compensated for the absence of conventional polish.

"I heard a voice in recitation," he said, "and you must pardon me, if I could not go by."

The professor gave his hand kindly. "Thou shalt stay to our lesson," he said, "for I doubt not all knowledge is grateful to thee."

"I am cursed with a hungering and thirsting for it," he replied, "but the ceaseless labor of these horny hands denies me the attainment."

The professor smiled kindly ; “ Thou hast mistaken thy object ; it is not the accumulation of facts—the piling up in the mind of the details of all science and knowledge—this is not the desirable labor of a mind, but to reach those great results, whether for ourselves or others, which constitute wisdom. The meanest intellect can get knowledge, but wisdom is a rare gift, and may well be called the gift of God. Thou shouldst seek to know, not what others may have known and desire to know, but what is needful for thee, and thou wilt be content in thine appointed sphere.”

The youth pressed his hand over his eyes, and answered, “ Thou must be my teacher.”

“ I am here to give a lesson in Astronomy, and find myself converted into a didactic lecturer,” returned the professor, with one of those rare and slow-coming smiles which lent such a charm to his countenance. He continued, “ Oh ! I could teach you the best wisdom, could I induce ye to go out of self—turn aside from self in every shape and way—could I induce ye to seek truth, not because such and such things will be the consequences to yourselves, but because truth is the legitimate aliment of the human mind, and to be sought for its own sake, with patience and devotion.”

“ But toil, the daily toil of men who must eat and drink, and live by the sweat of the brow, is against this,” returned the stranger, with something like bitterness.

“ All must toil in some shape or other,” said the

scholar ; “ the curse of labor has long since been annulled, and men, in their escape from the pamperings of oriental luxury to their better development, have long hailed it as a blessing.”

The stranger waved his hand around the appliances for elegance and comfort which the apartment furnished forth, and then significantly laid his hand, hard and distorted by toil, beside the smooth soft palm of the student.

“ My room is an attic, where I scarcely keep out the cold and hunger from the couch of a mother, and others who love me.”

“ Ay !” said the student, “ ‘ others who love me ;’ that phrase has told of a world of bliss nestling about the heart. Is there no joy in such toil ? is there no longing for it to close, that the heart may expand in such an atmosphere ? does not the smile, the tear, the anguish even, balm the spirit ? For me, I am alone—I go forth nightly and commune with the heavens—I trace order and harmony, and find peace in so doing, but the balm of human affection is denied me. I descended from my seat, where I had watched, night by night, the glorious passage of bodies hid in the vastness of space, and hastened to the bedside of a dying mother. The world was waiting for the result of my observations—*the time for such would not return again for centuries* ; I was beholding mechanism and beauty that wrapt me in adoration—the world and all beside was forgotten in the magnitude and glory spread before me. The observation was complete. I heard a

sweet whisper—my name pronounced in the faintest tone, and across the path of the instrument undulating shadows passed as if a form swept by. I hastened to the side of her so loved, so honored ; I had watched too late, she was with God.”

All were silent for some time, and the stern features of the youth relaxed, as he murmured—

“ Ah, yes, this is toil—this is grief.”

“ Yet,” replied the professor, “ the hand is white, and the form unbent. But know, young man, that labor the most severe comes from the working brain, with its overtaxed and attenuated nerves, which makes the labor of the hands seem a luxury.”

“ Did you return again to your studies, after such a shock ?” asked Margaret.

“ *Yes ! what was my aching heart to a great truth needful to man ?* I crushed it aside, and wrote and wrote, and when my grief would no more be smothered, I stole aside to look upon her dead face, and wept and prayed, and then back to my toil. Men called me heartless, cold, and ambitious ; but the heart is always open to God, and there only should we have care.”

“ But it is the greatness of your study that has been able to divest you of self,” replied Margaret.

“ That may be, but all should seek for an aim which will produce a like result. I learned early in life the secret of happiness, I mean the best kind of happiness, and all can learn the same wisdom who are willing to learn.”

“ But,” said Margaret, “ why should not happiness

be insured us? Why all this strife for an attainment never to be realized?"

"It is the inequalities of society which produce all this misery," replied the young man; "the luxury of the rich, and the down-crushing labor of the poor."

"But the inequalities of society spring from the inequalities of human faculties," returned the professor.

Margaret for the first time turned her eyes upon the young man, as he stood earnest yet respectfully before them,—his manly face shaded by a look of discontent, like a man stirred with thoughts beyond the condition in which he moved. She blushed slightly as she met his look, and remarked—

"Yours is the happier condition in life: you have something to attain."

"Yes, lady; bread for myself and others."

"Nor is that all: a spirit like yours cannot be broken; and every step with you is to the better—the higher."

"Thanks—thanks," he murmured.

"But with many of us," she continued, "the motive is wanting: thanks to the achievements and labors of our ancestors, we have the heritage of blood first ennobled by great actions—by toils of some kind—a race of laborers, whether in field, or cabinet, or the cunning of the artisan; then followed wealth, which makes men equal to princes, and taste and art, the best the world can furnish, fill our houses with luxury, till the surfeited spirit longs for the fresh earth once more, and the simple appliances of the savage. All

has been done for us, and we loathe a life that has deprived us of incitement,—we condemn the noble care of our predecessors, who have done all, and left us the heritage of nothingness.”

She spoke with animation, her clear musical voice blending with the tone of her thought like a fair instrument skilfully played. The stranger listened with delight and surprise.

“Thou hast opened a new field of thought,” he replied: “I will learn to bless God for the heritage of toil. Thy lesson is the needful one to me: I will leave the stars to the future.” And bowing slightly, he retired.

CHAPTER II.

“Well, call it Friendship,—have I asked for more,
Even in those moments when I gave thee most?
'Twas but for thee I looked so far before;—
I saw thy bark was hurrying blindly on,
A guideless thing upon a dangerous coast,—
With thee—with thee—where would I not have gone!”

HOFFMAN.

MARGARET STEWART had rapidly portrayed her own condition in her slight glance at the upper classes of society; but there were other causes combined to produce that mental lassitude which she described. Lofty in intellect, she possessed likewise that rare combination of pride and tenderness of character, which, however attractive to others, is sure to produce discomfort



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to its possessor. In the course of a season passed in the country, she had found herself warmly interested in one whom she subsequently learned to be ambitious, selfish, and mentally vapid, yet master of the art of pleasing, and of a person of Apollo-like beauty. The recoil which followed, and the self-contempt she experienced at this trick of her imagination, had produced a disgust at life and its uses which she found difficult to overcome; and as one means of so doing, she had resorted to the student for instruction in that most sublime of all the sciences, Astronomy.

Every evening the professor was found giving lessons to his fair pupils; and often the young artisan, on his return from labor, paused at the portico, and gathered, as he said, "food for thought for many a weary hour." Gradually the mind of Margaret recovered its wonted tone. Her fine understanding grasped the science with clearness and vigor, while her genius expanded as if wings had been given her to soar unhindered into a higher and purer atmosphere. She shook off the littleness of discontent, the pettiness of personal exaction, and imbibed a new interest in life. If the past obtruded upon her memory, it was with less of bitterness, less of that self-discordancy which hitherto had made all emotion revolting to her.

The good professor marked the change with delight, and began to call her, not Miss Stewart, but "my friend," "my daughter," and sometimes "Margaret." She was pleased at this, and learned to appeal to his judgment—to his opinions—and finally to relieve the

pressure of her own thoughts by those many shades of intercourse, partly whim, partly sentiment, and partly that vague affectionateness which, when combined, often make women so dangerously attractive. The good man learned to wait with impatience for the hour when his "children," as he called them, should gather around him, and he unfold to appreciating intellects the solemn and beautiful truths so familiar to himself. Hitherto the stars, and the still wonders of the heavens, had absorbed his attention ; but now the buoyant, kindly tones from young and genial hearts, sent a new thrill to the breast of the student.

It so happened that an illness of some days prevented Margaret from taking her wonted position in the portico. Ralph Henchman was there, and Cousin Harriet, but the zest of instruction was lost. The brilliant perceptions of Margaret, and the thousand graces of her manner, were lacking to give the final glow to the thoughts of the good man. His pupils saw how it was, and agreed to wait till Margaret should be ready to join them. The pale cheek of the student reddened painfully, and he pressed his hand to his brow.

"True," he replied, "she is one of God's rarest creatures. I should be dull indeed, did I not feel the spell of her presence."

What passed in the mind of the solitary scholar cannot be known, but when a few days after she took her seat beside him, he took her hand gently in his—

"I have long been alone in the world—affections

have rarely been needful to me ; but now, when deprived of thee, I am doubly solitary. Wilt thou be my friend, my life-long friend, Margaret ?”

Margaret gazed an instant into his earnest clear face, and then laid her hand in his. “Always thy friend,” she said, “thy true and grateful friend.”

The student bent his head and kissed her forehead. “Sometimes let me kiss thy brow, and I am content. Look how yon moon moves onward to the zenith ; queen-like she moves, and the attending waters crowd her pathway, making a passage in the great deep for them that go down to the sea in ships. Two tides follow her movements, the one attendant on her own sweet way, and the other impelled to an opposite point. I have sometimes thought, such is the influence of goodness combined with beauty ; the good and the true are instinctively impelled thereto, while the evil find themselves repelled.”

Margaret smiled. “I must commend thy taste, my dear friend, in that thou hast found a sentiment of beauty in the moon, and hast not taken occasion to liken her unto the fickleness of woman.”

It was now the turn of Ralph to look with discomfort. He leaned against the column, and his eyes followed the hand of the professor as he spoke, and then rested upon the face of Margaret.

“I am the only unwise one, and the only isolated one here,” he murmured.

“Not unwise, surely ; and why shouldst thou be solitary ?” said Margaret.

“The tone of thy voice, thy own manner, is the best answer,” retorted the young man, “if such are both, in one so truly noble and gentle, what would be the manner of the whole class to which thou art allied, to one like me !”

At first, Margaret listened with surprise ; but, relieved by the close of the sentence, she gave him her hand cordially.

“Nay, thou art too sensitive ; thy noble manliness is the best inheritance.”

The youth looked into her face, so full of woman’s loveliness and truth, and whispered, as if half unconsciously,

“I was about to ask thee to be my friend likewise ; but—”

Margaret again extended her hand, but he turned away.

“Nay, nay, it is a mockery,” he said.

She read the thought in his heart, and was silent. She felt that the friendship of Ralph Henchman was not that of the professor. The student saw it likewise, and half regretted the influence to which he had exposed the young man.

The season passed away, and the winter constellations marshalled the heavens with their grandeur and beauty. Orion, armed and belted, moves through the azure way ; Sirius shows his clear blue rays ; and Arcturus and the Pleiades recall the associations of Holy Writ, where, in the sublimest of all poems, the ancient stars are cited as great in power, or benign in influ-

ence. Still did Ralph Henchman linger about the observatory of the professor at the close of his labor, nightly resolving to go no more there; and when the night came, and the stars were out, or the storm rattling against the casement, he moved uneasily to and fro, and at length found himself listening to the professor—some—but more to the voice or the faintest movement of Margaret.

One evening the good professor laid his hand upon the arm of the young man, as he was about to leave, soon after the withdrawal of the ladies.

“Ralph,” he said, “it is not well for thee to be here.”

“I know it,” said the young man. “I feel it is folly, madness—that these hours will color my whole life—fill me with bitterness and discontent, yet I dare them all; the luxury of this wild love, hopeless as it is, fills me with an intoxicating bliss. It is as if the spirit at least had overstepped the impediments of birth, and there I am the equal of Margaret.”

He spoke with depth and firmness, and the good professor grieved in his heart for him. Accustomed to thought only, the conventionalisms of society weighed little, because unstudied by him, and he could see no obstacles to an attachment, provided it was mutual; he therefore replied earnestly,

“God forbid that you should talk or feel in this way. Margaret is not indifferent to you. I have watched her narrowly. I have seen her eye turn from the polished and the rich, watching for your coming.”

“Ay,” said the youth, “mine is a fresh mind, its phases new to her; and she sees the wild idolatry with which I worship her. She is mad to think upon me at all; and yet, God forgive me, life is less terrible to me, knowing, feeling that she does not scorn me.”

A faint cry and a fall caused the parties to turn. Margaret had leaned heavily against the wainscot, but her consciousness remained; and when the professor placed her in a chair, the tears gushed to her eyes, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed audibly. The youth stood as transfixed, pale and silent like marble, his strong hand grasping the arm of a chair, and his breast expanded as if respiration had ceased. “Say only that you do not despise me,” he murmured.

Margaret looked up. “God forbid,” she replied; “I returned for a book, and heard my name—too much I heard—forgive me;” and she tried to rise, but was unable.

Ralph approached and stood near her.

“Miss Stewart, the way is broken, and I must speak. That I love you next to the hopes of my salvation, I feel in my own heart. That you do not scorn me, ay, that I am not indifferent to you, has made me an humbler, a better man. I shall nightly bless God that creatures like yourself sometimes walk this cold, hard world. I will be all that one who has raised a thought in a breast like thine should be—farewell.” He raised her hand to his lips, and turned away.

“Ralph!” he turned—“Margaret!” and the tears

sprang to his eyes—sinking upon one knee, he went on passionately—

“We must part—it is all madness—look at this rough frame hardened by labor, this hand callous by toil ! Thou—a rose-leaf would annoy thee : thy taste would recoil from me, and my pride would make me jealous, cruel, mad ! I am of the people, and must ‘brunt the fight ;’ but thou, thou art God’s child of song, and passion, and beauty ; wildly, wildly do I love thee,” and clasping her one moment in his arms, their lips met, and then he laid her gently in her chair, and went forth in silence.

Hour after hour the good professor sat by his friend, nor did he reproach her, though she wept in helpless silence. As the morning star appeared, white and clear in the horizon, he touched her hand, “Look, Margaret, the earth is called forth to the contest, but a star of beauty and peace is the herald.”

Margaret lifted her head ; “Oh ! that the grave would hide me,” she murmured.

“Nay, nay, thou hast Friendship—that will not fail thee,” said the professor, kindly.

“And Love, too,” responded Margaret, “all that deserves the name.”

“Yet thy way is solitary,” replied the good man ; “what hast thou besides ?”

“Truth !” replied Margaret, with kindling eye—“Truth, the soul’s best jewel, the well of life springing up to eternal blessedness. I will betake me to my mission, and be at peace.”

"Thou wilt learn the secret, which I have learned then," said the student, meekly.

"What is that?" asked the other.

"That earth holds no such thing as perfect happiness, but the secret of the best she affords is employment, a steady exercise of the faculties which God has given us, not to be buried in idleness, but to be used."

Margaret bowed her head.

"Thou art a poet, Margaret; use thy gift, and be happy therein; it is all that is designed thee on earth, therein thou shalt evolve truth, and find peace."

Touched as by a new inspiration, the girl threw her fingers across the harp, and poured out a wild tribute to Her, the remote and the beautiful, who stands as the type of woman, when endowed with the sublime gift of song.

ODE TO SAPPHO.

Bright, glowing Sappho! child of love and song,
Adown the blueness of long distant years
Beams forth thy glorious shape, and steals along
Thy melting tones beguiling us to tears.
Thou priestess of great hearts,
Thrilled with the secret fire
By which a God imparts
The anguish of desire.
For meaner souls be mean content,
Thine is a higher element!

Over Leucasta's rock thou leanest yet,
With thy wild song, and all thy locks outspread;

The stars are in thine eyes—the moon hath set—

The night-dew falls upon thy radiant head.

And thy resounding lyre,

Ah ! not so wildly sway—

Thy soulful lips inspire

And steal our hearts away.

Swan-like and beautiful thy dirge,

Floats from the lone Ægean surge !

No unrequited love filled thy sad heart,

But thine infinitude did on thee weigh,

And all the wildness of despair impart,

Stealing the down from hope's own wing away.

Couldst thou not suffer on,

Bearing the direful pang,

While thy melodious tone

Through wondering cities rang ?

Oh ! couldst thou not with this grow strong,

And upward bear thy heart, thou child of song ?

Devotion, fervor might upon thee wait ;

But what were these to thine ! all cold and chill,

And left thy burning heart but desolate—

Thy wondrous beauty with despair might fill

The worshipper who bent

Entranced at thy feet ;

Too affluent the dower lent,

Where song and beauty meet.

Consumed by a Promethean fire

Wert thou, oh ! daughter of the lyre.

Alone, above Leucasta's wave art thou,

Most beautiful, most gifted—yet alone :

Ah ! what to thee the crown from Pindar's brow,

What the loud plaudit, and the garlands thrown

By the enraptured throng,
When thou in matchless grace
Didst move with lyre and song,
And monarchs gave thee place !
What hast thou left, proud one, what token ?
Alas ! a lute and heart—both broken !

BROOKLYN, L. I., May, 1848.

EARLY MEMORIES.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

THE memories of early years,
How fondly do they cling
Around the heart, and soothe its woes,
With their soft murmuring !
And yet, there is a sadness breathed
Amid their sweetest tones,
As when, of her fond mate bereft,
Some loving turtle moans.

The memory of a mother's tears,
And oft-repeated prayer,
A father's kind but firm reproof,
A sister's gentle care,
A brother's warm protection shown,
A schoolmate's ardent truth,
These cluster round the later dreams
We have of early youth.

But soon the vision flies, and leaves
A sicklier gloom behind ;
We see the woes of hopes betrayed,
The sorrows of the mind,
The anguish of the bursting heart,
And all the ills we learn :
Ah ! Memory's refluant waves are dark,
Why should they e'er return ?

Why should they e'er return ? because
We need this constant strife
To 'mind us that perpetual bliss
Is not the sum of life.
The future we have power to fill
With joys that ever last—
The present we may mould at will,
But cannot change the past !

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

TEARS.

BY P. D. G. M. RICHARD GAGGIN.

TELL me not that sin can claim
Kindred with one human tear,
From its source divine it came
All our sympathies to share.
Tears of love, of joy, of grief,
Give the burden'd soul relief.

As the pearly dew of morn
 Bathes the budding virgin flowers,
So with us at life's first dawn,
 Tears of innocence were ours,
Which to infant souls are given
From the crystal fount of heaven.

When temptation's snares betray,
 And from innocence we fall—
When from virtue's paths we stray,
 And for aid divine we call,
Tears of penitence are given
From the mercy fount of heaven.

As the parchéd land, in turn
 Needs the sweet refreshing shower,
So when earthly passions burn
 The soul, it needs the tearful hour,
And affliction's tears are given,
From the cooling fount of heaven.

Go where friends their vigils keep
 O'er their loves, when beauty's fled,
Go where hearts must break or weep
 O'er the dying and the dead,
There affection's tears are given
From the fount of love in heaven.

Say not then that sin and shame
 Can create a human tear,
From its source divine it came,
 In our sympathies to share.
Tears of love, of joy, of grief,
Give the burden'd soul relief.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE;
OR,
THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

A SIMPLE STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY MRS. E. Z. C. JUDSON.

WASHINGTON IRVING has never mentioned the name of Heimer Hendricberg in any of his inimitable Knickerbocker tales, yet an individual of that name lives near "Sleepy Hollow," who is really a *character*!

He is now very wealthy, one of the richest men in his county; but his fortune has been amassed by himself during years of steady industry and persevering economy. His house is a large and elegantly furnished dwelling, and his farm has not a superior in the state.

Mr. H. is a very queer man—so say his neighbors; but there are no charges against his honesty; he never was known to tell a lie; he is charitable where charity is really *needed*; and at the same time is firmly opposed to all humbuggery, and does *not* belong to "The society for furnishing the Hottentots with woollen blankets and silk bonnets."

He gave a feast last winter, and this story is devoted to a description of it. He issued his cards of invitation, and from his known wealth, the happy-invited expected a most magnificent entertainment. The ex-

pected order of affairs was a dinner ; then a dance ; and to close all, an elegant supper.

The day came, and the guests, on arriving, found themselves received by servants, who were dressed in the quaint and singular garb of the serving-men of 1650-80, &c., and upon being ushered into the large *kitchen* of their host's house, they found him there, also dressed in the same old and odd fashion.

A long, plain table, without a cloth, was covered with wooden plates and horn cups, and every thing, though *clean*, looked coarse and homely.

At last the guests were seated, wondering what kind of a feast Mr. H. intended to give them. It came in, was placed upon the table in large wooden bowls, and then the servants left the guests to help themselves. Their meal consisted of large platters of boiled pork and cabbage, a few dishes of sour-kraut, coarse brown bread, and a horn cup of beer before each person.

The guests looked with astonishment upon their fare. Some of the ladies turned up their noses at it, others whispered an intention to faint, and all looked daggers at Mr. H., who, quietly seated at the head of his table, urged his friends to "fall to, and eat, drink, and be merry."

But a poor meal did they make of it. Grumblings were whispered from one to the other, about "the meanness of Mr. H., and he so rich !" It was declared to be "positively shocking," "beyond endurance," "insulting," &c.

But Mr. H. pretended not to hear or notice the

general disappointment, or to see the dark looks which were showered upon him. The guests were forced to make their meal with as good a grace as possible, but they hurried through, and soon appeared ready to rise.

Seeing this, Mr. H. arose, and calling a servant, bade him open the door which led from the kitchen into the main house, and the guests at once saw, in the large dining-room before them, a table set out in the richest manner, according to the latest style. Servants in neat and tasty liveries were in waiting, and the guests were ushered in with music, which was given by a fine band from an adjoining room.

They found upon this table every luxury which the markets of this or other countries could produce. The tables were actually *loaded* with a profusion of the rarest delicacies. Wines of every description were circulated, and the guests were at once satisfied that they never before had sat down to such a feast. Dark looks disappeared—smiles replaced them; mutterings of discontent were heard no more—praises were loud and frequent.

But at last the appetites of all were satiated. Healths were given and drank; their "*generous* host" was toasted, and they began to think it was time for the dance to begin. The music sounded in the ball-room, the door of which being now thrown open, they could see that the apartment was elegantly ornamented with flags and flowers, and so lighted as best to display the beauties who were so soon to adorn it. The guests arose to enter it.

"Stay one moment, my friends, if you please," said Mr. H., "I have a few words to say to you."

The guests reseated themselves, and Mr. H. continued :

"In the entertainment I have given you this evening, I have endeavored to inculcate a lesson, one which I feel will be of use to many of you, because by your very looks and manners a short time since, I perceive that you have forgotten that which I wished you to *remember*—which none of us ever should forget,—our origin, and the plain manners and homely but substantial style of our ancestors."

Some of the guests began to look uneasy—the truth came home rather unpleasantly to them.

Mr. H. continued : "When I first came to this spot, I was very glad to get so good a meal as was set before you at first ; I did not often have one so good, and when I ate it, my food was seasoned with the fatigue of labor, and the thought that I had earned each mouthful. I have prospered, and am able to live in a richer style : but I do not wish to, I *never can*, forget the good old days of pork and cabbage.

"We are all too apt to do so—a false pride prevents us from *acknowledging* those times, even if we *do* remember them.

"So with the governments of our states and cities. In those good old days of the early settlement of this country, a few simple rules and laws, founded on good sense and executed with moderation and justice, sufficed to govern all, and to keep our people happy, quiet,

and peaceful; *lawyers* were not even known as *curiosities*, and few, *very* few crimes were committed. The women were virtuous—the men honest; drunkards were not; the tears of the wronged did not wet the earth; the cries of the injured did not fall upon the ear. Those were the days of pork and cabbage.

“Now, we have thousands of laws, hundreds of new-fangled notions of luxury and fashion. *Simplicity* is no more. Lawyers are as thick as June-bugs in a cucumber-patch—old rules are abolished, new ones are introduced; and though we have thrice the show and bustle, we have not one-tenth of the solid purity and honesty of our ancestors. Chastity *now* has got to be a great *virtue*; honesty a rare and a praiseworthy thing. The days of pork and cabbage have indeed passed away! We have *improved*, folks say. Alas and alack for *such* improvement!

“If we will only remember and not blush for the past—if we will not feel ashamed of the wooden platters and honest homeliness of our ancestors, there is yet some hope for us. If we would not work new-fangled notions and quarrelsome devices into our systems of government, but stick to the old rules of moderation, common sense, and impartial justice, we would get along very well, and be much happier.”

Mr. II. here closed his remarks, and invited his guests into the dancing-room, where they proceeded to enjoy themselves; but it will be a long time ere they forget the *lesson* of that evening.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

INSCRIBED TO N. L. FOSTER, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY LOUISA.

As travellers o'er the desert sands
Behold with joy the waters clear—
Ah ! even thus the *soul* expands,
When, passing on mid many a tear,
We see those forms, as angels bright,
Descending from their home above,
Imparting beauty to our sight—
Sweet Friendship, Truth, and heavenly Love !

Ah ! who could bear life's gloomy day,
With all its sorrow and its sin,
Did not some heaven-directed ray
Illumine all the heart within ?
'Tis not the dazzling meteor light
Which Fancy threw o'er hours of youth,
But that which beams o'er Death's dark night
From Friendship, Love, and holy Truth.

Hark ! from that lowly cottage home
There come the tones of peace and prayer,
From hearts that ever upward roam,
To commune with their *Father* there :
Not *theirs* the wealth which counts its store,
For they have treasures far above—
The wealth of *mind*, which evermore
Delights in Friendship, Truth, and Love.

Ah ! by that couch a *brother* bends ;
The feeble light is waning fast,
And his full heart in prayer ascends,
As the poor sufferer breathes his last :—
Afar from childhood's home and friends,
He laid him down to die in youth,
Yet on his heart sweet peace descends
From Friendship, Love, and blesséd Truth :—

For in that stranger-land he found
Warm hearts that beat with love for him,
Who made all blessings to abound,
When strength was gone and eyes were dim ;
Who watched with an untiring zeal,
Till garnered were his hopes above,
And made his heart to truly feel
The charms of Friendship, Truth, and Love.

By her loved dead the widow stands,—
No longer earth hath joy for her :
That love, so powerful in its bands,
No more on earth her heart will stir ;
The music of that voice, which erst
Won her deep heart in days of youth,
In purer skies shall be the first
To speak to her of Love and Truth.

Nor lonely *here* shall be her lot,
For brethren, with affection true,
Shall tell her she is not forgot,
And wipe the starting tear from view,—
Shall bid her trust, in faith and prayer,
To meet her cherished one above,
“Where love is freed from doubt and care”—
The *home* of Friendship, Truth, and Love.

MILLINGTON, CONN., May, 1848.

A DEVOTIONAL THOUGHT.

WRITTEN ON ENTERING SAVANNAH HARBOR, SATURDAY EVE, JAN. 8, 1848

BY N. LANESFORD FOSTER.

I.

YE nightly orbs of twinkling flame,
That speak God's praise with borrowed light,
Teach man to praise his Maker's name
With heart and soul, with mind and might :
To render back HIS GIFTS in praise—
Man, too, but gives what he receives ;
Like you, reflects but borrowed rays,
And only by God's bounty lives.
For every gift from God descends,
Whose guardian care His works defends.

II.

What thoughts ennobling fill the heart,
As we your gilded dome survey ;
A GOD we see in every part—
His power these beauteous orbs display !
Here, the rash atheist sinks in dread,
Who claims these worlds the work of *chance* ;
He owns a GOD—whose wisdom said,
“ From nothing let a world advance ! ”
When, at His word, sprang forth the Light
From regions of chaotic night !

III.

As, in pale Cynthia's beauteous ray,
 And in your feeble stellar light,
 We view the Power who made the day,
 And planned this gorgeous zone of night ;—
 Our soul's Creator, too, we see,—
 The SOUL—bright effluence of our God,—
 That ransomed soul, from sin set free,
 Washed in the SAVIOUR's precious blood !
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain !—
 Let not His blood be shed in vain.

GEORGIA, January, 1848.

 THE SPIRIT WORLD.

BY THOMAS B. THAYER.

THAT world, that world of holiness,
 Where all is bright and pure,
 And all that's good and beautiful
 Forever shall endure—
 How gladly and triumphantly,
 When freed from chains of earth,
 To breathe its immortality,
 The spirit will go forth !

That world, that world of blessedness,
 Where, mid unclouded light,
 The glories of the LIVING ONE
 Snall burst upon the sight—
 How joyfully, how gratefully,
 The ransomed will bow down,
 And worship Him who giveth them
 The never-fading crown !

That world, that world of purity,
Of endless life and bliss—
How strikingly, how gloriously,
That world contrasts with this !
Here sin and suffering meet us,
And painful doubts and fears,
And death with all its bitterness,
And grief with burning tears :

But there the Father wipes away
All tears with his own hand,
And sinfulness and suffering
Are strangers in the land ;
And death, the last dread enemy,
Can never enter there,
To steal away our cherished ones,
The beautiful and fair.

No, naught can break the golden cords
Of that bright world above ;
Our union shall be endless there,
As endless as our love.
And there no night for evermore
Shall darken on our way,
Which, lifting upward, brighter grows
Through everlasting day !

This is the great inheritance
Of Truth, and Love, and Grace,
The spirit's glorious festival
Before the Father's face.
And when the last, loud wakening trump
Invites his children all,
Then gladly and triumphantly
Will they obey the call !

BROOKLYN, L. I., May, 1848.

DISTRESS—SELFISHNESS—BENEVOLENCE.

BY B. R. BARLOW.

“ Make thyself rich, thy brother's right defraud,
And poverty shall be thy plague :
Scatter thy stores, thy brother's wants relieve,
And wealth thy garners full shall crowd.”

“ NAY, Henry, do not go out to-day ; that dreadful cough will rack your frame to pieces. Stay at home, and let me nurse you. One day will not be much to lose, and so long you have suffered that you need repose.”

“ No, Mary, it will not do. It is so long since I have had employment, that it will not do to lose it now. 'Tis but a slight cold, and I shall soon get rid of it. So don't be troubled, dearest.”

Henry Marsh went forth from his humble dwelling with a smile upon his features, but a sad heart beat slowly in his bosom. *There* his wife and little ones met him with gentle, soothing love. Want had not yet settled down upon that household. Exertion of every nerve, on his part, and strict, cheerful economy on the part of his gentle wife, buoyed them above need. But in his mind there rose up fearful anticipations of scenes where sorrow and want should visit

those dearer to him than health and repose—than life itself. Therefore, while strength remained, he toiled on, and therefore a weight lay heavily upon his heart. He felt that disease was upon him, and that soon his energies would be paralyzed, and his body prostrate ; and, more than all, the future presented no cheering probability for happiness to those he loved.

Not many days elapsed before that he feared came upon him. His frame was overtaken, and he sank upon the sick-bed. Days of sickness, and anxious hopes for the return of strength, lengthened into weeks and months. His means were rapidly decreasing, by the expenses of his family and his own necessities. Some friends there were who stood beside the sick-bed, and cheered the sinking spirits of the sufferer. Those who were his associates, for a time visited his dwelling. As months rolled by, his case ceased to call forth their active sympathies, until, with emaciated frame and broken constitution, he found himself somewhat relieved of the pressure of disease ; but comparatively alone, and with scarce a dollar to meet the exigencies of his wants.

His wife, with the gentleness and self-sacrifice only peculiar to woman, bore bravely up against the tide of adversity that threatened to overwhelm them. Without a murmur, nay, even with a smile and a cheering word, she ministered to his wants. When the clouds of sorrow seemed to lower darkest around their heads, she saw through and beyond them the pledge of Him who would never leave nor forsake them that be His.

Night after night, she watched by his bedside, like an angel of comfort beside his weary couch. When despondency settled upon his mind, she sought to lead his thoughts to the Father in heaven, who "doeth all things well," and with strong faith whispered, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

How warmly would her husband utter his thanks for her consoling words, and she answered him with the gentle pressure of the hand, and the affectionate kiss.

Servants were discharged, to reduce expenses—while tears started to their eyes through sympathy for her distress. No sacrifice was too great for his comfort, who was so dear to her.

Ere long the last penny was gone, and with anxious heart the wife pondered what was next to be done. Her nature shrunk instinctively from the thought of sacrificing the articles of jewelry that had been received from him who now would suffer for things necessary to his condition. But one after another, unnoticed by her husband, they were disposed of, until they, too, failed. Then there came a cloud upon her brow, and it shed its influence upon the sick man's countenance, and with wakened suspicion, he asked—

"Mary, tell me, is all gone?"

"My dear, do not look so sad," she replied. "Some way will be provided for the relief of our necessities. I can provide for you, dear Henry," and with such-like kind words she soothed his troubles.

Not long he hesitated as to his course. He knew the gentleness with which she would resist his exertion to aid himself now in his great weakness. But still he resolved to make one more attempt. He possessed several articles of jewelry of inestimable value to him as mementoes of those loved and lost. He knew them to be intrinsically worth two hundred dollars, or more. These he resolved to pledge to a gentleman of wealth, whom he was sure would kindly relieve his pressing wants. Wrapping himself carefully in his surtout, he sallied forth, unnoticed by Mary.

* * * * *

Mr. George Wilson, or Deacon Wilson, by which title he was more familiarly known, stood behind his desk making up his accounts for the day, previous to riding to his home in the carriage that waited for him at the door. Package after package of bank-bills were successively laid away in his safe ; for Mr. Wilson, in connection with his commercial pursuits, was also a dealer in money. His operations for the day had been large and profitable. As he made this remark, the door of his counting-room opened, and a gentleman was announced as wishing to see Mr. Wilson. The person thus ushered in, immediately sank upon a chair, evidently greatly fatigued. After a moment's quiet, he rose and stepped towards Mr. Wilson, at the same time taking off his hat, causing that gentleman to exclaim—

“Why, bless me, Mr. Marsh, how greatly you are altered ! Sir, I am sorry to see you so ill. Pray, be seated.”

“Thank you,” replied Henry Marsh, feebly, as he drew a chair and sat down; “I have been long confined at home; this is my first venture out, for some months.”

“Indeed! we scarce knew you were unwell,” was the consoling reply.

Henry in few words stated his necessities, and his errand at Mr. Wilson’s office. As he proceeded in his narrative, his hopes began to rise; he fancied he saw the evidence of success in the manner in which his watch, chain, and other valuables were examined, and he modestly asked the loan of one hundred dollars. But how sadly were those hopes disappointed, as Mr. W. coldly returned them to him, saying—

“I have no doubt, Mr. Marsh, they are richly worth the sum you desire for them, and I should be happy to accommodate you; but really, I have not—”

“My dear sir,” eagerly interrupted Henry, as he thought of his suffering family, and trembled to hear the finish of the sentence—“a part of the money, a small part, now, and the remainder at your convenience, will meet my necessities.”

“I am very sorry,” continued Mr. W., while his conscience appeared to smite him a little, “I am very sorry that I cannot oblige you, Mr. Marsh, but really, my money arrangements will require all my funds, and I do not see how I can spare that much.”

“For God’s sake, and as you love your own family,” said Henry, rising, “do not leave me destitute! I cannot go further; I shall scarce reach home as it is:

give me something, any thing you please, only deprive me not of my last hope !”

“ Let me see,” said Mr. W., and he again examined the articles, and saw their value : “ I will give you fifty dollars for the jewelry ; but really, I hardly see how I can.”

Eagerly Henry delivered over the precious relics of those who had loved and guarded him ; because his love for the living was too great to be balanced by memory of the dead, and joy at the receipt of such a sum completely blinded him to the sacrifice at which it was obtained. Seizing the money, he departed with a firmer step for his home, to gladden with his presence those who waited anxiously for his return ; and to give the reason for his expedition.

Mr. Wilson put the jewelry in his pocket, remarking how well they would answer for his daughter, as additional ornaments, with the more satisfaction that they were obtained at so reasonable a price. Stepping into his carriage, he was rolled away to his residence, well satisfied with his day’s business.

Follow him further in life. Years rolled by, and in their course brought great additions to the wealth of Mr. Wilson. Men spoke well of him, as a shrewd business man—strict in meeting his engagements. To be sure, he had long practised upon the principle, “ hard, but honest,” but he was liberal in giving to charitable objects. He did but practise upon the rule, that what his charity impairs, he saved by prudence in affairs. He added house to house, and field to field—

but if men saw fit to mortgage their property for less than it was worth, Mr. Wilson was not to blame for accommodating them with what they wished. Riches increased upon him, and he congratulated himself that his hand and his wisdom had so well succeeded. His family increased in stature and in beauty, and son and daughter ruled the fashion in their circle. They were flattered, and their society courted, and all seemed well.

But, "there is that withholdeth more than is mete, and it tendeth to poverty." Years rolled on, and the daughter died, a victim to luxury and dissipation. The wife and infant together died and were buried. The son, the pride of his father, launched upon the world without stability of character, became intemperate, and finished the life of a gambler by forgery and suicide, leaving these words in a letter open in his hand, as a sad commentary upon unlawful gain and pleasure :
"Father, forgive me—the deed is done !"

Ruined by a series of mishaps, broken in fortune and in heart, lonely and desolate, George Wilson sat down in old age to muse on former days, and vainly to regret many of the acts of the past.

* * * * *

Unnoticed by Henry Marsh, there sat in the corner of Mr. Wilson's counting-room an attentive though invisible hearer, whose heart beat quicker and warmer as he heard the simple statement of Henry's wants : his sympathies were deeply enlisted, and so soon as the latter left the office, he rose, and bidding Mr. Wil-

son good-day, departed for his home. He was a man of benevolent countenance, the mirror of a peaceful conscience, and a quiet mind. So thoroughly were his sympathies aroused, that he noticed nothing passing around him, but with rapid steps he sped along; and as he thought, a smile settled upon his countenance, and his pace quickened a very little. Soon he reached his home, a moderate-sized house in a genteel neighborhood, with none of the fashionable display of wealth, but every stone of which seemed to speak of comfort and peace. His summons was soon answered, and he entered and was met by his wife with the token of affectionate joy, though at once inquiring what brought him thus early home, for his engagements in the humbler business of life forbade him the waste of time.

Charles Wheadon was a cabinet-maker, who by industry and perseverance, by strict integrity and generous liberality, had won the confidence and esteem of his extensive acquaintance. His business was flourishing—so much so, that by prudence in the *use* of his income, he laid by in store for the future, and at the same time found means to gratify the benevolent promptings of his heart. In all his plans for the present and the future, he found a ready sympathy in the companion of his bosom, and was often heard to declare, that the greatest treasure they shared between them, was the remembrance of the comfort and joy they had been enabled to administer, and the blessings that were showered upon them as the only return the recipients of their bounty were able to make. Not to extend:

He at once imparted to his wife the facts he had learned, closing his account by saying: "I feel sure his necessities are great, for he submitted to great sacrifice, rather than return empty-handed. Sympathy and assistance will be welcome there. And now, Emma, what can we do for them? We may not do much, but what little we can, may, by God's blessing, be much to them."

"They are our neighbors, Charles, and I will make bold to call upon them, and offer my assistance: it will not be received unkindly, I am sure, for I have noticed of late the careful expression of Mrs. Marsh's countenance. Shall I call there this afternoon?"

"At once, if you are disengaged," replied the husband.

With alacrity her preparations were made, and Emma Wheadon sallied forth on her errand of mercy, while her generous partner, with a glowing heart, returned to his wareroom.

* * * * *

Henry Marsh reached his home exhausted by his exertions, and laying down the money he had received from Mr. Wilson, sank insensible upon his bed. Long and death-like was the swoon that ensued. His spirit scarce hovered over his pallid brow; the cold sweat stood upon his face, and nature seemed to yield to death. Hope spread her wings to flee away from Mary's heart, while deep anguish racked its every chord. In vain she applied restoratives to his feeble body; in vain she sought to aid that struggling nature.

Then came the stunning conviction that he must die, with all its chilling sense of lonesomeness and despair. Yet she did not despair. Her hope and confidence rose in that trying moment far above human help, and stayed itself on the promise of One mighty to save. So intent was she upon her office of love, that she heard not a gentle tap at the door, which was opened by her daughter, and Emma Wheadon entered, and at once perceiving her distress, with a kind word of sympathy and encouragement, which fell with soothing sweetness upon Mary's ear, she at once laid aside her cloak, and gave her assistance in restoring Henry Marsh to animation, which was slowly accomplished.

How warmly Mary told her thanks for this timely aid, and how rich the reward which Emma received, for this act of sisterly affection, none can know, who have not given or received such kindness. It is needless to say, that from that moment the two were friends. The heart of the two wives had met in deep sympathy at a point of mutual interest, a husband's life, and ceremony was out of place. Mary found a breast that responded to her every hope and fear; and unhesitatingly Henry's sufferings, self-denial, and wants were made known. It was not in complaint she spoke; but she seemed to find another self in Emma, to whom she might make known her hopes and fears. Ardent sympathy was enkindled in the breast of the latter, and spoke in words of consolation and encouragement to the tried spirit of the invalid's wife. When Emma, with a promise again to visit them, set out on her return

home, it was with a heart glowing with a saddened sweetness, that ever attends the visit of love to the house of mourning. Mary, too, felt that God was good, and a fervent thanksgiving ascended from her trembling heart, for the consolations that attended even her hours of sorrow.

Upon Henry's heart there descended an influence of peace, as he witnessed the kind sympathy manifested towards his wife, which continued and increased as he slowly but surely sank into the grave. Not many days elapsed, before Henry was able to earn a small sum by the employment of his pen, as a copyist, during the intervals of quiet from pain and weakness. Through the kindness of Mr. Wheadon, much of this employment was brought to him, thus preserving somewhat the sum received from Mr. Wilson. Through the delicate attention of Emma Wheadon, that fifty dollars was seldom trenched upon for any thing but articles of medicine, until Henry was able to exert himself. Those unassuming acts of love, which fall like dew-drops upon the heart, so minute and yet so refreshing, brought forth in the heart of her who gave, and the one who received, the sweet flowers of love, confidence, sympathy, and joy. Emma felt that she was loved, and Mary looked upon her as an ambassadress of peace and goodness.

Truly Charles Wheadon and his wife shared the greatest of earth's blessings, when seated in their own home of comfort, in the recollection of the joy and happiness they had been instrumental in shedding

around the dwelling of the poor, and the bedside of the sick. Is there happiness in the consciousness that many hearts habitually send up petitions for blessings on the head of the benevolent?—they had it. Is there satisfaction in the consciousness that to the utmost of our ability we have relieved the wants of others?—they had it. Is there peace in the assurance that no one has suffered through our injustice or neglect?—they had it. Is there hope in the knowledge that so far as God gives the ability, we are using our talents in his service, and for his glory?—they had it. And in peace and prosperity they lived to see their children an honor to their age, beloved and lovely in the eyes of all, and gave up their spirits into the hands of their Maker, in the happy hope that He who had begun the good work in them, would carry it on unto the completion. Brothers, choose!

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE, AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE SPIRIT OF ASSOCIATION.

BY P. G. WILLIAM W. WALLACE.

THE subject selected for our contemplation is one of no ordinary moment. It involves in its consideration many particulars of vital importance to ourselves, and to our race. The present age, however depreciated in the estimation of some minds, is nevertheless one of the most important and interesting in this world's history. We stand, as it were, upon a lofty eminence—a point midway the past and the future. We compare the present aspect of things with what existed in bygone days, and our minds are overwhelmed with emotions of indescribable and unutterable admiration and pleasure. Judging of the future by events that have transpired, and are transpiring, the interest we feel in the prospect before us, rises higher and yet higher—strikes deeper and yet deeper, until human language becomes too meager to give intelligible utterance to the deep working of our hearts.

To say that the present age is an age of bold experiment, is to say too little in its commendation ; it is an age of varied and successful effort—of refined and dis-

criminating intelligence, benevolence, and charity; and to embody in one word the Spirit of the Age itself, we would add, however offensive the term may appear to diseased and over-sensitive minds—an age of progress. When the inquiry comes up from the great deep of the human heart, “Watchman, what of the night?” deep answereth to deep, “The signs of the times are ominous of brighter, purer, better, and happier days.” These signs stand forth in bold relief—they meet the inquirer at every point of observation, and indicate the approach of that desirable period long predicted by ancient sages, when “the wilderness, and the solitary places are to be glad, and the desert is to blossom and rejoice as the rose.” Already, the clouds of darkness that once overhung and enshrouded the world in error, superstition, and ruin, are being rolled back upon themselves, and the day has not only dawned, but the unclouded light of Heaven is shining with increased brightness and glory upon our race, and as a consequence, the march of humanity is onward and upward.

The present age! This is a vast theme, demanding volumes. An age is needed to expound an age, and of course but little can be expected in a few brief remarks. This age is the result—the issue of all former ages. All are pouring and emptying themselves into it. The struggles, passions, discoveries, and revolutions of all former times, survive in their influence on the present moment. To interpret the present fairly and fully, we must understand and unfold the past. I

would not speak disparagingly of the past, or censure too severely those who have preceded us on the theatre of life. They all played their parts, and perhaps did well, considering the circumstances under which they were placed. But while we make due allowance for those who lived before us, and admit that *here* and *there*, *now* and *then*, something was done by the wiser and better part of our race to improve the condition of the world, at the same time we are compelled to say that but little, comparatively speaking, was done to elevate and better the condition of the race generally.

Men are now acting upon a more extensive scale. We cast our eyes around us, and find that scarcely any object having for its aim the advancement and elevation of our race, remains unnoticed. The broad hand of benevolence and love is grasping and bringing into requisition every agency that can be employed in this great and glorious work. And to the credit of the age, it may be said, that every exertion of this kind, however feeble and unpromising, is attended with a success not only far beyond the fears of the timid and doubtful, but exceeding even the most sanguine hopes of those engaged in this blessed work. Ours is a self-multiplying and increasing age! Scarcely has the sower dropped the seed into the ground, than it produces a spontaneous and abundant harvest.

However other minds view the subject, we hesitate not to promulgate the sentiment that there is a law of progress at work, gradually, yet surely advancing humanity higher in the scale of improvement, and unfold-

ing the capabilities and destinies of our kind as being higher and better than the mass of the world, or even the master-spirits of the age, have hitherto supposed.

We live in a world of spirit—a world of progress. We are governed not so much by material agencies, as by the deeply-hidden spirit within. Outward acts are but the effects born of this spirit—the certain result of the ever-active principle. Human nature, with all its glory, is as yet imperfect in its development, and man too prone to look only on the outward surface of things, forgetful that there is a spiritual element interspersed through the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of, and derives its character from, the soul. It seems trifling, only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. We are too apt to view matters in a general point of view. We are not sufficiently careful to look at man as man, and to consider the position that he sustains as an individual. Each individual has a separate mission to fulfil; a distinct destiny to accomplish; a particular fate to unfold: and as with individuals, so is it with nations and communities. We repeat then the sentiment—we live in a spirit world, and both individuals and societies are moved by its promptings and impulses.

Spirituality enters widely and deeply into every department of human nature. The laws of progress are stamped deeply and indelibly upon the soul of every

child of man by the wise and beneficent Creator of all; and these, in their reaching forward and their strong and lofty aspirings, have found development and full manifestation in acts of mercy and in deeds of love. Humanity, by the fixed laws of its own nature, is ever aiming at and striving after perfection. Self is too small an object for the vast active powers with which its Maker has endowed it, and hence, leaving the narrow and contracted circle, it goes out in its yearnings and its sympathies among its fellows, and the deep of the heart calls unto the deep, and spirit communes with spirit. Men gather themselves together. Their objects, aims, and efforts blend in one. The drooping heart revives—the agitated bosom is stilled—the suffering mind is relieved and cheered—fear flies before hope, and sorrow at the sight of joy—the dreary desert presents an oasis—the stormy sea a sunny isle—light streams in upon darkness, and the couch of sickness and death yields to life, health, and peace. What individual power could not do, associated effort accomplishes. And this brings us to the point of attraction, the perfection, the grand characteristic of our age. That which stands upon the foreground, and rises higher in the horizon than all other objects we can contemplate or observe,—“*The Spirit of Association.*” As ages roll on, their chief characteristics become matters belonging to the historian, and each successively becomes enrolled on history’s page. There they stand beacons for futurity, and their streaming light illumines yet distant ages. And when the historic

scribe shall stamp upon fair history's imperishable page the lasting record of the present, high above all else shall stand, in living characters of fire, the two small but comprehensive words, "universal progress."

We do not intend to notice with minuteness the various agencies which have been employed for purposes of human benefaction, and the peculiar ministries they are destined to perform, but merely give an outline—a rough draft of the journey of humanity onward to its perfection. Man is not now what man was once.

What was man? He stood upon the beautiful earth a savage. The mighty energies and attributes of his spiritual nature were enclosed within him, for time had not unlocked the casket. The perceptions of his senses were his guides of thought. The howl of the wind through the branches of the forest had to him (for he could not trace the sound) a mysterious agency; and in the quivering of the leaves he recognised the finger of a God! The blue concave above him was a mighty and solid arch, and he saw the light, and felt the heat of the great ball of fire that came up on one side, and went down on the other, and these he worshipped. There was a spirit in the consuming fire that burned upon his hearth-stone. The thunder came: and the thunder was the rolling of the chariot-wheels of offended deities, and the lightning the dreadful weapons of their wrath; and he knelt before the altar he had reared to the invisible God beyond the wonderful arch that

spanned his sight. He stood by the outstretching waters; and it was the might of dread and adorable spirits that lifted the huge waves, till their white-capped crests seemed to dash against the sky, while the twinkling stars were the lamps of heaven.

What is man now? A portion of time has mingled with eternity. Spirit has burst its barriers; the laws of progress have gradually and steadily developed themselves, and the casket is unlocked. Man rides upon the wings of the wind, and it is his minister. He hears its howl, and sees the quivering of the leaves, and smiles unmoved at his triumph. Like a scroll hath he rolled back that blue concave, and surveyed with mental vision the far reaches of infinity. He hath measured the light and the heat, and he telleth of that great ball of fire, whence it cometh and whither it goeth in its majestic round. The consuming fire obeyeth his command, and there is to him a pleasure in the voice of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, for he knoweth them. He careereth on the roaring waves; and those twinkling stars are indeed the lamps of heaven, for they are like that great ball of fire, though far, far removed, and light the universe. Contemplating man as he *was*, and what he *is*, who will for a moment question whether this law of progress is not clearly developed in his character and movements?

As with individuals, so with regard to society at large. Humanity may progress slowly and gradually, but the progress is perceivable. Looking at our age,

we are at once struck with one commanding characteristic,—the tendency in all its movements to expansion—to diffusion—to universality. This tendency is directly opposed to that spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, and monopoly which prevailed in past ages. Human nature is more free—more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are now open to all. The privileged, petted individuals are becoming less, and the race are becoming more. The multitude are rising from the dust. Once we heard only of the few; now we hear of the many: once of the prerogatives of a part; now of the rights of all. It is now conceded that man has high wants and capacities;—that his soul is filled with cravings after knowledge; with an insatiable thirst for happiness, which seeks for its gratification, not in the enjoyment of sense, but in the cultivation of the powers of his intellectual and moral nature. We are looking as never before through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which lies below them, and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish.

The grand idea of humanity—of the importance of man as man—is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be, but the truth is glimmering through the darkness, like the first breaking of morn in the eastern sky. Even the most abject portions of society

are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man—this is slowly taking place as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few ; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault ; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all,—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all departments of life.

If we carefully observe the various movements of our age, we shall see in them the tendency to universality and diffusion. Look first at science and literature. Where is science now ? Locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes ? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes to behold ? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which to the multitude is a foreign tongue ? No : science has left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone has begun the long-neglected work of instructing the race. This accounts for the fact that the increase of universities and colleges has not kept pace with the increase of society in certain parts. The time was when literature was confined to what were termed the higher classes of society, while the expense and difficulty of obtaining admittance into those institutions excluded the great mass of mankind. Now a system of education has

obtained that renders the multiplication of such costly institutions unnecessary ; and in their place our public schools afford the same facilities to those who move in the humbler walks of life. Besides, through the press, discoveries and theories once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the common property of the multitude. Men are now viewing matters in a proper light : the soul-inspiring truth is taught and appreciated, that the laborer should understand the principles of his art—should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account,—that, instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil. This doctrine is no longer listened to as a dream—as the wild vagary of an enthusiast—but as the essence of truth, and the utterance of fact. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. It is no longer considered simply a matter of speculation—a topic of discourse—an employment of the intellect. If this were so, the multitude, with all the means of instruction, would find in it only a hurried gratification. One of the grand distinctions of our time is that science has passed from speculation into life. It is used as a mighty power, by which nature is not only opened to *thought*, but subjected to our needs. It is conferring on man that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was predicted in the first command given to him by his Maker ; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt the few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. It is now known that the divine

gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than to make hewers of wood, or drawers of water. The multitude are beginning to thirst for knowledge—for something more than animal life: we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending, and without which all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

The same universal tendency may be observed in governments. A little while ago, and the people were unknown as a power in the state: now they are getting all power into their hands. Even in despotisms, where they cannot act through institutions, they act through public opinion. Intelligence is strength, and in proportion as the many gain intelligence, they must guide the world. Kings and nobles fill less and less places in history, and the names of men who were once lost amid the glare of courts and titles, are now written here imperishably. Once history did not know the multitude existed, except they were gathered together on the fields of battle, to be sabred and shot down for the glory of their masters and rulers: now they are coming forward into the foreground of the picture. It is now understood that government exists for one end, and one alone; and that is—not the mere glory of the governors—not the pomp and pleasure of

a few—but the happiness, the safety and rights of all.

In religious movements, we witness the same tendency to universality. It is now understood that religious truth is every man's property and right ; that it is committed to no order of individuals—to no priest, minister, or sage—to be given or kept back at will ; but that any man may, and should seek it for himself—that all are to feel that they possess the capability of thinking, judging, and acting for themselves, and that they are individually responsible for the exercise of that power.

The present age ! In these brief words, what a world of thought is comprehended ! what new provinces are open to science and art ! what magnificent enterprises have been achieved ! what rights and liberties secured to nations ! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so pregnant and eventful. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amid its events the American Revolution—the first distinct solemn assertion of the rights of man, and the French Revolution—that volcanic fire which convulsed the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more as time rolls away ; but in that night, two forms will appear. Our own Washington, and Napoleon—the one a lurid meteor ; the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. A star that shines no more in this earthly sphere, but has been carried nearer to that inaccessible light which mortal

eye cannot reach. But even to us it has not perished. Its softer radiance is still with us, and in memory's chastened hues it glows on with a hallowed and sacred brightness. Truly our age is glorious. Humanity has shaken off the shackles that bound it down to earth, and has risen in its might and majesty to occupy the eminence for which it was destined. The age will be more glorious, as it advances in its onward march. But what is to make it more glorious? The same mighty power that wrought the changes we behold; the same powerful instrument that has caused such glorious effects—*The Spirit of Association*. A principle of our nature capable beyond all others of beneficent and magnificent action has been brought into requisition, and has been made most extensively to bear upon the welfare of the race—the spirit of association opposed to that state of things which once marked the history and hindered the progress of our race.

Times have wonderfully changed. The age of crusades—the martial dreams of chivalry—the sceptre of romance, and all the gorgeous delusions of the undisciplined mind, have passed away “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” and we look with amazement upon the annals of enthusiasm which marked the first history of mankind, when fanaticism marshalled its legions and concentrated its forces for superstitious ends. No longer does the vociferous cry of individual excitement of a distempered mind rally to an object merely of reverential sentiment, to a toil of empty grandeur, the hosts of men, kindling them to untried warfare upon their

species. No longer can a few reckless minds urge the great mass on to deeds of daring, to sustain the standard of passion or phrensied eloquence. The allegiance of this age is the authority of mind. Truth asserts her ascendancy through the power of public opinion. Tempered now to the light of intellect, swayed by the harmonies and comforts, the tastes and interests of our social condition, and stamped with a sense of our social dependence, the spirit of association stands forth as the pre-eminent characteristic of the age. Association, dedicated with a well-tempered zeal to salutary principles—confederacies formed for the general good—orders of philanthropy going on errands of truth and benevolence, whose march is peace, and whose voice is kindness, are spreading themselves in every direction. We see them, we hear of them everywhere, scattering with a broadcast hand the goodly seed far and wide. A brighter day is glimmering like the first beams of morning in the eastern sky. The sun has risen high in the firmament, and we are treading on the threshold of still better days. True, in the midst of all this good we can see the presence and danger of evil. Human affairs admit no unmixed good. This very tendency of which we speak, has its perils. Still, who but rejoices to have lived in an age so glorious! Human nature was made for growth. This is its proper life, and this must not be checked because it has its perils. The child, when it shoots up into youth, exchanges its early repose and security for new passions, for strong emotions which are full of danger; but

would we keep him forever a child? We always walk on precipices. Many indeed sigh for security. But God intends us for something better—for effort, for conflict and progress. If we look at outward nature, we find ourselves surrounded with vast and fearful elements, sea, air, and fire, which sometimes burst all bounds, and overwhelm man and his labor in ruin. But who would annihilate those awful forces—would make the ocean a standing pool, and put to silence the loud blast, in order that life might escape every peril? This mysterious, infinite, irresistible might of nature, breaking out in countless forms, makes nature the true school for man, and gives it all its interest.

In the soul, still mightier forces are pent up, and *their* expansion has its perils. But all are from God, who has blended them with checks, restraints, balances, and reactions, by which all work together for good. Many there are who weakly despair of our race. But this is unmanly in the worst times. They discern an utter distrust of human nature. The highest powers are thought to be given only to be restrained. We consider such feelings an approach to impiety. Human nature is not a tiger, that needs a constant chain. In this case it is the chain which makes the tiger. It is the oppressor that makes man fit only for a yoke. It was left for our age to make a fair development of man's powers to help him in times of emergency and peril. The revolution which gave birth to American independence and liberty, shows that if there are times to try men's souls, souls will be found fitted for the

trial. In union there is strength, and the bringing together of good men and true, of different sects and parties, to unite for one common object—the elevation, the improvement and happiness of the race—is the grand element of universal enjoyment. In institutions of this character, we see much to gladden the heart of the philanthropist and patriot—naught to excite the fear of any, even the most timid.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE SPIRITS OF DREAMS.

BY CHARLES A. WARNER.

THE bright sun has set in the western cloud,
The fair earth is wrapped in her nightly shroud,
And dewy sleep has my dull eyelids pressed,
But hush ! I dream—I'll wake and tell the rest.

I thought, as I slept in that silent hour,
The Spirits of Dreams were at my power,
That I summoned them from their realms of rest,
That they thronged to obey my high behest,
And before me stood that spectre band,
Those misty shadows from the dreamy land !
First laughing Mirth came bounding along,
Strewing his flowers, and trilling his song ;
His ruddy cheeks glowed in the gleaming light,
That shot from his eyes, illuming the night.

Fond Memory too, stood smiling beside,
Enticingly pointing me back time's tide ;
The wave of her hand, the glance of her eye,
Brought quick to my mind the joyous gone-by.
Once again careless and happy—a child,
Laughing and sporting, while the hours ran wild,
I joyed 'mid the scenes of my boyhood's prime,
Recking little of care, or flight of time ;
Oh ! my heart was glad in that silent hour,
For the Spirits of Dreams have magical power !

Despair, with red visage, stood frowning there,
And Sorrow, and Grief, and cankering Care ;
But I shook my head with a scornful smile,
And they vanished in air, those things of guile.

Niggard Wealth stood there with coffers of gems,
With coffers of gold, and bright diadems ;
He willingly spread them all before me,
And the tide of wealth rolled o'er like the sea.
A quick rush of wings, a loud trumpet blast,
And the earnest-sought Fame winged his way past.
A moment then from his flight stooping down,
He placed on my brow the green laurel crown ;
And loud and long on the gale swelling then,
To my ear rose the shouts and plaudits of men ;
Well honored was I in that silent hour,
For the Spirits of Dreams have magical power !

Lo ! looking up in my vision again,
The ghost of Misfortune strode on amain,
And the sky of my hopes grew quickly black,
In the lengthened shade of her gloomy track ;
Then the jewels grew dim, of brightness shorn,
And the laurel-wreath lay trampled and torn ;

And the plaudits of men that swelled the gale,
Turned even to hisses, to mocking, and wail ;
E'en Friendship's fair smile grew distant and cold,
For gone was the fame-wreath—gone was the gold ;
And wretched was I in that silent hour,
For the Spirits of Dreams have magical power !

But radiant Hope then hovering nigh,
Silently pointed me up to the sky ;
There loved hands were waving in that blue dome,
And loved voices sweetly calling me home ;
Oh ! full was I blest in that silent hour,
For the Spirits of Dreams have magical power !

Lo ! the sun is up, the Spirits have gone,
The vapor is rising from off the lawn,
The current of life is onward streaming,
And I'm wiser and better for dreaming.

MADISON Co., N. Y., April, 1848.

DAHLIA AND MOSSROSE ;

OR, PRIDE AND VIRTUE.

BY JAMES S. AYLWARD.

THE day was past, the sun gone down,
And day's sweet smile, at evening's frown,
Had faded fast in light away,
And hid from earth its beauteous ray.
But, like the gloom of sorrow's night,
All was not dark ; for starry light
Illumed the wand'rer's weary way,
And moonlight's smile e'en rivalled day.

On such a night, at summer's close,
I wandered forth, where fancy chose
To guide my wayward wand'ring feet,
And sought a graveyard's lone retreat.
I wandered through its solemn shade,
In all the awe of death arrayed ;
And, tired at last, sat down alone,
To rest me on a tablet-stone.

As thus I sat, strange thoughts possessed
My care-worn heart and throbbing breast ;
And solemn thoughts began to roll,
Like moonlit clouds, across my soul.
I thought of earth ; its hopes of heaven,
Its joy and wo to mortals given ;
And fain compared the rich and gay
With those who pine in wo away.

Nor could I fairly understand
Why some by Heaven's indulgent hand
Are robed with joy, from pleasure's loom,
While others live and die in gloom.
While thus I mused, a gentle breeze
Disturbed the foliage of the trees,
Which, o'er my head, hid from my sight
The full moon's chaste and holy light.

And, as the leaves asunder blew,
A flood of beaming light came through ;
Disclosing, on a neighboring grave,
Two flowers fair, whose richness gave,
E'en here, a sweet and hallowed charm,
To shield the death-robed bed from harm :
The gift, perhaps, to mark with care
A mother's all, reposing there.

A mossrose sweet, and dahlia fair,
Denoted here the mourner's care ;
Which when I thought to bear away,
Some mystic voice thus seemed to say :
" Disturb them not, but let them grow,
To cheer the mourner's hapless wo ;
For joy it gives to see them bloom
Above the loved one's early tomb.

" And thou wouldst only cast away
These treasured flowers in their decay ;
Yet go not thou without a prize,
For in them much instruction lies.
The dahlia fair betokens pride,
And flaunting show, by wo untried ;
Which blooms in life, to folly dear,
But claims, in death, no mourner's tear.

" The mossrose sweet is virtue's gem,
To grace the holy's diadem :
Like him who sleeps beneath this stone,
It lives and dies to fame unknown ;
And when in death its charms decay,
Its perfumes pass not thus away :
Like Virtue's praise, where mem'ry reigns,
Though all decayed, its scent remains."

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1848.

HOME DELIGHTS; OR, TRUE HAPPINESS.

WHAT a pleasing portraiture of domestic felicity is, by the limner's magic art, here spread out before us! Sweet content and placid serenity beam from every eye, and seem to shed a halo of blessedness around the happy group. The very atmosphere seems loaded with the fragrant incense of reciprocal love. Well may one become transfixed in contemplating the fascinating scene, as we seek to catch the feeling of its inspiration. The great procession of life is here depicted in its various stages, in vivid and radiant beauty—in its joyous linking together of son with sire and grand-sire—mother with daughter and grand-daughter—all revelling in the full affluence of the heart's glowing and generous affections. Well, indeed, may such an Eden-scene of pure delights move our deepest sympathies, and light up in our hearts thrilling emotions of pleasure. The gentle charities and kindly offices of family affection, tend to temper the sterner exactions of the world without; and while they present a striking contrast to its cold austerities and selfish maxims and usages, they also serve to help our faith in a future blissful condition of being, of which they are the type and harbinger. The social bond of domestic love is, as the poet sings,—

“ The only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.”

Again, how sweet a sound in our good old sonorous Saxon, is that fond familiar monosyllable—*Home* ! It

is the accredited synonym for all that is soothing in sorrow, and rapturous in joy ;—it is the sainted shrine of the heart's holiest tributes, at which virtue, love, and truth pay votive homage. Home, with all its kindling associations and endearing memories,—albeit the chosen theme has attuned many a poet's lyre to notes of sweetest melody,—is nevertheless as redolent of interest and beauty, as if its charms had never lost the attractions of novelty. We repeat, there is no term in our vernacular more replete with delightful attractions, or so spell-bound with all that excites the heart's idolatry, as that well-remembered name, Home—alike cherished by all, the rude and the refined, the savage and the civilized. Not to feel in the heart a sympathetic chord to thrill at the endearing utterance, argues indeed some strange moral obliquity, which cannot fail to excite in every rightly constituted mind a feeling of pity, if not of pain. The sanctuary of the domestic circle is the source whence those gentle and genial affections of our better nature, well up to fertilize the barren wastes of fallen humanity, and to bless mankind, by linking heart to heart in a bond of universal sympathy and brotherhood. The luxuries and elegancies of life are not essential elements in a happy home ; the humble cottage is often the scene of more unalloyed enjoyment and peace, than the proud and gorgeous saloon. That which constitutes the true felicity of Home, is concord and content : possessing these, whatever else may be denied, the heart may boast an opulence more permanent and precious than money may procure.

My Happenings



“Let others seek in wealth or fame
A splendid path whereon to tread ;
I’d rather wear a lowlier name,
With love’s enchantments round it shed.
Fame’s but a light to gild the grave,
And wealth can never calm the breast ;
But *Love*,—a halcyon on life’s wave,
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.”

If there is a spot on earth over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing from their hovering wings, it must be the sanctuary of a home where parents and children, wife and husband, sisters and brothers, bound together in the sweet compact of mutual affection, are found moving harmoniously in their several spheres of delighted duty, and diffusing among each other the radiant light of celestial love.

“What so refreshing,” says a popular divine, “so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home?” See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—“Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and shalt not sin.” How joyful the reunion of a divided family: the pleasurable anticipations of renewed intercourse, and interchange of the offices of affection

and love! Thus the man of science, after long and patient research among abstruse and occult lore, relinquishes his ponderous tomes, smooths his wrinkled and aching brow, and eagerly hastens to relax himself by gambols with his children in all their jubilant sport and merriment. So with the merchant or the man of trade—what rewards him for tedious hours of devoted servitude and confinement? By-and-by the season of returning intercourse will behold the “desire of his eyes” and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in whose hearty welcome, smiles, and welfare he finds his recompense. Or, as Eliza Cook joyously sings,—

“Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back!”

“The Irish are often ridiculed,” says Mrs. Sigourney, “or contemned for vaunting the comfortable homes they have left behind them. ‘The Almighty knows,’ they say, ‘what we’ve come here for; we were a dale better off at home.’ This is false in word, but true in feeling. Their earnest affections take possession of their memories, and efface all but that which made the happiness of their birthplace and childhood’s home.

There in perpetual freshness are the joys of youth ; the associations of song and story are there ; there in golden light all the bright passages of life—its pleasant acquaintanceships and sparkling incidents. And there those ministers of suffering, trial, superstition, even death itself, have their root of sorrow plucked out, and become ministering angels—messengers from another world !” Who ever looked back upon home, through the vista of time, or the wide space of distance, and saw any thing but light and beauty there ? Surely, therefore, the poor Irish may be pardoned the hallucinations of their final love ! Sad to say, the honest Hibernian has, in his own ill-fated isle, so scanty and unsubstantial a meal to live upon, it would be hard indeed to deny him the occasional indulgence of his vagrant fancy. Said one, on a certain occasion, in reply to the inquiry, why he came to the United States, “ Faith, not for the sake of *starvation*, for I had enough of that in ould Ireland.” An ardent love of home, however, is not an Irish characteristic alone ; it is a feeling common to the entire human family. The epicurean of old regarded life as of such value, that he treasured up each moment with jealous and miserly care : why should we, with the wealth of the world’s wisdom spread out before us, be less scrupulous of its value ? The brevity of human existence, as well as its attendant casualties and accidents, ought to induce a proportionably high estimate of time, and prove a sufficient incentive to regard life as a science of momentous aims. Yet, alas ! how much of “envy, malice, and all uncharitable-

ness," still obtains in the several departments of society; while many a one with an envious eye looks askance upon his neighbor's fancied happiness, and thus defrauds himself of that peace he might otherwise possess! If it be folly to cherish such emotions towards our fellow-creatures, generally, how is its criminality increased, when the like jealousies are suffered fatally to invade the sanctity of the domestic circle! The dark days of domestic tyranny and despotism have happily well-nigh passed away, and the empire of woman's equality in the scale of being has come at length to be universally recognised. "If man is the head," says *Matthew Henry*, "she is the crown: the man was dust refined; the woman one remove farther from the earth—double refined. Woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head, to top him; not out of his feet, to be trampled upon; but out of his side, to be equal with him;—under the arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." In dear woman,—

"Heaven's last, best gift,"

decked in a thousand charms and gentle graces, there is always something to attract and retain a supremacy in the heart's affection; and in most instances she will be found to deserve it all. Our modern Mentor, Mrs. Ellis, says, "It is only in the married state that the boundless capabilities of woman's love can be fully known or appreciated. There may, in other situations, be occasional instances of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to an earthly object; but it is only here that the lapse of time, and the familiar occasions of every day,

can afford opportunities of exhibiting the same spirit, operating through all those minor channels, which flow like fertilizing rills through the bosom of a happy family." To the praise of William the Third it is recorded, that when his beloved wife, Mary, daughter of James the Second, was on her death-bed, the monarch declared to Bishop Burnet, that during the time himself and the queen had lived together, "he had not discovered one fault in her, and that she possessed a worth which nobody thoroughly knew but himself." This indicates a triumphant instance of matrimonial harmony, indeed; for it is perhaps difficult to imagine the possibility of two individuals, under every variety of circumstance and condition of life, to be perfectly unanimous, or even to consent *always amicably* to differ. If the marriage estate offers a rich revenue of happiness to rightly constituted minds, it also is not without its occasional tests of forbearance and trial. Cowper says,—

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

The surest safeguard against interruptions to domestic concord, is the habit of wearing a smiling face; it will prove the panacea for every ill—the antidote for every sorrow: and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shade, and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon! Somebody has said that the true ideal of a good wife consists of three negative and

three positive qualities. She should resemble, and yet not resemble, a town-clock—keep good time and punctuality, but not speak so loud as to let the whole town hear. Secondly, she should be like a snail—in keeping within her house ; but not like that lazy reptile, carry all she owns upon her back. Thirdly, she should resemble an echo—speak when spoken to ; but not like that vocal apparition, have the last word ! “ Married folks,” says that prince of punsters, Punch, “ should study each other’s weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood ; don’t trust therefore too much to good temper, when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products : let the hint be adopted from this wise provision of nature.” Or, as Charles Swain chants it,—

“ Oh, there’s a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it ;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us ;
For life hath here no charm so dear,
As home and friends around us !”

It is related of a certain New-England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations were supposed to have been not of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading the parable of the Supper, in the fourteenth chap-

ter of St. Luke, which contains the passage, "And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them, I pray thee have me excused; and another, I have married a wife, and therefore *cannot come*"—suddenly paused at the close of the verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking around upon his auditory, said with emphasis, "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man much farther from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!" The inconsiderate manner in which matrimonial alliances are too often consummated, sufficiently accounts for the infelicitous results which sometimes accrue from incompatibility of temperament: and the famous Lord Shaftesbury's reply to a friend, who inquired how his nuptial enterprise answered, was not so inappropriate as at first sight might be supposed. In reply to the usual compliments of the honey-moon, he gravely replied, that he verily believed he was as happy as he was before his union; and on surprise being expressed at his stoicism, he said it was very reasonable, as he had *ventured* upon marriage, and had not yet been rendered unhappy by it, which was affirming as much as he ought. Marriage is somewhat of a lottery, it must be confessed; this, moreover, was *literally* the fact in the case which occurred lately, of a young, handsome, but poor swain in a certain town in France. He put himself up as the one prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets—two-dollar tickets. His advertisement was addressed particularly to widows consolable, and maids without dowers. The female residents

round about were deeply interested in the movements of this novel game of hazard ; the tickets were soon all bought up, and at the time of drawing, a young lady, who had no interest in the affair beyond the frolic, turned out to have the prize number. The lucky youth immediately called to offer her the winnings : they became enraptured with each other at first sight, and were married within twenty-four hours,—with the fortune of twenty thousand dollars—the tribute-money of the disappointed, disconsolate dames and damsels, who were left in dismay to condole with each other, and try their fortune again. But it is not our purpose to speak of the eccentricities of marriage, or ill-assorted unions—of which not a few illustrations might be easily cited, both comic and tragic. Rather would we, in closing our rambling chapter, venture to submit a word or two admonitory on the subject, for the guidance of the uninitiated.

There is not in social life a more touching and interesting spectacle, than that which the marriage ceremony exhibits. To witness the voluntary consecration of two intelligent beings on the altar of mutual love and devotion—the union of their lives and fortunes in a solemn covenant, which nothing but death can absolve—is a scene of solemn and imposing interest. To perpetuate the harmony, mutual esteem, and love of this relation, should be the aim and object of all who seek to render the marriage estate what the beneficent Creator designed it—the sanctuary of the affections, and the conservatory of our purest sublunary

joys. Says President Dwight, "There is nothing in this world which is so venerable as the character of parents ; nothing so endearing and intimate as the relation of husband and wife ; nothing so tender as that of children ; nothing so lovely as that of brothers and sisters. The little charmed circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of the affections."

"The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast, or start the tear,
Are—*mother, home, and heaven !*"

It is, therefore, both the interest and duty of the family circle to aid in contributing to its common happiness, by those gentle offices of reciprocal love which impose but slender service, yet are of great price in the estimate of the heart. "Flowers," said the amiable Wilberforce, "are God's smiles : " such sweet services of love are the moral flowers of life ; they gladden the face of all things. Let us then, young and old,—children and parents, brothers and sisters, act our several parts in this respect, and thus invest home and its hallowed precincts with the blessed charm of peace and love ; so that on retiring from the cold selfishness of the sordid world, the generous endearments and kindly charities of our loved retreat may woo us to its radiant smiles and inviting repose, as did the ark the wearied dove, when she found no resting-place throughout the deluged earth.

F. S.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE TWO FEASTS.

BY P. G. BENSON J. LOSSING.

IN cloudless splendor the sun went down upon Egypt, and as twilight spread its curtain gently over the earth, incense went up from a hundred pagan altars, and Thebes, the glory of the land of Ham, was vocal with hymns to Isis and Osiris, for it was a feast-day to their honor. When the solemn music had died away, and the altar-fires were quenched, then came the pipe and the dance; the banquets were spread, and full libations of wine were poured out in goblets wreathed with the twining Erica. Hoary-headed priests, and stern warriors, and beautiful women, all mingled in the general joy, for the spirit of Hilarity was everywhere invoked to pay homage to the tutelary deities of fecundity and cultivation. Even Thothmes, the proud Pharaoh, stooped from his lofty dignity, and with his priests and nobles mingled with his subjects in the saturnalia.

But apart, in the land of Goshen, a host of worshippers of the true God were gathered together in solemn silence, awaiting the promised manifestation of the power and love of the Holy One of Israel. Instead of

reposing upon silken couches beside their tables, laden with dainty food and sparkling wine, they stood with their loins girded, their sandals on their feet, and their staves in their hands, like pilgrims about to set forth upon a long journey; and thus they ate in haste a lamb without spot or blemish, roasted entire, with bitter herbs, and unleavened bread, and cold water, while with a bunch of hyssop dipped in the warm blood of that lamb they sprinkled the posts and lintels of their doors, in profound obedience to the command of God. Thus stood and feasted the bondslaves of the Egyptians, about to be made free. It was a feast to be kept in remembrance forever—the FEAST OF THE PASS-OVER.

The royal feast was spread before the great temple of Isis, and a hundred candelabra shed their lustre over the joyous scene. Thothmes and his household were there assembled, and not a thought of sorrow, or a pang of grief troubled them, so exquisite was their present pleasure, so complete was their present happiness and joy. Even the solemn attendant upon their feasts, the warning and reproving emblem of mortality,* failed to impress its fearful lessons upon their hearts. The Pha-

* It was a custom among the ancient Egyptians at their feasts, to have a skeleton, or an imitation of a corpse, made of wood, brought in upon a bier, and then set upright in a chair, or laid upon a couch, near the table. It was carried by each guest, and the following words repeated in a sepulchral tone of voice, "Look upon this; eat, drink, and be merry, but know that you shall one day be like it." *See the title-page.*

raoh and his nobles, his magi and soothsayers, had quite forgotten the late terrible visitations of offended Deity. They remembered not that awful denunciation of God by the mouth of the Hebrew foundling—the adopted son of the king's daughter—that “About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt; and all the first-born of the land of Egypt shall die; from the first-born of Pharaoh, that sitteth upon the throne, to the first-born of the maid-servant, that is behind the mill; and all the first-born of cattle. And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be any more.”

As the midnight hour approached, the song and the revelry ceased, and soon every Egyptian was hushed and forgetful, amid the solemn stillness of that hour. But in Goshen the people watched and waited, after their strange feast was ended; and at midnight, the verity of God's promise and denunciation was made fearfully manifest.

“The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,”

and with a pestilence smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, “from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, to the first-born of the captive that lay in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle.” Then there was, indeed, a great cry in Egypt; weeping and bitter lamentations went forth from every dwelling, for there was not a house in which there was not one dead, except among the children of Israel. Horror, with its phantom train, stalked triumphantly amid

the gloom ; and the people, who had not heard the awful denunciations of the Almighty, believed that universal destruction was their doom.

But the royal rebel against the will of Jehovah remembered the fearful warning ; and while he wailed in bitterness over his dead first-born, he sent in haste to the Hebrew camp to Moses and Aaron, to tell them, "Get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel ; and go and serve the Lord, as ye said : take also your flocks and your herds, and be gone ; and bless me also." And as the knowledge of whence came the great evil spread among the people, they, too, urged earnestly the departure of the Israelites, and anxiously cried, "Unless you go, we are all dead men !" Fear overcame their avarice and love of possession, and into the laps of the bondmen they poured out their treasures freely ; and they lent them "jewels of gold and jewels of silver" in abundance, so that those servants of four hundred years were partially paid for their long servitude.

Before the dawn that succeeded that dreadful night, the Israelites began their march, and "about six hundred thousand men on foot, beside women and children," departed joyfully towards the Red Sea, guided in their course by the token of God's presence above them. The Egyptians, too, rejoiced when they had departed, for the pestilence ceased. But the wail of universal wo had scarcely died upon the ear of Thothmes, when he regretted sending away such a host of valuable servants, and with an army he pursued them

to unite again the severed chain of their bondage. The Lord God of Sabaoth was with his people, and a great highway was opened through the cleft waters for the exodus of his chosen nation. The Pharaoh eagerly followed—the waters returned to their accustomed bed, and the mighty men of Egypt, with their chariots and horses, were whelmed in one common grave. All Israel beheld with awe and grateful emotion this wonderful work of deliverance, and bowed in adoration before the Most High. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel a song of thanksgiving and praise. “And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dancing,” and they sang,

“Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boasting !—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel, o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

“Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword !
Who shall return to ‘ell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.”

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. AARON HOVEY.

THE world, or the material system, is inert or senseless. It is not possessed of mind, or any active principle. It cannot therefore be its own governor, but is dependent on some other being for its existence, its harmony, and regularity. And where shall the being that is adequate to the task be found? Surely, none is equal to the work except the self-existent and independent Being who brought it into existence.

The world was created by God. He is the author of all things. Since he is the Creator, he must be the Governor. For it is not to be supposed that God would create a world, and abandon it immediately. It is not consistent with his perfections. He could not alienate it, and give up the government to any other being, because it would be derogatory to his character; and because there could not be found any who could govern. None can exercise the government of the world, unless he be an independent being, and there can be no independent being except God to take the government, for there can be but one independent and self-existent Being.

The preservation of the world requires a continual exertion of power equal to that which was necessary to produce it. It required the power of a self-existent independent Being to produce the world, and so it must require the same power to preserve and govern it.

From the appearance of nature we have abundant evidence that the world is under the government of God. We are told of the laws of nature, and the principles or qualities of matter ; but these are entirely dependent upon the government of God. And should God's government of the world cease, these would cease also. The variations of the seasons, the productions of the earth, and the amazing regularity, harmony, and grandeur of the planetary revolutions, irresistibly force upon our minds a conviction of the government of God.

Why does the earth bring forth its fruit in its season ? How is it that the showers descend to water and revive the fruits of the earth ? And how is it that the kind influences of the sun serve to cheer and facilitate their growth ? Surely because the Most High governs the world, and has all things under his direction and control. How is it that debauchery, intemperance, and every vice are productive of misery ; while temperance, sobriety, and every virtue have the opposite effect ?

The government of God is clearly to be seen in the equality that is supported between the sexes ; in the productions of the different animals, which are always

after their kind ; and in the natural affection which all bear to their particular offspring. Animals which inhabit the warmer climates are thinly and coolly covered, and their constitutions well suited to their climate ; while those of the colder regions are thickly clad with furs, well calculated to defend them against the rigors to which they are exposed.

God is infinite in his perfections. He alone is able to exercise a perfect government. And since there is none that can govern like him, his benevolence and goodness, which are perfect, must induce him to govern the world in justice, truth, and holiness.

CONNECTICUT.

THE DIVINE FACE.

BY REV. BROTHER NELSON BROWN.

“ I know that Face. Oftentimes, in the silence of night, it has come to me, in my room, shone into my soul with its deep eyes, and baptized me with the blessing of its pale white forehead.”—GEO. LIPPARD.

A WONDROUS FACE, with heavenly radiance beaming,
 Bent o'er me in lone watches of the night ;
 It seemed no idle, wild, and feverish dreaming,
 But a strange vision of the inner sight :
 At first, a smile o'er that sweet Face was stealing,
 Then tear-drops glistened in those starry eyes,—
 A soul of tender love for man revealing,
 So pure, so fathomless, and of the skies.

Around that pale and lofty brow, a glory
 Like a soft halo, spoke a form divine ;
 Oh, then, the hands ! so marred—the side ! all gory—
 Yes, Holy One ! that sorrowing Face *was thine !*

* * * * *

A sad, yet holy joy, my soul is thrilling,
 As on that Face e'en *now* I seem to gaze ;
 The heart's deep fount with purer love is filling—
 My spirit basks in soft and heavenly rays.

* * * * *

That sad, sweet Face, as strong a love betokened,
 As when it beamed in earth's lone pilgrimage.
 I looked again. A golden Book was opened,
 While falling tears begemmed the sacred page !
 Oh, then, methought I wept. A light was beaming
 With a new glory from the *LAW OF LOVE*.
 I kissed the page, with eyes in sorrow streaming—
 Oh, Holy One ! well mayst thou thus reprove !

Then was I shown a world in darkness lying,
 And bid to mark its woes with pitying eyes ;
 With cheering words to soothe the sick and dying,
 And hush with kindly *deeds* the orphan's sighs.
 This heart, so long a selfishness betraying,
 Oh, may it hence a deeper yearning know !
 For all the race e'er throbbing, hoping, praying—
 Feeling within, love's constant, holiest glow.

Sweet, gentle love, e'er from *his* heart was flowing,
 Toward all souls, as from a boundless sea ;
 How pure, how full—no check nor barrier knowing,
 E'en on the bloody Mount of agony !

Ah, yes, that sweet sad Face, in glory shining,
 Once moved amid the poor in other lands ;
 Around their hearts sweet hope and love entwining—
 Wiping the tear-drops off with gentle hands.

Where want, and toil, and wrong, were found oppressing,
 Where souls by guilt, or fear, or scorn, were crushed—
 There in their midst still beamed the Face—still blessing ;—
 By deeds of love the tides of wo were hushed.
 Where hope was quenched, or sorrowing ones forsaking—
 Where souls were bowed in gloom or dark despair—
 Where hearts, with anguish pierced, were bleeding, breaking—
 That Face divine was ever beaming there !

Vain man ! whose soul with self and pride is swelling,
 Thrusting the wayfarer from thy palace door,
 Remember HIM, who claimed nor gold nor dwelling,
No home, save that among the toiling poor !
 In temple-aisles, meet not the poor with spurnings ;
 The toilers, too, have hearts that throb—that feel—
 For heavenly bread they too have holy yearnings ;
 Before one common Father *all* must kneel.

Oh, brother men ! whose swords in wrath are gleaming ;
 Oh, brother men ! who heap the cankering gold ;
 Oh, brother men ! with bloody banners streaming—
 Pause now !—look up—the pitying FACE behold.

* * * * *

The Face, the FACE ! while watching, praying, sleeping,
 Beams on us e'er with mild, imploring eye ;
 Sad vigils near the holy One is keeping,
 Pointing us to a higher destiny !

HOWLETT HILL, N. Y., April, 1848.

VIGILS.

Heb. xiii: 1, 2.

BY GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

IF there is a sentiment of the human heart that should be awakened to renewed and enlivened action, that sentiment is sympathy for the ills of life in our fellow-mortals. Born into a world of sorrow, pain, and wo, it would indeed be a burden to live out the common lot of man without some generous fellow-feeling; some encouraging impulse; some Christian sympathy, engendered by a desire to share the misfortunes so common to the life of man.

The too frequent neglect of most people to visit the house of sickness, is, perhaps, not so much by wilful design, as it is a want of proper knowledge of the means of alleviating the distressed; and if such neglect may be called a crime, it is one that may greatly disturb the criminal at a time when his sad omissions will be fresh and vivid in his mind, operating sadly to his own disquiet, and perhaps that of a near and a dear friend.

To *compel* man to do his duty to his fellow, is not the object of the Order of Odd-Fellowship. Man's

duty to man is amply known and acknowledged without the peculiar institution of Odd-Fellowship to point it out, to mark the prescribed limits with mathematical accuracy ; but still the Order stands like an oasis in the desert—a bright light to the traveller—a haven for the mariner ; in fine, it is to the moral world what Christianity is to the religious, not by any means assuming to fill up a void which the gospel has left, but each, separate and distinct, is destined to fill its own peculiar sphere—looking for its own common destiny.

It was my good fortune, not many years since, to be sojourning in an Atlantic city, where the Order of Odd-Fellowship has long been a peculiar characteristic of the town, embracing in its membership the most influential and better class of citizens. A wide region of country looked thither for instruction and guidance in the peculiar tenets and work of our fraternity. An Odd-Fellow scarcely ever visited that city, without promising himself a visit to one or more of the many Lodges during his stay, perhaps to gain information of their “correct work,” and perhaps to gather other matters in relation to our fraternal compact. With these designs, I presented my card, and was formally admitted as a visiter to —— Lodge, No. —, for the evening.

On visiting for the first time a strange Lodge of acknowledged correctness, an Odd-Fellow feels something akin to distrust in himself, for fear of his own probable defects. There is something that whispers to his mind, that in every new Lodge he visits there is

some superiority in the work which his own Lodge has not ; which predisposition, perhaps, induces him to form a biased opinion, and prevents ultimate development from fixing a correct opinion. This may be more from a willingness on the part of the visiter to acknowledge his own liability to err, and the very many chances of his coming far short of his own duty.

I need not say that I felt awkward in entering this strange Lodge for the first time—it being somewhat larger than my own, and finished and furnished in the most splendid and approved style,—the members clothed in the richest regalia and jewels of their station, while for my own part, I was not only clothed in the plainest possible manner, but my regalia indicated that I had taken but a short stride in the Order.

Soon after I was seated, the N. G. stated to the Lodge that during the day word had come to him that an Odd-Fellow from some Western state had been thrown from a carriage, and badly hurt. He had visited the brother, and found that he required careful attention day and night, and it was barely possible that he would recover. As the stranger was not a member of the Lodge, the N. G. made a special call upon the brothers to volunteer to watch during the present and subsequent nights.

“Is there any one that is disposed to volunteer to watch with the unfortunate brother?” emphatically asked the N. G.

Not one seemed willing to offer his services ; whether from diffidence, or some other cause, no one ex-

pressed a desire to alleviate the pangs of the distressed brother. The N. G. was therefore compelled to resort to singling members out by calling their names. The first named was ill himself; the second had sickness in his family; the third had watched with a brother but a week since; the fourth was conscious that it could not be his turn—he was always willing when it came his turn; some were of the opinion that the Lodge should *employ* some one to watch, and not call upon the members when a strange brother needed attention. After this manner the excuses went on, when no one as yet had evinced a willingness to watch with the needy brother.*

After having patiently listened to the many pleas the members thus made in order to be relieved from the task they seemed so much to dread, a venerable-looking brother, whose hair was silvered with the frosts of many winters, slowly arose from his seat, and thus addressed the principal chair :

“Sir,” said he, “my heavenly Father has spared me in health and competence for more than threescore years, yet I have seen much trial—much trouble. My

* We must apologize for these brothers. We don't know who they are, nor what Lodgo they belong te,—Bro. MARSHALL has not told us these,—but whoever they are, we must apologize for them. The sequel shows that a moment's reflection convinced them of their error, and that they made haste to correct it. Pray you, good reader, don't fail to *read* the sequel. Odd-Fellows, like other men, may do wrong, and come short of their duty; but, unlike *some* other men, when they see their faults, they acknowledge and correct them.—P. D.

lot was never like the unfortunate brother's who has claims, this night, upon our care and careful watching, and God grant that it may never be. A stranger in a strange land, and racked with torturing pain ! a hard lot is his : but 'is there no balm in Gilead ?' Is there no one in this lodge-room who can spare a single night to watch beside his pillow ? Sir, I have stolen, this night, from my own house of mourning, to attend this Lodge meeting. My bosom-companion now lies upon the bed of sickness, weary, worn-out with constant watching over our darling grandson, who to-day departed this life. I left a house of sorrow and sickness, myself 'weary, worn, and sad,' but there is yet vitality in me, and as long as that lasts, I am ready to be worn out in doing what good I can to suffering humanity. It is a great source of pleasure to me to be able to render the least aid to my fellow, and I never came away from the house of suffering, disease, or death, but that I felt better prepared to enjoy life rationally, and more fitted to contend with its foreshadowing events—most certain to come sooner or later. If there is no other who feels capable or willing, I am ready to watch over the bed of the unfortunate brother."

A profound silence pervaded the hall for a few moments, as the brother took his seat. Many eyes were filled with tears ; it was evident that a most happy impression had been made upon the minds of the reluctant brethren. It would be needless to say that there was now no lack of watchers. Brothers frankly acknowledged their error, and manfully came forward,

and did their duty as members of the same common family—as members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows should do.

That night two young men left the lodge-room, with hearts full of sympathy for their unfortunate brother, and proceeded to the house where he lay. It was in an obscure lane, where dwelt a hardy laborer, one who toiled from early dawn to sunset in order to earn the means of subsistence for a large family. It was opposite his door that the unlucky accident occurred: the brother was thrown from a vehicle, and a gentleman passing at the time of the accident, who beheld the sad occurrence, procured the nearest lodging for the sufferer, engaged a surgeon, promised other attention, and said he would pay all charges. Our young brothers beheld a sad picture.

The stranger's name had not yet been ascertained; but from certain indications, it was rendered almost sure that he could be none other than an Odd-Fellow. He received faithful attention that night; and the next morning he seemed somewhat improved, and was restored to consciousness, but was still unable to articulate a word. From day to day, however, he gradually improved, until his name and residence were ascertained, when word was immediately sent to his friends in the West, informing them of his misfortune. He was found to be a very respectable young merchant from that section of country.

At length, by unwearied care and attention, he was restored to health, but no word had yet been received

from his friends in the West. Upon his first errand, as soon as he was enabled to go abroad, he called at the Post-office. Among the busy throng he observed a little girl, who, by the rush of the crowd, was jostled about from side to side ; and he offered to do the errand of the child, and cause her to be extricated from so unpleasant a situation.

“Can I help you, my little lady, to any thing at the Post-office ?” asked our brother.

“Yes, sir ; will you please ask for a letter for John Dermont ?” was the reply.

As soon as he was able to obtain an audience with the clerk, he performed the message of the girl. The clerk repaired to the files, and the next moment our brother was seized by two lusty officers ; and, accompanied by a host of boys and others, he was dragged to jail. This hasty procedure was entirely inexplicable to the prisoner ; a thousand fancies flitted across his mind, and all that he could learn from these inhuman man-catchers was, that he was a notorious forger. Perfectly conscious of having no hand in a crime so foul and disgraceful, he awaited patiently the result of his committal.

Some days passed before the reason of his imprisonment was made manifest, and only upon the day preceding his examination was he enabled to learn all that pertained to the singular cause why he was thrust into the cold and damp dungeon, where his yet enfeebled frame was scarcely able to bear up against such unwholesome air, and harassing depression of mind.

While yet our friend was incarcerated in prison, his brother arrived from the West. On receiving intelligence of the accident, he had lost no time in hastening to the sufferer's relief. But the invalid had singularly disappeared, while yet he was scarcely well enough to go out; no one knew whither he had gone, and things seemed mysterious in the extreme.

It was publicly made known that the notorious forger, Dermont, was to have his examination on the day our strange Odd-Fellow's brother arrived. The trial accordingly came on, and the court-room was crowded with anxious spectators, eager to get a glimpse of the prisoner. At length he was brought into court, with barely life enough in him to enable him to move his aching limbs. Depressed and sad, he cared little for life. He was just at this crisis allowed to send for witnesses or counsel. What was the astonishment of those who had watched over him in his sickness, when they found *him* in the prisoner's box!

The counsel for the prisoner, after a brief consultation with him, demanded his immediate discharge. He explained to the court the mistake by which the young man had been brought there as a prisoner; he gave his real name and place of residence, and stated the circumstances which had detained him in the city.

The justice declared that the investigation must go on; that his duties were clearly defined, and that proper evidence should release the prisoner, if he was innocent; that certain evidence had induced proper officers to arrest him; and that the trial must be had.

By this time, however, the brother of the prisoner was brought to the court, besides the many fraternal brothers who had watched over his sick-bed, and also the venerable old man who had pleaded in his behalf at the lodge.

As it is not my intention to write a story, but simply to inculcate a lesson, I shall not make any mystery or romance of this affair, but simply state that, to the astonishment and delight of the crowd, the prisoner was not only proved entirely innocent, but it was also shown that the old gentleman above referred to was his FATHER ! The young man had met with the accident while on his way to his paternal home ; and the father (who, after his eloquent appeal in the lodge-room, was not permitted to watch with the sick brother—that duty being performed by the younger members) was not even aware of his son's intended coming.

The dull detail of clumsy formality was strictly adhered to, but the worthy old man soon had his son by his own fireside, and all other matters were detailed, while the father wept for joy. Little did he imagine, when he gently reproved his brethren of the Order for their want of promptness in relieving the distressed, that the very object of their attention was to be his own son !

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May, 1848.

MY FRIEND FRANK; OR, THE OMEN.

BY ELLEN ELWOOD.

You have perhaps heard me speak, cousin, of my friend Frank, and with that name are associated many sweet and many mournful memories. We were early playmates, Frank and myself. Our homes were divided only by a narrow road, that formed the main street in our little village; we drank together from the same fount of knowledge, sported on the green lawn that stretched itself in front of the venerable church, and launched our miniature canoes in the silvery stream that wound around the foot of the hill, intersected the meadow adjoining my father's garden, and lost itself in the distance. Associated with us in all our juvenile pursuits, was one Ernest, the son of a gentleman of decayed fortune, who had left the gayety and dissipation of a neighboring city to spend the remainder of his days in the peaceful retirement of our little village. He had three children: the eldest, a daughter, just in the budding beauty of womanhood; a son, Ernest, two years the senior of my friend Frank; and a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy of five, the pet of all our hearts.

Ernest was a noble lad, remarkably intelligent for

one of his age ; and many an hour was beguiled in listening to his descriptions of city life : they were fairy tales to us, and we caught the spirit of his young enthusiasm. From our constant companionship, we were designated as the inseparable trio.

Three years sped of uninterrupted pleasure in our childish sports, and then came a change. Ernest's sister, when a beautiful girl of twenty, was wedded to a young Englishman of rank and accomplishments, and was borne to the wealth and station that awaited her in a distant home. Six months after, Ernest's father, who had long been an invalid, fell a prey to a prevalent and fatal disease, and was followed to the grave by many a sincere mourner, for rich and poor alike shared his unbounded generosity. Many others in the neighborhood were victims to the same disease, and among them the father of my friend Frank. This was a heavy blow, for it bereft her not only of a devoted parent, but of her entire dependence for support. It was soon decided that her mother should accept the invitation of a distant relative, to make her home with him, and that Frank should be placed in school, for the purpose of qualifying herself for a teacher.

A sore trial was the thought of parting with my friend—the first affliction I had ever known. Ernest, too, was to leave at the same time for college, and I henceforth was to “muse on joys past, and dream of sweet ties broken ;” but imagine my delight when my dear kind father came to me one evening, when I had just parted from Frank, and clasping me in his arms,

and kissing me with parental fondness, bade me check my tears, "for in one week, Nina," said he, "you are to follow her." This was a joyful announcement, and my heart gushed forth in love to my parents for their consideration of my feelings.

The morning of Frank's departure came, and never shall I forget how lovely she looked, as she stepped forth, for the last time, from the cottage that had sheltered her infancy. She was just sixteen, slender and graceful, and pure in word or thought as the first breath that falls upon the budding flower. The neighbors had gathered in, some to bestow a parting gift, others a gentle admonition; and as she bent to receive the caress of one, or smiled through her tears at the repeated injunction of remembrance from another, who could look upon the sweet, sad face of Frances Lauraine, and not feel as if he would fain stretch out his arms to shelter her from the fearful clouds that hover around the long, long future? No wonder that the eyes of Ernest rested so admiringly upon his companion, as he took his seat beside her, and the carriage whirled rapidly away.

In one week I joined Frank, and we were soon initiated into all the mysteries of a boarding-school. The first year passed in almost solitary seclusion, our devotion to our studies excluding the desire for much society; and indeed, the rules of the institution prohibited visits, except from relatives or intimate acquaintance. We were allowed to see Ernest whenever he came, and he usually visited us twice a week. How

anxiously we anticipated the hour when Betty, the kitchen-maid, should seek us, with the happy intelligence that "a nice-lookin' jintleman was waitin' below for Miss Frank, and Miss Nina; and maybe he's high-born, he looks so gentle-like: but it's a great bother that he cannot be the swateheart of both of ye."

How delicious were those little chats! Ernest had always something pleasant to communicate, and the sparkling eye and glowing cheek of Frank evinced with what pleasure she became his listener. Nor could I fail to discover that a more than friendly feeling was awakened—a pure, deep, earnest affection was springing up spontaneously in the breast of each; and it kindled a holier feeling in my own heart, to believe that the destinies of these two noble beings would eventually be linked in one sweet chain of love. I loved them both too well to be envious. Ernest, the noble, gifted Ernest, was dear to me as a brother, and to whom could I confide my pure-minded friend so willingly as to him?

The second year passed, much after the manner of the first, and at the close of the third, we parted; Frank to become an assistant-teacher in a flourishing seminary at the South, and I to return to the endearments of home.

The evening previous to our separation, an incident occurred, trifling though it was, which left an indelible impression upon my memory. It was a warm evening, the windows were thrown open to admit the fragrance of the early blossoms, and we were all together.

Frank had stationed herself at the piano, and Ernest and myself on either side, to accompany her in a favorite parting-song, when a sudden gust of wind whirled into the room several scraps of paper, which were probably scattered about the yard, one of them falling directly at the feet of Ernest.

"Ah, an omen!" said he, laughing, as he glanced at the writing and passed it to us.

It was pencilled in a delicate hand, and ran thus:—"He that intrusteth his heart to the keeping of another, reproacheth himself in the agony of a betrayed trust!"

Frank and Ernest passed it off as a joke upon their fidelity, and the latter placing it in his memorandum, nothing more was said of it. The song was concluded, and Ernest shortly after repaired to his own dwelling. Thus they parted, in the trusting confidence and buoyant hope of their first love.

After Frank's departure, I received frequent communications, glowing with the delight she felt in her new vocation, society, &c., and many were the rumors that reached my ear of the admiration her beauty and accomplishments everywhere excited; but I had too much confidence in her strength and dignity of character, to have any fears that the siren tone of flattery would have any effect upon her; moreover, she had plighted her vows to one worthy to retain them, and was not that enough? Months rolled by, and I heard less often from my friend. What was the cause of her remissness? I desired information, and

perhaps I reproached her somewhat for neglect; indeed, I suffered some remorse of conscience, when in less than a fortnight I received an answer of four pages, closely enveloped, giving a satisfactory apology for every shadow of neglect; and also containing an earnest request that I would visit her the next month, and officiate in the capacity of bridemaids. "It is a promise of long standing, Nina," she wrote, "and I can never forgive you, if you do not redeem it." I could not refuse her any thing, and my preparations were soon matured for my journey.

I intended to reach Charleston some days before the wedding, but owing to an accident that occurred on the journey, I did not arrive there until the evening of their marriage. The guests were already assembled when I entered the house and was shown to my room, where I found Frank almost in despair at my delay. The joy of meeting my friend after so long an absence, and the excitement of the scene, banished all thought of fatigue, and I hastened to dress myself for the occasion. To all my inquiries with regard to the bridegroom, Frank merely replied that he was below, anxiously waiting to greet Miss Everton.

The beauty of Charleston lent their presence to the scene—the brilliance of the numerous chandeliers shone upon the magnificent mirrors that reflected the fairy forms flitting before them—soft music floated through the apartment, and mirth and pleasure beamed from every countenance. The priest, in his snowy surplice, entered with prayer-book in hand, and the

ceremony proceeded. Not until the congratulations commenced, did I venture to raise my eyes ; they rested upon the bride, reflected in a mirror opposite. How beautiful she looked in her bridal robes, her queenly figure displaying the elegance of her attire, and the pure orange wreath contrasting exquisitely with the rich glow upon her cheek ! Methought there was an air of conscious pride, which she was not wont to wear, and yet could I blame her for being proud of such a conquest ? I had not seen Ernest yet ; I turned to greet him, and—I gazed upon a stranger !

As soon as an opportunity afforded, I sought an explanation ; and as it regarded Ernest, she replied gayly, “ Oh, that was only a schoolgirl’s flirtation, a mere childish enthusiasm ; and you know a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” she added, as she glided away to join her lover. And such were the sentiments of my dear friend Frank ; now the elegant Mrs. Duvalle.

It seems, of the number who paid homage to the beauty of Frances Lauraine, was one who had acquired an immense fortune in some commercial speculation, and adding to this a pleasing figure and insinuating address, had wooed and won the prize, much to the chagrin of her less fortunate suitors. And flattered and caressed as she had been, and dazzled by the splendor which such a match would secure to her, she had given her hand to one, while her heart was bound to another.

Strange fatality ! At the earnest desire of both par-

ties, I accompanied them to Philadelphia, where we spent a few days—thence to New York; and from there I proceeded immediately to my New England home, feeling that I had no longer any pleasure in the acquaintance of Mrs. Duvalle. How was she changed! no longer the dear Frank of my heart, I beheld only the worldly, fashionable, ambitious woman. I mourned over the vanity that had usurped the noblest impulses of her mind, and prayed, if such were the effects of an intercourse with the world, that I might ever escape its contaminating influence.

The bride returned to Charleston to enjoy her triumph, and for awhile her sway seemed unlimited. She revelled in the excess of fashion, splendor, equipage; she was the leading star in the circles of gayety; the envied of the envious, and to all, the personification of happiness. But a union founded upon only selfish motives, without the holy and exalting influence of love, seldom proves a happy one, and so it resulted in the present instance. The feeling, which on the part of Frank had never been stronger than admiration, gradually waned into indifference, and at length into absolute dislike. Mr. Duvalle, finding that his wife tolerated his society only for the purpose which his indulgence allowed her of gratifying her vanity, abandoned her to the companionship of those who fawned, while they fed upon his bounty, and betook himself to the cup and the gaming-table.

His story is quickly told. His course to ruin was soon effected; and one day, while in a fit of intoxica-

tion, he committed some offence of honor, accepted a challenge, and sacrificed his life in the character of a duelist. Thus terminated the fate of one whom a faithful wife, having promised to "love, honor, and obey," should have "bound by sweet ties to a happy home."

And what think you were the reflections of Mrs. Duvalle, when she saw the dreadful work which her own unpardonable pride and ungoverned will had accomplished? Did the heartless flattery of her numerous admirers compensate for the absence of a husband's love? and when she beheld him prostrate in the arms of death, did she mourn as one who calmly resigns her treasure to the care of Him who chasteneth whom he loveth? Alas, no! Her grief was mingled with the bitterness of self-reproach; her own hand had wrought the deed; and what could atone for her guilt? A letter, which I received some weeks after her husband's death, will better describe her feelings. It opened thus—

"My dearest Nina,—Overwhelmed with grief and despair, I scarcely know how to address you; but yet to unburden my heart, would afford a momentary relief. Long ere this, the tidings must have reached you that I am a widow—a widow indeed! and surrounded by beings who have no sympathy for the unfortunate. But while my trials seem almost too great for endurance, I still feel that my retribution is just. What have I done? The veil that has shrouded my vision for the last three years is removed, and I behold myself as I am—a weak, false-hearted woman. I have voluntarily

thrown away the first-born love of a gifted soul, for one whose indulgence was his greatest fault ; and when he too offered me the love of a noble heart, I scorned it, and would cast him off, but beholding his immense wealth in perspective, I lent a willing ear to his entreaties, and became his wife. Possessing entire control of his fortune, I used it only for my own selfish gratification ; and my husband, finding that he had no share in my affections, without a murmur of reproach, left me to pursue my own inclinations, and sought among the vicious the enjoyment that was denied him at home. You know the rest—spare me the recital of my wo. Oh for the happiness of my schoolday hour ! how I long for the sympathy of those whom my perverseness has well-nigh driven from me forever ! The names of Nina and Ernest are blent with all to which my heart clings for comfort. In glancing over the contents of a paper from N. this morning, I discovered the name of Ernest under the ‘Hymeneal’ head ; he is wedded to the accomplished and amiable daughter of Colonel B. God grant she may not prove a second Frances Duvalle. Oh, Nina, I had a woman’s heart once, but I had also a proud spirit that had never been broken, and which needed only the weight of circumstances to make me what I am. Would that I had your spotless conscience, Nina, and I could enter the world again with renewed hopes ; but my aspirations would be not for the homage of the gay and thoughtless, but that I might worship with a fervent and contrite heart, the God of my injured Ernest. How often have

I listened, enraptured, to the out-gushings of his ardent soul, as he dwelt upon the goodness and wisdom of the God of Nature, and many a picture of beauty has he drawn for me in the exquisite pencilling of the forest leaf; and while he has been winning favor in the sight of Heaven, I have violated its most holy laws, and disregarded the fearful injunction, ‘he that loveth me not, shall in no wise be saved.’

“I shall leave here in a few days; I have no home now. My husband died insolvent, (owing to my extravagance,) and houses, lands, equipage, all, even my own wardrobe and jewels, have gone to satisfy the demands of creditors. I shall go, I know not, care not whither; probably shall seek a situation as governess. The world hath no charms now; the future brings no light, and the past—oh how dark! But I have one prayer to make ere I close; it is, that you will blot out all the wrong I have done you, and while you grieve over my manifold transgressions, still reserve in your heart a place for your erring but repentant friend.”

I could not resist such an appeal, but freely forgave all, and made every allowance for her youth, and the circumstances that surrounded her. My father forgave her too, for he immediately dispatched a servant, with orders to induce her to return to N——, and share our hearts and home.

But, you ask, what became of Ernest, meantime? After leaving college, he chose the study of law, entered upon his profession, and by close application to business, energy, and talents, gained so rapidly in the con-

fidence of the public, that he was chosen to fill, successively, several stations of trust ; and was finally elected to the office of first judge of the county of N——. He had not married ; the faithlessness of his first love had thrown a blight upon his warm affections, and he had learned to look upon all women as capricious as herself. His fine personal appearance gained him the society of the intelligent and refined, and many an ambitious mother thought to entrap him in the meshes of her net ; but while he bestowed upon their bright-eyed daughters the attentions that gallantry demanded, he remained invincible to their charms. Yet he was often found the attractive centre of a social circle, and a ride, pic-nic, or promenade, was not complete without him. It was on a pleasure excursion that a scene occurred, which changed the whole current of his feelings, and brought back the tide of his affections, like an Alpine torrent, to his heart.

A party had been down the Hudson some miles, and as they were returning, and had just stepped upon the wharf, a lady was seen to emerge from the crowd, and engage a passage to the village of N——. She was assisted by some gentlemen to enter the boat, and as they released their hold, supposing her secure, the motion of the vessel threw her off her balance, and she was plunged into the water. With the quickness of thought, Ernest plunged in after her, and bore her to the shore ; she was taken into the cabin, and the usual means for resuscitation resorted to. Ernest caught but one glance of her face ; he saw that she was exceed-

ingly lovely, and a resemblance to some vision of by-gone days haunted him. As soon as possible he sought her side ; she had quite recovered, and without raising her eyes, as Ernest inquired concerning her health, gracefully thanked him for his noble generosity, and without continuing the conversation, sank back into a corner of the sofa. There was music in that tone—it brought back the vision of other days ; it was enough that Ernest gazed upon the features of Frances Lauraine. His first impulse was to reveal his name, and offer his protection ; but a single thought of his wrongs checked him, and perhaps a feeling of indignation mingled with his pity as he took from his pocket-book a folded paper, and without being discovered, slipped it in a book that lay near her, and turned abruptly away. He determined, however, to watch her movements, and for that purpose stationed himself in a remote corner of the room. Presently she resumed her reading, and in turning over the leaves, discovered the note. She opened it, and read the following : “ He that intrusteth another with the keeping of his heart, reproacheth himself in the agony of a betrayed trust.” She read again, and shading her brow with her hand, seemed for a moment to be tracing some connection with the past, then re-read, and suddenly a crimson glow suffused either cheek, followed by a gush of tears, as she murmured unconsciously, “ Yes, I remember now, and these words come back to mock me, when I am already crushed by the weight of sorrow and repentance. Oh, Ernest, if thou couldst forgive !”

"I do—I do forgive," whispered a low voice at her side, while the hand that clasped the note was pressed fervently to the lips of the speaker.

There they met, after so long a separation, the faithful and the faithless, the forgiving and the forgiven. Ernest had watched the emotions of her expressive countenance: he knew that sorrow and penitence were at work within, and while he heartily forgave, strove to soothe her anguish.

The vessel was anchored, and as they reached the shore, and walked slowly up the winding avenue that led to my father's mansion, many pleasing as well as mournful associations were revived, and Frances felt, she knew not why, much happier than she had done for months.

"I hope, to-morrow," said she, "to be sufficiently composed to be permitted to see your wife."

"Mrs. Duvalle is mistaken, if she supposes me married. I am not so happy as to possess the right of calling any lady, 'wife;'" and a flush crossed his brow.

"It is the error of an editor, then, not mine," said Mrs. Duvalle, "for I read your marriage in the paper."

"You refer to a cousin of mine, who bears the same name; but," he added, in a confidential tone, "I have for some time been engaged to a lady of renowned beauty and worth, and to-night I go to claim her hand."

"Heaven bless you both," she murmured, as they parted.

And he did claim her that night ; he came to renew the vows he had plighted to Frances Lauraine, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Him who searcheth all hearts, she gave herself into the arms of him who had loved and forgiven so much.

In one week I repeated the duties of bridemaïd, and it would be difficult to decide who was happiest among that merry gathering. Far lovelier looked my friend Frank, in her simple robe of pure muslin, than in the elegance of her first bridal, for a happy and chastened spirit marked the gentle word and softened look, and as we watched the movements of her graceful figure, we blessed in our hearts the bride of Ernest Clifton.

SYRACUSE, May, 1848.

THE EXILED BIRD.

BY JAMES S. AYLWARD.

I stood beside a maiden fair,
Who nursed, with tender hand,
A mocking-bird, of beauty rare,
From India's far-off land.

And while I gazed, a sparkling tear
Bedimmed her anxious eye,
To see the bird she held so dear,
Thus pine away to die.

I tried to cheer, with hopeful word,
The falling tear away ;
And bade her think her pretty bird
Would soon be blithe and gay.

But while I spoke, the dying one
A gasp of anguish gave ;
Which told that life was nearly done,
Nor maiden's care might save.

It spread its wings, as if to soar
To other lands away ;
And sung a pretty sonnet o'er,
In sweet, but ling'ring lay.

And, while it sung, its dying thoughts
Seemed turned to other lands ;
From whence it was for money brought,
By man's unfeeling hands.

But soon it sung another strain—
Its last and sweetest lay—
It sung as if it knew no pain ;
And thus it seemed to say :—

“ Adieu ! adieu ! my mistress fair,
My life will soon be o'er ;
And I will need thy tender care
In this lone land no more.

“ I fain would leave thy tender hand,
To seek a fairer sky ;—
An exile from my native land,
With lone decay I die.”

The singer ceased its dying song ;
And, turning on its side,
It gazed upon its mistress long,
Then flapped its wings—and died.

And like this bird, my aching heart
Doth pine in secret grief ;—
I long from earth and sin to part,
And find in heaven relief.

An exile from that far-off home,
I loathe this gloomy cell,
And seek my rest beneath the dome
Where God and angels dwell.

Oh thou, whose love, with power supreme,
Doth cheer the mourner's heart,
And, with thy soul-enlightening beam,
Bid all its clouds depart—

To thee I turn, amid the gloom
Of solitary wo :
Oh ! may thy light my way illumine,
Through earth's dark scene below.

While Hope extends her cheerful hand,
And points to worlds on high,
An exile from my fatherland,
I faint—I pine—I die !

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY JOHN JONES, N. G.

"I HAVE no faith in these secret societies," said Mrs. Barlow to her sister : "my son will be ruined."

Mrs. Barlow was a widow lady with four children, the eldest of whom had recently become an Odd-Fellow. She had resided, during her husband's lifetime, in the pleasant village of Rome, in western New York, in the very centre of the well-known Morgan excitement, which in some instances became so violent that people were mobbed, and forced to fly to save their lives, for no other cause than that they were members of a secret society. It was to be expected, then, that the mother would be alarmed, when her son had joined one of these odious institutions. Time showed her, however, that he had acted wisely in so doing.

The young man, being engaged in a mercantile establishment, was travelling south on business ; and he happened to be a passenger on board the steamer *Creole* when she took fire. Amid the confusion which prevailed on that melancholy occasion, he escaped on a cotton-bale, and finally reached the shore in a very exhausted state, completely destitute, and two thousand miles from home. Several persons came to his relief, and he gave the Odd-Fellows' signal of distress. Observing this, one of the party caused the sufferer to be

immediately removed to his own house, where he was received as though he had been a member of the family. That night the stranger's case was reported to the village Lodge, which at once procured the best medical aid at hand, and provided whatever else was necessary for the sick man. In due time, he recovered so far as to be able to return to his home ; and then the Lodge arranged and provided for his journey thither, where he safely arrived, to the inexpressible joy of his family.

But, alas ! the exposure to which he had been subjected had so impaired his constitution, which was never robust, that his health was forever destroyed.

Now was the time, therefore, when real friends were wanted, and well did the members of his Lodge discharge their obligations. They not only provided the means for his support ; they also furnished the attendance necessary for his care in sickness. Cheerfully did the brethren watch night after night by his bedside. To his wife their services were of inestimable value. Other friends seemed to have forsaken him—the Odd-Fellows and his own family were left to smooth his passage to the grave. He lingered for some months, but death came at last to his release.

The attentions of the members of the Order to her son had powerfully affected the mind of the mother ; and at his death, such was the delicacy of these attentions, and such the unwearied assiduity with which they were bestowed, that Mrs. Barlow's prejudices were completely removed, and she candidly acknowledged the injustice of the doubt she had entertained of a so-

ciety to whose genuine friendship she now owed so much. How had it aided her in the season of trial! With what respectful attention its members followed her beloved son's remains to their final resting-place! They even raised a monument to his memory, which still marks the spot where his ashes are reposing.

The Lodge then turned from the dead to the living. The widow and orphans required aid. They raised three hundred dollars, and gave it to her to commence a business which would yield her a comfortable support. The grateful widow could not find words to convey the feelings of her full heart when she was informed of what had been done in her behalf. The mother, much as she had seen, was unprepared to expect the continuance of these benefactions: she was overcome with gratitude, and expressed her thanks in the most glowing terms. Such, indeed, were her feelings, that she at once became the earnest friend and defender of the Order, and induced all over whom she possessed sufficient influence to become Odd-Fellows. Among these was her only remaining son, of whom she often said that if she felt proud of him in any one station of life, it was that she could boast of his being an active member of the INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1848

THE END.

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